

Collier's



February 18, 1950

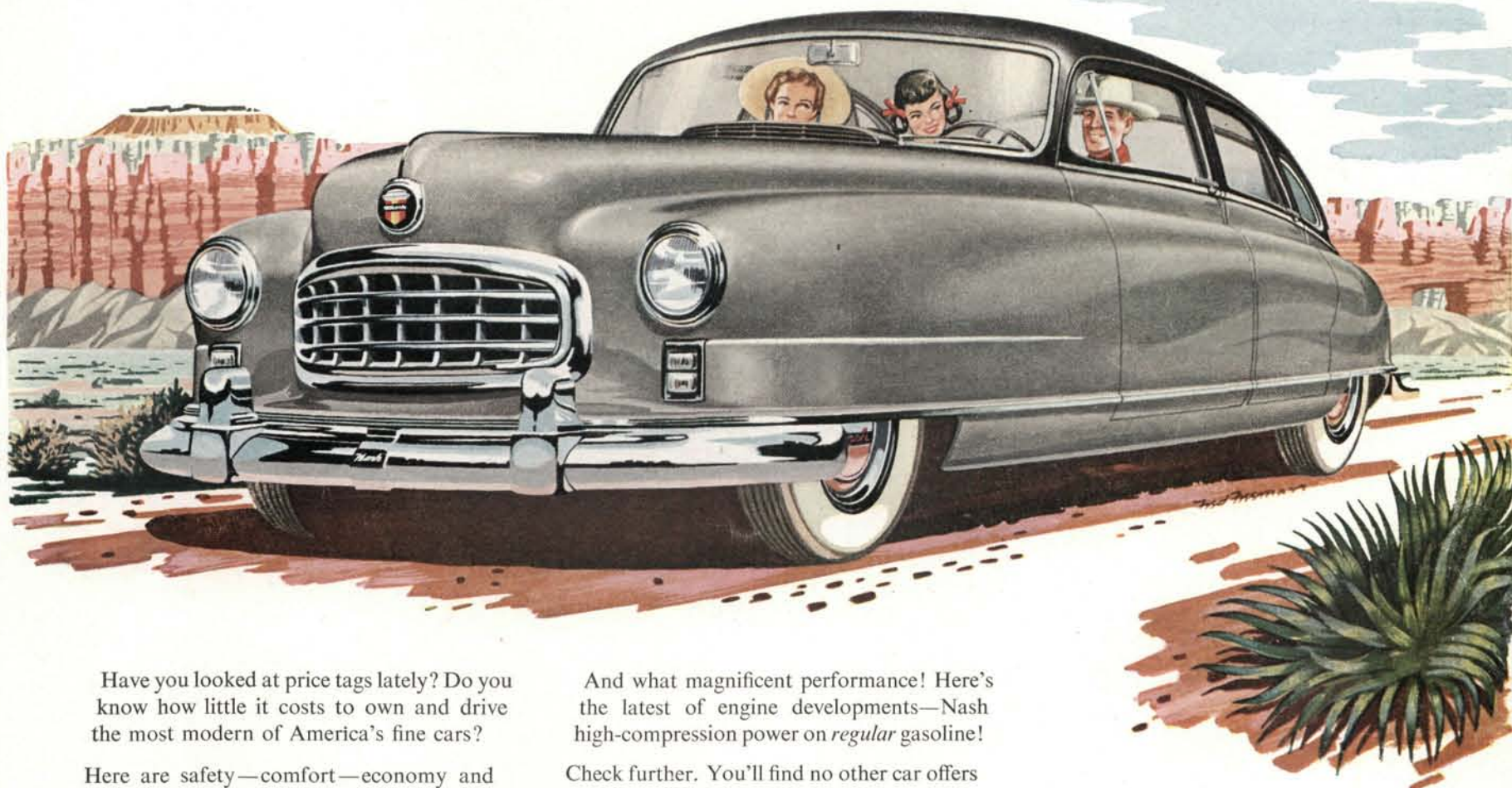


**WHY DR. NOURSE BROKE
WITH THE PRESIDENT**

Short Stories by **SOPHIE KERR**
and **NELIA GA**

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THIS CAR IS BUILT TO STAY NEW



Have you looked at price tags lately? Do you know how little it costs to own and drive the most modern of America's fine cars?

Here are safety—comfort—economy and *long life* you will find *only* in Nash, the car of Airflyte Construction.

In beauty alone it is so efficient that you speed along with 20.7% less air drag than the average of all other cars tested. Drive it. Hear and feel the difference.

More Miles per Gallon

Then compare economy. These are *big* cars, with utmost room—but Airflyte Construction means better than 25 miles to the gallon at average highway speed in the Nash Statesman.

And what magnificent performance! Here's the latest of engine developments—Nash high-compression power on *regular* gasoline!

Check further. You'll find no other car offers a Weather Eye Conditioned Air System . . . or Twin Beds . . . or the Airliner Reclining Seat . . . or the riding smoothness of Nash.

And Hydra-Matic Drive!

In the 1950 Nash Ambassador you may have Hydra-Matic drive, with Nash exclusive Selecto-Lift Starting—nothing to do but lift a lever and *go*!

Yes—compare Nash with *any* car at *any* price. Drive the car that's built to *stay new*. Let your Nash dealer show you the many features which assure you better motoring today, higher resale value tomorrow.

Nash AIRFLYTE

The Statesman • The Ambassador

Great Cars Since 1902

STAYS NEW YEARS LONGER



Airflyte Construction, in Nash alone. The entire frame and body, floor, roof, pillars, are built as a single, rigid, welded unit—squeak-free, rattle-proof. Twice as rigid as ordinary construction, it gives new economy, new safety, makes possible a softer, smoother ride—stays new years longer, adds to resale value.

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Play safe—keep your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. Never risk

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Fight tooth decay and gum troubles Both!

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to do both—provide double protection*

To enjoy a healthier, more wholesome mouth—you must fight tooth decay. But, dentists warn, *don't stop there*—fight gum troubles, too!

For unhealthy gums cause more tooth losses than decay . . . and, along with unhealthy teeth, breed unpleasant breath.

So guard against BOTH—tooth decay and gum troubles—with *doubly-protective, doubly-effective* Ipana care.

No other dentifrice has proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For *every* time you use Ipana, you help remove the sticky coating that traps decay bacteria.

And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Get this double protection—keep your whole mouth “Ipana wholesome.” You'll enjoy that wholesome, refreshing Ipana flavor, too.

***Here's doubly-effective Ipana care**

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. Ipana's unique formula reduces tooth decay, promotes healthier gums—helps keep your *whole* mouth *wholesome*. Get Ipana today.



Healthier teeth, healthier gums... **IPANA** for Both!

Only
2
simple
controls



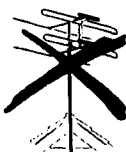
that's all



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BRAND-NEW and BEAUTIFUL CONSOLE
gives life-size pictures at lower cost!

Want your TV BIG? Want it BRIGHTER and CLEARER than ever before? Then ask your dealer for a demonstration of the new Motorola 16K2. It's one of a brand new line of magnificent Motorola's—more handsome—better performing and yes, LOWER PRICED—8½ to 19½ inch screen sizes—to fit every home and budget. See them soon!



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COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 125, No. 7.
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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Artist Walter Frank Bomar was born in Ardmore, Oklahoma, thirty-nine years ago. He studied at the American Academy of Art in Chicago. Married since 1936 and the father of three children, he has lived and worked in New York since 1940. Collier's commissioned him to do this unusual, symbolic study celebrating the 141st anniversary of the birth of the Great Emancipator.

Week's Mail

Warm Praise for Frigid Subject

EDITOR: It was with great interest that I read *Rescue Below Zero* (Dec. 31st). It was my privilege, from 1943 to 1945, to be sergeant under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Beverly Carmack at the Frederick Army Air Field, Frederick, Oklahoma.

While it is not my intention to detract any credit due Colonel Bernt Balchen, mentioned in your article, I believe that Lieutenant Colonel Carmack is entitled to a plug in your good magazine as one of the organizers of the 10th Air Rescue Squadron. He was the commanding officer of the squadron until fall of 1948.

MORRIE GILBERT, Portland, Ore.

... Congratulations. Bill Davidson's *Rescue Below Zero* is an excellent story of the men and the great job they do in Alaska.

As a former trail crewman in the 10th, I know quite well just what the outfit means to many Alaskans.

FRANK PRITZ, Lancaster, Pa.

... Having noticed a vague awakening of my memory cells while reading *Rescue Below Zero* I investigated and found the cause.

Back in November, 1929, when Bernt Balchen first flew Admiral Byrd over the South Pole, he carried with him a Lake Mohawk Country Club flag.

We members of the club are very proud of this fact, especially since our hero stated that to the best of his knowledge this is the only club flag ever to be flown over the South Pole.

This picture was taken in August, 1930, when he presented the flag to a gathering of our members.

WILLIAM CROWE III, Lake Mohawk, N. J.



Balchen (right) and 1930 Jersey friends

... In regard to your article on Balchen's *Busy Bees* (*Rescue Below Zero*) we would like to say that you did a very fine job.

Inasmuch as Alaska, with some of the most rugged terrain in the world, has more aircraft per capita than any state in the Union, work such as Balchen and his outfit are doing is greatly appreciated.

F. J. PARSONS, Alaska Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, Juneau, Alaska

No Vacancy

EDITOR: Regarding color illustration heading the editorial *We Just Can't Help Ourselves* (Dec. 31st): admittedly the lady is very chic and most artistically posed. Yet, we query, since when has a "vacant lot"

You can guard against

Most people probably average 2 or 3 colds a year. According to the United States Public Health Service, it has been calculated that time out due to colds costs working people in the United States at least \$420,000,000 in lost wages a year.

To help guard against colds, it is wise to dress in accordance with the weather. Below are other simple common-sense precautions that may also help to reduce the number and severity of colds.



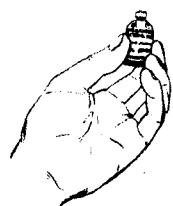
1 Keeping in good physical condition may help ward off colds. Infection frequently occurs when body resistance is low. To help keep resistance high, it is wise to get plenty of sleep and exercise, to eat a nourishing diet, and to avoid exposure to bad weather.



4 If fever accompanies a cold, call a doctor at once! If temperature goes up it may be a sign of influenza, pneumonia, or some other serious condition. Getting immediate medical attention permits the prompt diagnosis and treatment that give the best chance for rapid recovery.



2 Treating a cold promptly may prevent other illnesses. Colds often lower the body's resistance to other infections such as influenza or pneumonia. The longer a cold goes unchecked, the weaker the body's defenses may become. Early treatment may help prevent such weakening, and also speed recovery from the cold itself.



5 If you have frequent colds, ask your doctor about influenza vaccine. Medical science has developed a vaccine that has proved helpful in many cases against some types of influenza. If you are especially susceptible to colds, or if influenza might be more serious than normal in your case, the doctor may advise immunization. It also may be suggested if there is danger of an influenza epidemic.



3 Simple methods of treating a cold are often helpful. While there is still no quick sure cure for colds, many doctors recommend 3 things to do when you "catch a cold":

- Get as much rest as you can—in bed if possible.
- Eat lightly and drink plenty of fluids.
- Cover your coughs and sneezes, and try to avoid close contact with others so they won't get your infection.



6 Keep alert for possible warnings of pneumonia. Fever, a persistent cough, or pain in the chest may be signs that pneumonia is starting. Today, treatment with sulfa or penicillin can control most cases of pneumonia.

Virus pneumonia does not respond to sulfa or penicillin. However, there are more recently developed drugs which often appear to be effective in these cases. To insure the best results, however, such drugs should be given early. So, it is wise to call the doctor *at once*, if warnings of pneumonia appear.

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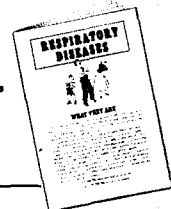
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Please send me the free booklet,
03-C, "Respiratory Diseases."



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GOOD

for long cigarette smokers. FATIMA is the long cigarette which contains the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos superbly blended to make FATIMA

BETTER

FATIMA has a much different, much better flavor and aroma than any other long cigarette

BEST

of all long cigarettes

* ENJOY
EXTRA-MILD
FATIMA
YOURSELF



FATIMA ... the long cigarette that is doubling and redoubling its smokers

been supplied with a second (and perhaps a third) story?

Perhaps the erring voter is lodged in the levitated second story or possibly in the basement of the "vacant lot."

C. C. CARLETON, Lakeland, Fla.

Or maybe the "vacant lot" building is as phantom as the erring voter.

Thanks from "Mrs. Daddy"

EDITOR: I want to congratulate you on the very excellent article, Happy Land of Teen-Agers (Dec. 31st). It is the best article so far that has been written on our George Junior Republic work, and we are receiving many fine comments on it . . .

I was especially pleased with the frequent mention of my husband, "Daddy" George, the founder of the work, throughout the article.

ESTHER B. (Mrs. WM. R. "DADDY") GEORGE, Freeville, N. Y.

. . . I believe you unconsciously achieved a bit of irony when you said that the dollar of the Junior Republic was worth 50 cents.

And what, sir, do you think our dollar is worth?

ALBERT SOPP, Evanston, Ill.

Orchids & Crab Grass



Pinza . . . prankish bumpkin?

EDITOR: Orchids, Collier's. You are one of the first national magazines to run a full-length feature story on Ezio Pinza since he hit the top in South Pacific (That Wonderful Guy, Dec. 31st).

But to Author Stanley Frank, a large helping of crab grass. Is Mr. Frank's Pinza, an uncomplicated peasant, capable of reaping such extravagant critical and public acclaim for scores of powerful, discerning operatic interpretations?

As a native of Scarsdale, I find it hard to believe that Mrs. Pinza, a fellow Westchesterite, would allow herself to be wooed and won by a man that Frank caricatures as an uncomplicated, prankish bumpkin.

DEAN MERRILL, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Maybe it was the "sensitivity and dramatic instinct" which Director Josh Logan found in Pinza, or maybe even those "radiating waves of pure animal attraction" which Mary Martin described in Mr. Frank's article and which, we understand, have even been known to affect residents of Westchester County, N. Y.

Self-Supporting Football

EDITOR: This refers to Let's Put the Show on the Road (Dec. 3d), and is written because it is believed you did not know all the facts when the editorial was written, and in the sincere belief that you really desire to present facts.

Football and all other sports at the service academies are *not* supported by the taxpayers, or by Congressional appropriations, but only by the dues of alumni and midshipmen. The receipts from the football games pay all expenses, including salaries of coaches, trainers, travel of teams, uniforms, hotel expenses, and even the salaries of some of the gymnasium physical training instructors. When the corps of cadets and the brigade of midshipmen travel to Phila-

delphia or to any other city to see a football game, their train fares are paid by the respective athletic associations.

Midshipmen, cadets and their respective alumni believe that the games belong to them, and them only, just as much as the Harvard-Yale games belong to Harvard and Yale undergraduates and alumni. Your editorial really proposes to take the games away from the alumni in order to turn them over to large numbers of spectators throughout the country who are not alumni, who have not supported the athletic program at either academy, who have no loyalties to either academy, and whose only interest would be to see an exciting and colorful spectacle.

CARL J. LAMB, EX-18, USNR, Stamford, Conn.

Excise Excitement

EDITOR: Sincere commendations to you for the double spread in your issue of January 7th (Collier's Demands—Congress Repeal Wartime Excise Taxes at Once!). It is a dramatically executed piece. Speaking for the Retail Jewelers of America—congratulations! Added to the many blows we have struck, it should help break the block of discrimination in the affected industries.

KENNETH I. VAN COTT, President, American National Retail Jewelers Association, New York, N. Y.

. . . Your exhortation to Congress that it repeal immediately wartime excise taxes is not only timely but overdue. How anyone can possibly continue justifying for any reason a tax on necessities such as phone calls, electric light bulbs, alarm clocks, etc., is beyond the understanding of an average taxpayer like myself.

J. U. DION, Irvington, N. J.

. . . Your double-page spread demands the repeal of wartime excise taxes. Recently the mother of a baby wrote the editor of a local paper condemning the so-called luxury taxes on baby oil and baby powder. She said, "A sore bottom is never a luxury." Now let us see if the President, with his abounding sense of humor, can go along with that gag.

H. K. WILLIAMS, Hartford, Conn.

. . . We have read the editorial on the excise tax matter and hasten to express our heartfelt gratitude to you for bringing this miserable imposition to the public eye in such a forcible manner.

We have kept figures showing the percentage of taxable goods sold to the total sales ever since the excise taxes were established. The percentage of taxable goods has diminished steadily, showing that the public is conducting a strike against merchandise bearing such taxes.

A. M. HORNE, Shreve, Crump & Low Co., Boston, Mass.

Station Identification

EDITOR: Evan M. Wylie's admirable article on the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir ("Gently Raise the Sacred Strain," Jan. 7th) leaves virtually nothing to be added except a single and, to us, salient fact:

The choir's Sunday radio programs, begun in 1929 and continued to date, have not been on radio in the abstract. They have been heard since 1932 over the network of the Columbia Broadcasting System, through the facilities of Station KSL, Salt Lake City.

We point out the omission of this fact from Mr. Wylie's article because CBS is as proud of its long association with the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir as is any individual member of the group.

We are particularly mindful of the choir's contribution to the setting of high musical standards for listeners in the early days of network broadcasting. With the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, heard exclusively over CBS since 1930, the Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir is one of the pioneer serious music organizations in radio.

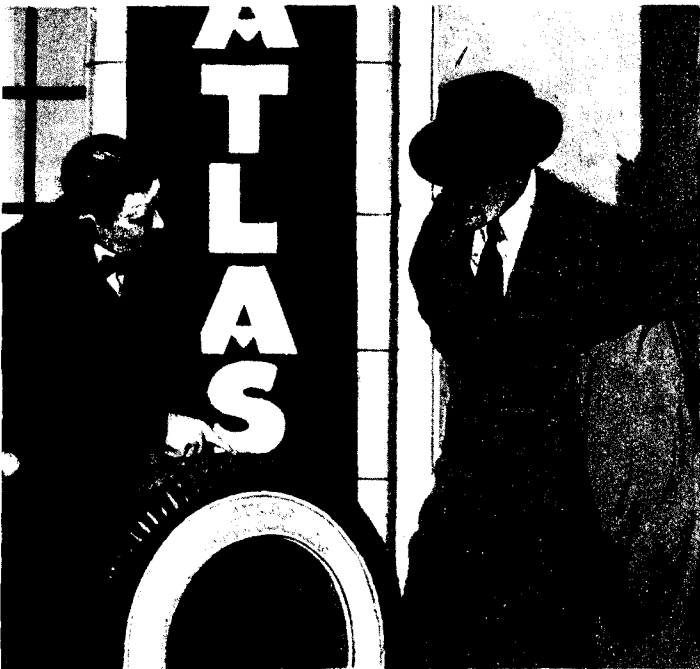
GEORGE CRANDALL, Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., New York, N. Y.

Collier's for February 18, 1950

What the Warranty on ATLAS Tires means to you



Coast to coast across 48 states and Canada 38,000 dealers honor the written Warranty on Atlas Grip-Safe* and low-pressure Cushionaire* tires. Wherever you go, you're always near Atlas service.



On-the-spot adjustments can be made by any Atlas dealer. No quibbling . . . no waiting.

You're immediately credited with the time remaining in the Warranty—pay only for the period you've already driven—and ride away on new Atlas tires.



Such a broad warranty is possible only because of the surpassingly high quality of Atlas tires.

This top quality of Atlas tires is certified by 2,250,000 miles of testing annually.

Get a set of Atlas tires today—and the Warranty. See your local Atlas dealer.
...No Greater Service Anywhere

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FOR BEST RESULTS:
shave with **Barbasol**



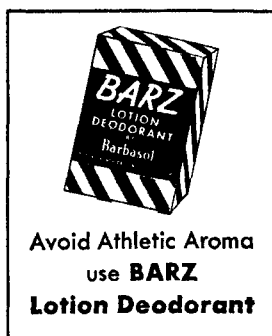
"I've got designs, too . . .
on that
Barbasol face!"



No brush
No lather
No rub-in

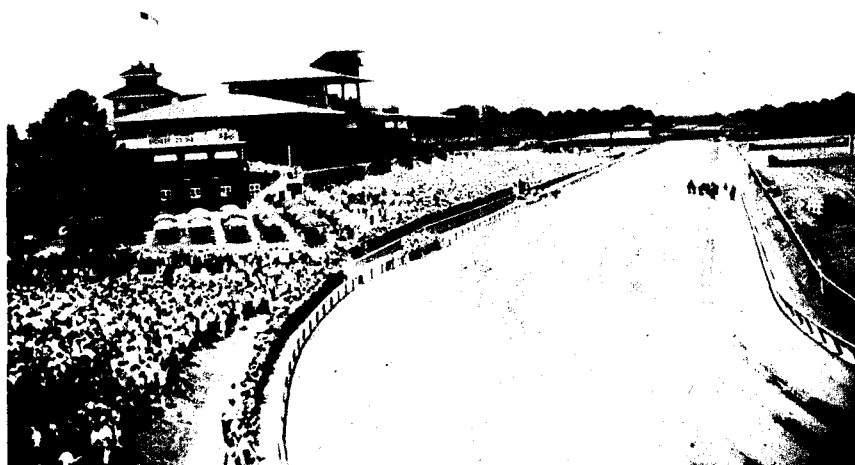
... And speaking of designs: there's Barbasol—designed for perfect shaving! Barbasol's special ingredients wilt beards *fast*. Your razor practically *glides* through those stubborn bristles for close, clean, *comfortable* shaves that last *all day*! Yes sir, Barbasol shaves *look* good and they *feel* good. And Barbasol is good for your skin—never dries it out, as soapy lathers do. In fact, Barbasol actually *protects* your face against windburn and chapping. *Try it!*

Use it also for soothing relief of windburn, chapping, chafing and itching.



Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



Of the 84 U.S. tracks devoted to horse racing, only two are nonprofit enterprises—Delaware Park in Stanton, Delaware (above), and Keeneland near Lexington, Kentucky. Being operated solely for the sake of the sport, these two race tracks give all their revenue, after deductions for expenses, debts and purses, to charitable and educational institutions.

30 others were injured in this tragedy, one of the greatest ever suffered by the N.Y. Fire Department. Yet the blasts caused comparatively little property damage and the blaze was small and soon extinguished. In fact, when the firemen arrived at the corner, they found no signs of a fire, became convinced that the call was a false alarm and were about to leave when a bellboy came out and told them where to find it.

Since 1850, Belgium has boarded out its harmlessly insane persons in Gheel, where today some 6,000 of them are cared for by the town's 4,000 families. Each of these individuals leads a normal life, being treated as a member of a household and allowed to hold a job. Among the few smarter ones earning good incomes is the lady who conducts the fortunetelling parlor.

Most Hindu women once had pictures of their gems tattooed on their bodies, rings being thus reproduced on their fingers, bracelets on their wrists and strings of pearls around their necks. They wanted to carry their jewelry with them to the next world and they believed that this was the way you can take it with you.

The American theater enjoyed the greatest period of prosperity in its history shortly before it was crippled by the talking movies and the Wall Street crash. The feverish activity that it carried on at the time may be judged by the fact that, during Christmas week of 1927 alone, 17 new plays opened on Broadway.

Probably no American millionaire ever increased his fortune so much in such a short time as did William H. Vanderbilt, who inherited \$90,000,000 in 1877 and left \$200,000,000 when he died in 1885. On the other hand, probably no man in this country ever had his fortune shrink so much so quickly as did J. Ogden Armour, who lost \$130,000,000 within a period of 19 weeks in 1921.

A fire full of surprises broke out on the morning of August 1, 1932, in a small paint storeroom in the second basement of the Ritz Tower, a residential hotel at Fifty-seventh Street and Park Avenue in New York City. Shortly after the firemen began searching the basement for the source of the smoke, two explosions occurred a few minutes apart. As a result, eight of the men were killed and

Until 1910, it was not uncommon for a member of a big-game hunting party in Africa to make a secret agreement with a guide to "tame" several lions for him. The guide would kill an antelope, inject a large dose of poison and, at dawn, place the carcass beside a lions' water hole which he could watch from a near-by tree. When the hunter heard the guide's signal, indicating that the lions had fed, he would dash to the scene and shoot the animals. His boldness and accurate aim always amazed his friends, who did not know that the lions had been so paralyzed by poison that they could not fight.

One of the most ridiculous documents on record was sent to Sir Anthony Panizzi (1797-1879), once the librarian of the British Museum. In 1821, he was sentenced to death for taking part in a revolutionary plot against his native duchy in Italy. But on the eve of his execution, Panizzi escaped from prison and fled to England. Soon afterward, he received a letter from government officials back home, demanding that he repay them for two expenditures for which he was responsible. One was the cost of erecting the gallows to hang him and the other was the fee promised and paid the hangman.

Collier's for February 18, 1950

There's nothing like it *...absolutely nothing*

Wind howling, logs crackling, popcorn popping,
Budweiser sparkling—and you pouring! And
what you pour tells you in every sip why
it is the world's most famous beer. Its label
proudly tells you of the high quality of its
ingredients. When you order it or serve
it, you compliment your own good
taste. Live life, every golden
minute of it. Enjoy Budweiser,
every golden drop of it.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC.
ST. LOUIS



Budweiser®
LAGER BEER

Enjoy the hour-long
Ken Murray Musical Variety Television
Show presented by Budweiser on CBS
every other Saturday





That son of yours is a smart boy. He knows where to turn for help when he's stumped.

But do you always know where to turn when you have a problem? Like most fathers, chances are you've been trying to figure out a way to keep your family financially secure in the years ahead—a way you can afford.

Why not take a tip from the rising generation—turn to someone who can help you find the answer?

The Mutual Life Field Underwriter in your neighborhood is a professionally-trained specialist. It's his full-time job to show family men how to

provide security for themselves and their families . . . and provide it with an eye to economy.

Let him explain how—with Mutual Life's INSURED INCOME—you can be sure your wife will have the protection of a regular monthly check, just in case anything ever happens to you. Let him show you how Mutual Life's Insured Income can also mean a steady income when you're ready to retire.

Here's a method of life insurance planning you can afford—because Insured Income builds on such present assets as Social Security and pension rights.

The Mutual Life Field Underwriter near you will be glad to explain how your family and you can enjoy the benefits of Insured Income.



THE MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY of NEW YORK

34 NASSAU STREET

NEW YORK 5, N. Y.

Your Social Security—WORTH \$5,000 OR \$15,000?

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET — Learn the facts of Social Security . . . how it teams with your life insurance. If you live in the U. S., mail the coupon below. You'll also receive a handy filing envelope to keep official records you, or your wife, may need later to collect benefits without costly delay.

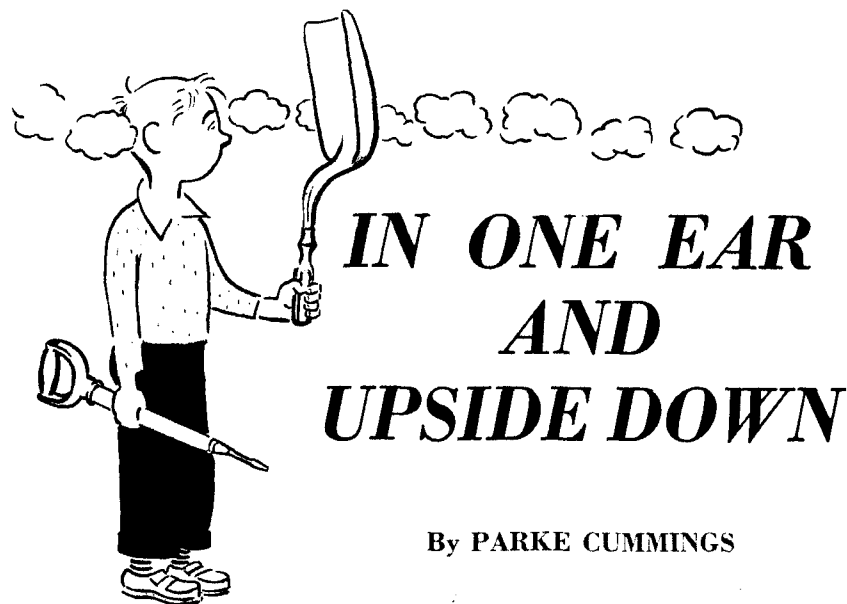
Yes, I would like your **FREE** Social Security Booklet—C-63.

NAME..... BIRTH DATE.....

HOME ADDRESS.....

CITY..... COUNTY.....

STATE..... OCCUPATION.....



By PARKE CUMMINGS

"It's all perfectly logical to him"

THE other evening I requested of our eldest child (masculine, aged twelve): "Go down to the cellar and fetch me a screw driver. And while you're there, put a shovelful of coal on the furnace."

He departed and, after a decent interval, returned and handed me the coal shovel. To one unfamiliar with the soothing sound of woolgathering in a young person's mind this might seem a curious way of complying with the particular request. On the other hand, every experienced parent would admit that, considering the phrasing used, this outcome was practically inevitable.

What a child does—if he bothers to listen at all—is pick out a couple of key words from a command, and then couple them together by associative reasoning. In the instance given, it requires no trained psychologist to deduce that for him the key words were "fetch" and "shovel."

Come to think of it, maybe this was a lucky selection at that. For instance, if they had been "screw driver" and "furnace," the twisted and charred remains of that handy tool would undoubtedly have shown up in the ashes a couple of days later.

Of course, parental instructions and directions are practically infinite in variety, and it's an obvious impossibility to list every conceivable one and predict exactly how they'll be misinterpreted.

However, as a help to parents who may not have faced this problem as often as I have, I shall be happy to furnish them, gratis, Cummings' Sample Case Histories of Loused-up Instructions:

Instruction: "Clean up properly before you come to the table—and don't use those guest towels!" *Result:* Child goes and wipes hands on a guest towel.

Instruction: "Fetch me my sewing scissors. They're in the basket where the needles and thread are." *Result:* Parent is handed a spool of silk thread, sometimes with the inquiry: "Is this the color you said?"

Instruction: "Will you kindly turn that radio down lower?" *Result:* Usually none whatsoever. Occasionally the child may tune to a different station which has apparently stepped up its power from 50,000 to 100,000 kilowatts and moved its transmitter into the lot next door.

Instruction: "Clear the things off the dining-room table, and then get at

your homework so you can finish it in time. I'll do the dishes." *Result:* Youngster waits for Mother to clear the table, finally does so himself after the request is repeated three times. Then starts to do the dishes and is amazed when Mother instructs him to start studying. Protests bitterly that she is always telling him one thing and then changing her mind.

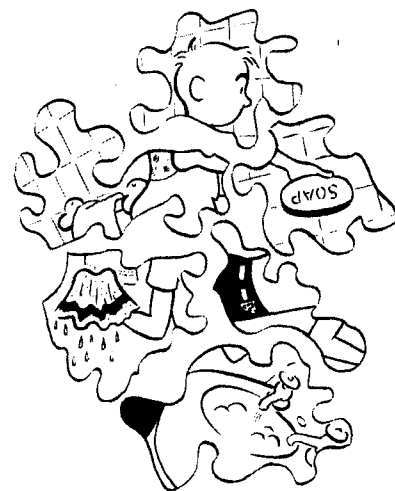
Instruction (or threat, if you want to get technical): "There's going to be trouble if you persist in leaving the front door open every time you go in and out of the house!" *Result:* Child, manifestly alarmed, quickly goes to door and opens it.

Instruction: "Don't forget you have a dentist's appointment at three o'clock on the fourth." *Result:* Having absorbed the preceding examples, the reader is expected to figure this one out for himself.

While this list could be expanded to the point where it would fill this issue, I am confident that its basic pattern has been grasped, and that a smart parent will now see a way out. To counteract the child's natural tendency to get a request mixed up, you simply first mix it up yourself, leaving him to unscramble it and arrive at the correct result.

For instance, the other morning we wanted John to wash his neck, but we hesitated a long time before we finally framed the command. It was: "Scrub the soap thoroughly with a washcloth, and then hang up your neck."

Result: Cleanest his neck has been in six months. See how simple it is when you get the pitch? THE END



"An adolescent's mind is a jigsaw"



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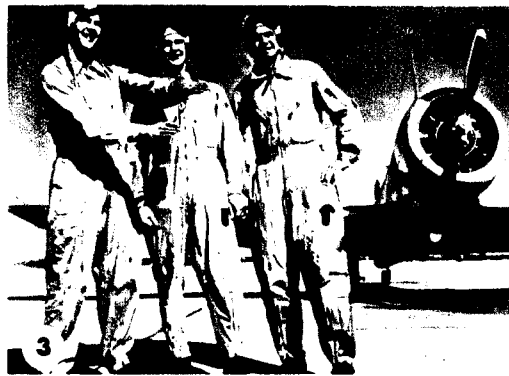
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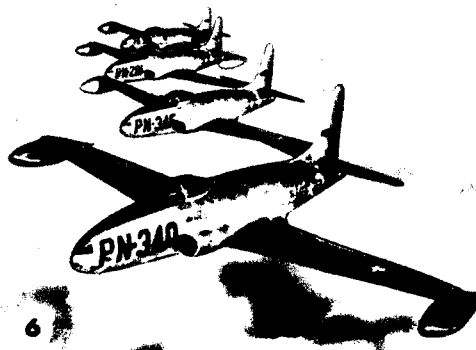
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The President's Top Economic Adviser Tells His Story

Why I Had to STEP ASIDE

By DR. EDWIN G. NOURSE

In 18 years of Democratic rule in Washington, no one man's break with the White House has had deeper meaning than the resignation of Dr. Edwin G. Nourse as chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. Past rifts between Presidential right-hand men and their boss have stirred up louder tempests and juicier gossip. But Dr. Nourse is no mere disgruntled politician or disaffected crony. At sixty-six an economist of the highest distinction, formerly vice-president of the Brookings Institution, head of the American Economic Association, and U.S. delegate to international economic conferences, he quit his council post as an act of intellectual protest against the things he saw done and the attitudes he met behind the top-level Washington scene.

This is Dr. Nourse's own story of why he quit. He tells it with characteristic dignity, restraint and lack of sensationalism. But in it he raises one of the most important questions of our time: How far do we want to let political and personal bias go in swaying the official decisions which daily affect our economic lives? —*The Editor*

I MADE lively newspaper copy to say I "fired a blast at the Administration" and that this act "cost me my job" as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers. But such an explanation does not square with the facts, and it fails to shed any light for my fellow citizens on some developments in our system of free government which I believe important for our future.

The mere addition of one individual—technically past retirement age—to the ranks of the unemployed would in itself have no importance or general interest. But in this particular case the individual was connected with a highly important innovation in the U.S. effort to make free enterprise work splendidly within a system of free government. Thus my departure has significance for the businessman, the worker, the taxpayer, the voter, and the reasons should be frankly told.

I did *not* resign because of any doubts or disillusionment about the Employment Act of 1946 itself, which set up the Council of Economic Advisers. I still firmly believe in the declaration of national policy with which the act begins. It states a purpose which is practical, sound and deeply held in the hearts of most Americans. It registers an intention of ending, or at least lessening, the periodic depressions which have plagued us in the past.

The act proposes no panacea. But it seeks to mobilize our economic brains, inside government and outside, to improve our public and private economic practices, and to co-ordinate the economic thinking and policy making of business executives, labor leaders, farm organization officials and government people. It promises unprecedented recognition to the scientifically trained economist as a practical aid in public affairs.

Nor did I resign because I felt that the Council of Economic Advisers itself was either inadequate or ill-designed to promote the purposes of the Employment Act. It was set (Continued on page 51)



LOST, One Daughter





Dominating the landscape of Lhasa is the towering Potala, capitol building and winter residence for the Dalai Lama. Begun in 1641 by the revered Dalai Lama V, it contains more than a thousand musty rooms, ranks with the pyramids of Egypt as a marvel of construction

On the Caravan Trail of

Late last summer Lowell Thomas, the famous radio commentator, and his son were permitted the rare privilege of visiting Tibet and receiving there an audience with the Dalai Lama at Lhasa. Reason for the unexpected but gratifying co-operation of Tibet officials was fear of Red designs on their land and hope for Western support

II

IN a popular ballad, the lyrics describe a mule train moving forward at a brisk "clippety-clop, clippety-clop." Obviously, the tunesmiths got their inspiration from mules in some region other than Central Asia. They certainly were not referring to our mule caravan as it slowly wound its way along tortuous Himalayan mountain trails late last summer en route to the forbidden land of Tibet.

My son, Lowell, Jr., and I, making one of the rare journeys permitted those living outside that highest and most remote of all inhabited countries, took 24 days to cover the 300 miles between Tibet's border and its sacred, secluded capital city of Lhasa.

But speed is impossible in the hermit kingdom of the Dalai Lama, Tibet's spiritual and secular ruler. No mule train anywhere has to face a more arduous

or perilous journey than the ever-upward trek to the roof of the world. Most of the time you are looking down thousands of feet, over sheer precipices, as the twisting, climbing route hugs perpendicular rock walls. To add to a traveler's discomfort, a razor-edged wind continually whips across the Tibetan plateau; and the rarefied atmosphere, two to three miles above sea level, makes breathing difficult and caravan progress slow.

Before leaving Gangtok, the capital of the border state of Sikkim, where our caravan was organized, Harishwar Dayal, the Indian political officer there, gave us a suggested Tibetan itinerary. He said there were only a few towns and villages along the way. We must reach one of these each afternoon. The rest of the time we would be riding through bleak, empty land. He also explained that every other day or so we would have to hire an entire new set of pack animals, since the rough going demanded frequent changes.

There are few trade routes on this globe of ours that have been used continuously for as long as man has traveled the high road to Lhasa. Everything we had was borne by men and animals. On the steep climb from the India side of the majestic Himalayan wall, six barefoot Sikkimese coolies

and nine pack mules carried the more than a ton of supplies and gear we needed. Riding ponies at the head of the caravan, we started the long haul on August 4th. It took us through the rain-drenched forest of Sikkim, over the lofty, snow-whitened Himalayas and across the barren Tibetan tableland to Lhasa—that city in the clouds where life has been the same for 13 centuries.

No matter how steep the trail, no matter how hard it rained or how sharp the rocks, our barefoot bearers, each carrying up to 100 pounds, never complained. And they took the backbreaking job for two rupees (less than fifty cents) per day.

Our sure-footed mules did their job, too. But my hair stood on end when they insisted, as they too often did, on treading the outer edge of the trail, usually overlooking a precipice. One stubborn Sikkimese hardtail had a particularly exasperating way of reaching over the rim for succulent plants.

Ten miles from Gangtok, at the end of our first day's march, we spent the night in the dak bungalow at Karpunang. Originally built by the British, the dak bungalows of Sikkim are now maintained by the government of India as shelters for travelers. The one at Karpunang is perched on the side of a gorge at an elevation of about 10,000 feet. I

Continuing OUT OF THIS WORLD: A JOURNEY TO LHASA



The Thomas caravan passed this nobleman and his entourage on the way to Lhasa. Lowell, Jr., is responsible for these unusual photos



A richly robed Tibetan noble passes a kata (white scarf) over the arms of Lowell, Sr. Scarves serve the same purpose as calling cards do in U.S.



Some 12,000 feet above sea level, the Brahmaputra River is a mighty, brown torrent, but navigable, flowing across southern Tibet



Against the background of the snow-capped Himalayas, a yak herd grazes as a caravan rests. Tibetans use yaks for innumerable purposes

the High Winds

By LOWELL THOMAS
with LOWELL THOMAS, Jr.



A servant pours a cup of yak-butter tea, Tibet's national drink, from a vase. The well to do have an average of 40 to 50 cups daily
Collier's for February 18, 1950



Religious painting, like most of the arts in Tibet, is highly developed. Dancing, music, sculpture play an important part in the land's folklore

checked our map after we stopped and showed my son the elevation figure.

"Say," he said, "that means we're already as high as Leadville, Colorado (highest town in the United States), and we've only started our climb!"

Then came another drenching day on the trail. The monsoon rains poured down. Clouds of mist rose from the bamboo jungle far below, making it impossible at times to see from one end of our short procession to the other. These Himalayan foothills have an annual rainfall of 250 inches. So much of that total was emptied on us that we were all drenched, despite the fact that Lowell, Jr., and I wore rubberized naval storm outfits.

What a contrast between the south and the north side of that Himalayan wall! Jungle on one; barren mountains and bleak plateau on the other—all because those water-laden clouds, rolling across India from the Bay of Bengal, strike the five-mile-high Himalayas and drop most of their moisture on Sikkim. On the other side of the great divide, however, few storms get through, thus leaving Tibet with an average annual rainfall of about 12 inches.

A labyrinth of bamboo and creepers rose straight up over our heads on one side of the narrow trail and fell away thousands of feet on the other. There were many signs of small avalanches, as the tropical downpour loosened the earth.

"I can't help thinking, Dad," my son said, "what would happen to our caravan if a landslide like the one we saw back in the Tista valley suddenly caught us here."

"Let's talk about a more pleasant subject," I suggested.

The tiny, blood-sucking leeches along the trail were a problem, too. Thin as a horsehair and about a half inch in length, these black pests dropped off the foliage as we passed by. They loop their way

to an opening in your boots or through your clothes and attach themselves to your flesh. Our rain suits kept them out, but they made things miserable for our barelegged coolies and our pack animals, even getting in the nostrils of the mules and horses.

For the next four days we scrambled steadily upward over some of the dizziest mountain trails we had ever seen, skirting yawning chasms on our way to Nathu-la, the mountain-pass gateway to Tibet. We made somewhat more than 10 miles a day, stopping each night at a dak house. Traveling alone, the climb can theoretically be made faster. But 10 miles a day is satisfactory progress for a caravan.

The scenic beauty of this phase of our journey was indescribable. We happened to be there just at the season when the mountains of Sikkim were covered with thousands of different flowers, including 350 varieties of wild orchids. The slopes also were studded with masses of rhododendron. In the Himalayas, rhododendron is not a bush, but a tree—often 30 feet high and covered with delicate pink blossoms. Here and there we came across a rather spooky flower, the purple Sikkimese monkshood. With an essence brewed from this poisonous plant, warriors centuries ago tipped their arrows and spears for warfare against neighboring states.

All of us dismounted and hiked much of the way to Nathu-la, partly because we felt a little safer on foot than riding along those canyon walls, and partly because at extreme altitudes you need to walk to keep in condition. Fortunately, we were not bothered by mountain sickness, the dizziness and nausea that plague many who climb great heights. Our frequent ski trips to the mountains back home probably were responsible for this blessing.

Of course, in the Himalayas one always dis-

mounts going down any respectable slope. There's an old Tibetan saying which you are expected to keep in mind: "If you don't carry him uphill, you are no horse; if you don't walk down, you are no man."

Reaching Nathu-la (*la* being the Tibetan word for mountain pass) at 14,800 feet, we encountered none of the military and customs barriers usually found at a frontier. Three bushy-tailed wild yaks, peering down on us suspiciously from a high ledge before bolting, were the only living things we saw on the Tibet-India border.

Where the trail leveled off and headed into the forbidden land, we passed under a yakhair rope fastened to two boulders. From that cord hung hundreds of cloth prayer flags, fluttering furiously in the wind. Tibetans believe that each time the wind blows—each time one of those bits of cloth moves—a prayer is wafted to their Lord Buddha.

The same idea applies to the movement of Tibetan prayer wheels. Some distance below Nathu-la we passed a prayer wheel powered by water. It was a barrel covered with religious paintings and crammed full of prayers written both on cloth and paper. With each revolution of the barrel in the rushing stream, all the prayers inside are assumed to be repeated again and again to Buddha.

Observing Old Tibetan Customs

As we crossed the border, we doffed our hats and bowed in accordance with the Tibetan custom. Then we shouted and threw rocks, adding to a cairn which had grown to a height of some 30 feet as a result of the stone offerings of earlier passers-by. The Tibetans believe that every mountain pass is the home of evil spirits. The shouting and rock throwing is to frighten them away. Some of the Buddhists in our working party kept chanting their sacred prayer, "*Om Mani Padme Hum!*" ("All hail the jewel in the lotus!"), to help drive away the demons.

Judging from the time and money devoted to their religion, Tibetans must be the most devout people on earth. Nearly one fourth of all males in a nation of 4,000,000 become monks, many of them secluding themselves from their fellow men in hundreds of monasteries throughout the land. The Dalai Lama and his high lamas, abbots and monks reign absolutely in this last theocracy on earth. And the daily lives of their superstitious, feudal subjects revolve around the biddings and customs of the omnipotent church.

Descending on the Tibetan side of The Himalayas, we dropped down through a forest of pine and fir. Nearly every tree was festooned with a wispy, golden species of moss. It was draped over the limbs much like Spanish moss behaves in the woods of our Southern states, except that it was not nearly so heavy nor somber as the Dixie variety.

In these woods we encountered our first Tibetan monkey. A big white fellow with a black face and a long tail, he sat there nonchalantly watching us go by. Tibet is a paradise for chaps like him. Animals and wild fowl abound there. Mountain sheep, antelope, gazelle, wild duck, geese and other wild life can be found by the countless thousands in that lofty fastness, and the nation's countless glacier-fed lakes teem with fish.

The land could be a sportsman's delight, but the game is almost never molested. Because their religion includes a deep-rooted belief in reincarnation, Tibetans scrupulously avoid killing any living thing. The lamas teach that all life goes through almost endless rebirth. If you lead a pure life, each time you die you pass on to a higher form and, eventually, you may become a lama. But if you sin, then you retrogress—are reborn a beggar, or even an animal. For this reason, some monks seldom venture out of their monasteries during the summer months for fear of treading on insects.

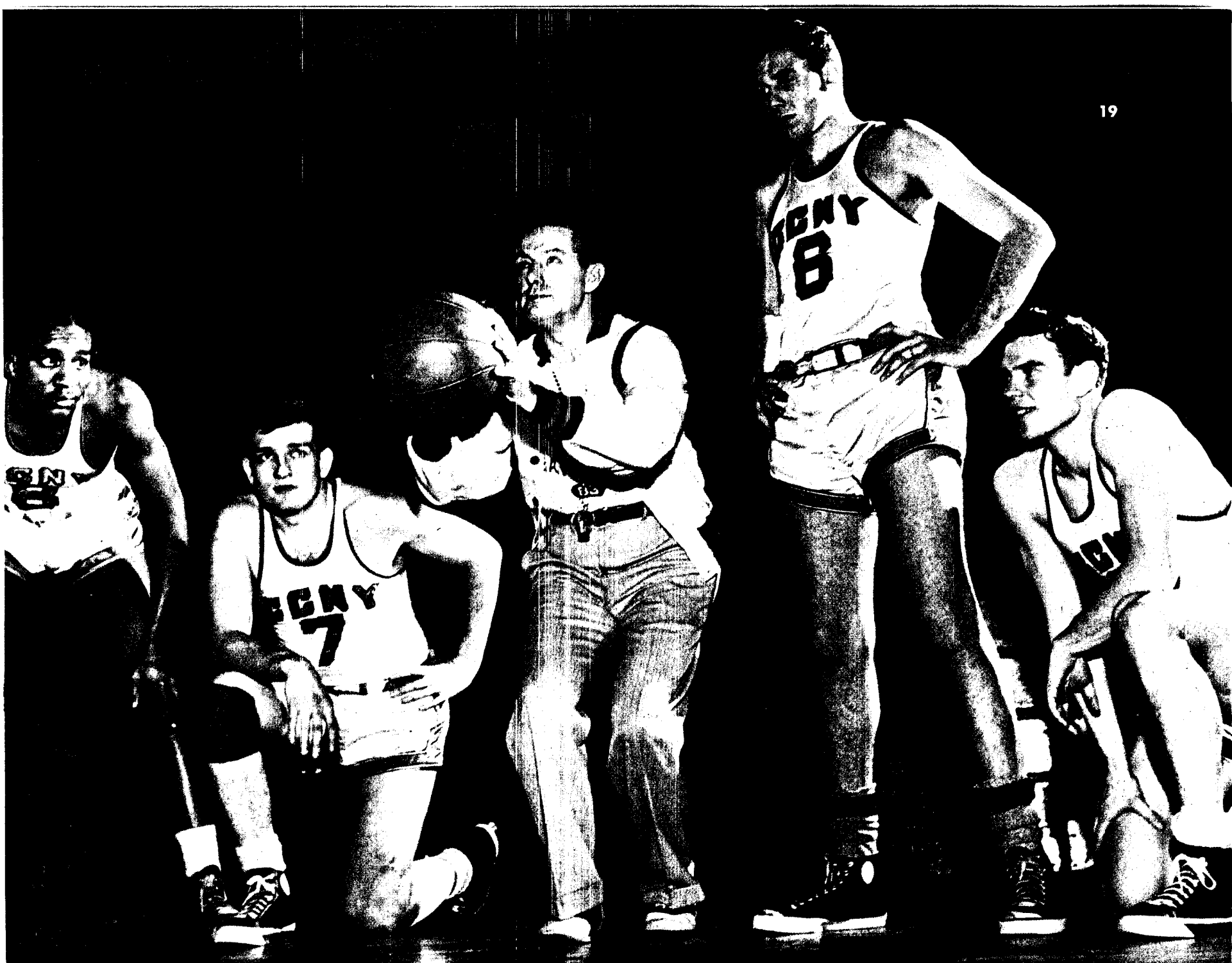
But despite this aversion to killing, Tibetans are among the world's greatest meat eaters. Their wintry climate demands this inconsistency with their faith. But to ensure that the slaughtered beasts—usually sheep, gazelle or yak—are reincarnated in a higher form, a religious ceremony precedes all butchering.

From Nathu-la we descended abruptly into the enormous Chumbi valley, heading for Tibet's fourth largest town—Yatung. Five or six miles from the top of the pass, (Continued on page 42)

Collier's for February 18, 1950

'Hello' A mail carrier sticks out his tongue in the customary greeting





Nat himself admits his current CCNY players may be the best he's ever had: (l. to r.) Ed Warner, Al Roth, Coach Holman, Ed Roman and Irwin Dambrot

Basketball's Nat Holman: **EASY DOESN'T DO IT**

BY STANLEY FRANK

IF BABE RUTH had masterminded as many pennant-winning ball clubs as John J. McGraw, or if Jim Thorpe had been the football coach Knute Rockne was, they would have achieved in their sports the same sort of unique position Nat Holman holds in basketball. A host of highly regarded experts consider Holman the greatest player and coach basketball ever has seen. The man already is such a legendary figure that fans who remember him as the star of the fabulous Original Celtics may find it hard to realize he is only fifty-three years old. Conversely, those who have been reading the sports pages lately, and who therefore know Holman has again been hotter and higher than a jet rocket, may be surprised to learn he is in his thirty-first season as coach at the College of the City of New York.

Holman's team this year is the best he ever has had, a state of affairs unlikely to endear him to the trade. An aloof, sometimes arbitrary bloke, he always has recognized himself as the game's ultimate

authority, a conviction that did not waver in the years when poor material cast him into temporary—and galling—eclipse. Now that he has the man power to give the opposition their lumps, his natural assumption of superiority will irritate some people more than ever. Holman does not discuss basketball with coaches, players or officials. He lectures them.

"Sometimes Nat acts as though he's sore that Dr. James A. Naismith beat him to the punch by inventing basketball," a colleague says.

Maybe Holman didn't write the book, but he pumped more color and excitement into the great American pastime than any other hoopman in history. His is the only name in the game that rings bells of association in all sections of the country. Current professional headliners like George Mikan, Alex Groza and Joe Fulks have local reputations compared to the nation-wide renown Holman enjoyed when he barnstormed with the Celtics in the 1920s.

That was the golden age of sports, and Holman was to basketball what Ruth was to baseball, Grange to football, Dempsey to boxing, Jones to golf and Tilden to tennis. He was the court game's most dynamic personality, the one star who made the customers get up on their hind legs and holler. And of all the golden boys of that era, Holman alone is still a dominant factor in his game.

Any coach who is embraced by success, and the public, is sure to arouse a measure of antagonism among the other lodge brothers in the highly competitive sports business. (Messrs. Frank Leahy and Joe McCarthy never will win popularity contests, either.) In Holman's case, opposing coaches have been known to show their envy by ridiculing his personal characteristics. Since they can't knock the fellow's record or his unquestioned ability to teach techniques, they often seize on such petty things as Holman's speaking mannerisms or the clothes he wears.

Nat Holman dresses (*Continued on page 65*)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

The HAPPY IRISHMAN of the French Quarter

By KEN GORMIN

IN MIDSUMMER of 1946 two gentlemen were sitting in the historic Old Absinthe House in New Orleans, mulling over their thoughts and other things. One was the proprietor of the establishment, a man named—of all un-French things—Owen Edward Brennan. The other was "Count" Arnaud Cazenave, the owner of Arnaud's, one of New Orleans' best-known, heavily traditional French restaurants.

At one point their conversation became noticeably lively. The Count cried out as if in pain and indulged in wild Gallic gesticulations.

The cause was a more or less jocular remark made by Brennan. "Count," he said, "some folks from Illinois tell me they ate in your place last night and the trout almondine tasted like old catfish."

Stung to his epicurean quick, the Count's response was immediate and understandable. "If you think you can do any better," he screamed with appropriate gestures, "why don't you try to operate a French restaurant yourself?"

Brennan came back caustically, "You mean one of these French Quarter joints with tile floors and no carpets? Why, they look more like bathrooms than places to eat. They give me the creeps."

But the Count knew he had scored. "That's all very well for you to say," he replied; "however, the fact remains that serving good food is an art. It's not like running a hamburger stand, you know."

The Count was well aware that only a couple of days previously Brennan had bought the Vieux Carré, a bedraggled French restaurant across the street from the Old Absinthe House and that he had already made plans to convert it into a super hamburger emporium for the relatively indiscriminating patrons of the French Quarter's busy, honky-tonk thoroughfare, the Rue Bourbon.

That hamburger crack did it. It was more than

an Irishman named Brennan could take. "All right," he yelled back, "you asked for it! I'll show you and everybody else that an Irishman can run the finest French restaurant in this town!"

Thus it came about that in the city of New Orleans, noted for its French restaurants and some of the best food in America, one of the most famous of them today is not run by a Frenchman at all. In fact, in all of the highly gustatory French Quarter, the restaurant that manages to sell more French wines per food dollar than any other is the refurbished Vieux Carré, run by a man named Owen Brennan. This, despite the fact that Gaelic, not Gallic, Monsieur Brennan has great difficulty in pronouncing even so unrecondite a French phrase as *filet mignon* and had never been in the restaurant business a day in his life before taking over the Vieux Carré.

For Brennan is a hearty Irishman from New Orleans' Irish Channel, with reddish hair and green eyes, and a sense of humor that makes those eyes twinkle whenever he boasts that he, a son of the old sod, runs the best French restaurant in town.

Good-Food Tradition Is Retained

The Vieux Carré is certainly French, and successful. Its specialties are as Gallic as they come, with Creole dishes—they're French once removed—its *extra* specials. This, despite the fact that Brennan has breached many traditions that other French Quarter restaurateurs have always considered inviolate. That is, all the traditions except that of excellent food.

Brennan's is the only French restaurant in the city that has music, the only one with a carpeted dining room. "It pays to provide atmosphere as well as good food and drink," he says. "The tourists want to stay and relax and enjoy their food."

(Brennan calls all those who visit his place "tourists," whether they come from New Orleans itself or Dubuque.)

The "tourists" have borne out his faith in them by coming back for more and by singing loudly the praises of his establishment. Even Count Arnaud, before his death a year and a half ago, publicly and frequently admitted that Monsieur Brennan ran "a fine French restaurant." One of the "tourists," a cosmopolitan writing fellow named Lucius Beebe who specializes in reporting on the more *recherché* matters pertaining to food and drink, has ecstatically reported: "The evolution of lamb chops, with béarnaise and grilled tomatoes, for breakfast at Owen Brennan's Vieux Carré restaurant is the occasion for more excitement than the fall of empires and such meretricious intelligence receive in New York."

When Brennan took over the Vieux Carré, the changes he made were drastic. Waiters were soon gliding silently along on thickly carpeted floors. Diners ate to the soft yellow glow of candlelight. Subdued music, usually waltzes, made dulcet sounds in the distance. The walls were decorated in pleasant beiges, rich background for the candlelight and the splashes of flaming color as the waiters poured burning brandy above the silver *brûlot* bowls.

But if Brennan flouted some traditions, he revived others. One notable fillip he brought back was the three-hour breakfast, a nineteenth-century custom supposedly unfitted to the modern tempo. There is one difference, however. Brennan grins owlishly as he points out, "They used to charge from 40 to 60 cents. We get a lot more."

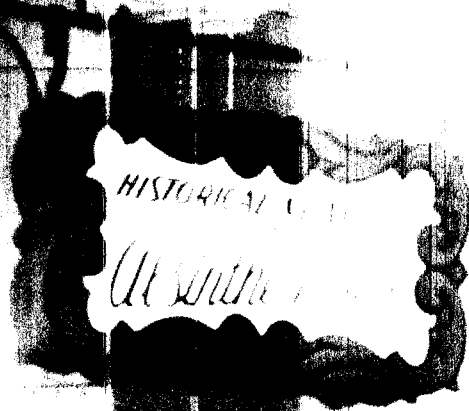
The breakfasts start about 11:00 A.M., and here is a sample of what the paying guest may eat (and drink):

An absinthe Suisse (Continued on page 69)

This is the three-hour breakfast at the Vieux Carré. Cost \$9.45, without wines. Starting upper right and running clockwise: absinthe Suisse cocktail, grilled grapefruit with kirschwasser, eggs Saint-Denis, sirloin Mirabeau, Waldorf salad, crepes Suzette, orange brûlot, hot garlic toast (center), coffee and red wine



Proprietor Brennan gets fitted by a costumer for the gay Mardi Gras ball he himself has organized for "tourists" visiting the city at carnival time



Night lights shine from the Old Absinthe House and Vieux Carré. They face each other across narrow Bourbon Street

PHOTOS FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIP GUARISCO AND WILFRED L. D'AQUIN

City beyond Devil's Gate

Continuing a vivid novel of the American Frontier

By LILLIAN JANET

The Story: Gold-seeking pioneers founded the fabulous gold and silver town of Virginia City on the eve of the Civil War, but JASON FEATHERS capitalized on the sudden wealth by opening a bank. He looked forward to grabbing all the mines he could, and to a powerful role in the projected Pacific Republic. When young DANIEL MACGRATH came back to Virginia City from Sacramento and asked for a job, Jason hired him, although Daniel had been a minister when he and Jason had known each other in California. Why Daniel had stopped preaching abolition and left the cloth was a mystery—except to Jason, and perhaps to Daniel's shrewd gambler friend, CLARENCE K. MULLINS.

Daniel had become pastor of a church in Sacramento through Jason's influence, and had married MARY, the young sister of Jason's first wife. But three days after marriage the bride died.

News of Daniel's return to Nevada was carried to EMILY FIELDING by TOOHEY, a miner who had operated her mine for her since her father and her brother were massacred by warring Paiutes. Emily had heard Daniel preach three years before and had been in love with the memory of the fiery young man ever since. She learned of Daniel's tragic marriage from REBECCA, Jason's young, flighty second wife, at a tea party which was interrupted by the entrance of Jason, Daniel and TOM, Jason's son by his first wife. Jason tried unsuccessfully to buy Emily's mine, and tempers rose. Later, Rebecca, bored with life in the crude town, made advances to Tom.

Jason's plans to monopolize Virginia City's mines were thwarted by Emily's defiance, and by the fact that the REVEREND FLAVIUS GRIMES, a friend of Emily's, was about to go into the business of reducing ore for independent miners.

Daniel, shocked at the murder of a miner by JESSE HULL, an employee of Jason's, and torn between his loyalty to Jason and his affection for Emily, told her that Jason would stop at nothing to acquire her mine.

With the arrival of a camel train bearing equipment for the new ore-reducing plants, Flavius met a turbaned stranger, who turned out to be Clarence Mullins, just arrived from Sacramento. Clarence was not surprised to learn that Daniel was working for Jason. He mused, "That's where I thought he'd be."

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AS THEY walked along together toward the bank, Jason sighed gently and glanced at Daniel's set, worried face. Why was he going to all the trouble of justifying his position in this thing? He knew that eventually Daniel would do as he asked. Why was he trying to obtain the younger man's approval as well? He studied Daniel's face—the eyes squinting in concentration against the dust of the street, the heavy jaw, the tight lips, the cleft chin that jutted forward now with stubbornness and a touch of sullen withdrawal. And he could not deny to himself that the face held something of attraction and fascination for him.

"You don't seem to understand, Daniel. The man has absolutely no legal claim to the property. It's never been registered—he can't even read and write."

"That's hairsplitting," Daniel muttered. "Everyone regards the claim as his—no one's ever tried to do him out of it before."

"Nor am I," Jason retorted, with a trace of impatience. "In the first place, Hansen hasn't the money to work the mine. He's getting just enough ore to keep him going, and that's all. He'd like a good excuse to be rid of it, so he could spend his time loafing around the saloons with his cronies.

I'm offering him the chance. All you have to do is explain to him about the legality of the claim."

They stopped at the door of the bank. "Look," Jason said, "You're not taking Jesse with you. There'll be no repetition of that Harry Boff business. Believe me, Daniel, he'll thank you for taking it off his hands. Here." He reached into his pocket, drew out a draft on the bank. "Will it make you feel easier about it to give him a thousand dollars?"

Daniel reached for the draft slowly. "Shall I see to registering the claim afterward?"

Jason hesitated, cleared his throat. "That won't be necessary. It's been registered in my name since last week."

IT WAS late afternoon when he started for Emily's and rain had begun, chilly and penetrating. He was feeling depressed and more than a little guilty. Depressed because Jason had been so completely right. Otto Hansen had not only been glad to be rid of his claim, but the thousand dollars had left him incredulous at his good fortune. And Daniel felt guilty at his own relief, guilty because giving Hansen the thousand dollars had made him feel self-righteous.

Still he kept going over the thing in his own mind. It was true that Hansen was lazy and disreputable—some thought half-witted. It was true that he had never registered his claim, had no legal right to it, and any unscrupulous schemer could have done him out of it and not given him a penny. Yet balancing these facts were others less concrete. In actual fact the mine was worth at least a hundred times that thousand dollars. Hansen's not knowing it did not alter the fact. And the money—Daniel knew Jason had made that gesture not to satisfy Hansen, but to satisfy him. It angered him that Jason had sized him up so accurately, had known that he could be so easily placated.

There was another thing—Hansen's mine was in the strip where the Lady Emily was located. Harry Boff's mine had been in the same strip. Two mines out of the six that composed the strip were already in Jason's hands.

The longer he stayed in Virginia City, it seemed to Daniel, the more anomalous his position became. As associations began to form themselves into recognizable ties that could be given labels—friendship, loyalty, love—each was pulling him in a different direction. Was it indicative of strength or of weakness on his part? Did it mean merely vacillation, or did it, as he liked to think, indicate a broadening of perspective, an ability to see more than one set of issues in a situation?

But the problem reduced itself inevitably to one trenchant fact. Jason was out to get Emily's mine, along with all the rest. Daniel even suspected that where Emily's property was concerned, Jason's determination was sharpened because of her defiance that afternoon in his own parlor. That was something Jason would be slow to forgive.

Yet in spite of the confusion of his thoughts, he found that once he was in Emily's house his depression left him. There was such a brightness there, such a warmth and quiet good humor. She bustled about him, taking his wet coat, hanging it near the stove, bidding him draw his chair close to the warmth. Then she and Charley went about finishing supper, and he found himself succumbing to a wonderfully relaxed, anticipatory feeling. He was hungry, and soon he would eat. He had been lonely, and now there was a full, pleasant evening of companionship with Emily ahead of him. He would sit and watch her, and he would know the stirrings of

a desire that was still muted, unexpressed even to himself, pleasant because its fulfillment was still in the future.

His eyes followed her as she moved about and it occurred to him that something in her manner was different tonight, some inner shyness that she had not shown before. And he thought with a little start how selfish he had been, coming here evening after evening, taking so much from her in comfort and friendship and giving so little, in return, never showing a real interest or giving her encouragement—

Suddenly, his voice sounding louder than he had intended, he asked, "Are you making any headway with the other mine owners?"

She looked up, surprised. "Not a great deal," she answered. "But I haven't given up. One of these days, something will happen to make them listen." And then she turned away as though the subject of business was a distraction tonight, something she had no time for.

She looked more than usually charming, he thought. Her hair was tied back with a blue ribbon, and in place of her usual calico blouse and black skirt she wore a pale blue muslin dress with a print of tiny rosebuds in it.

Supper was pleasant, warming and homey. When the meal was finished the Paiute handy man Charley cleared the table, washed the dishes, and then without even a grunt of farewell went off to bed.

FOR several minutes the two of them sat in silence. Then Emily went to the table that had been cleared of dishes, arranged a stack of papers on it and sat down.

"Don't work tonight," he said suddenly.

She looked up, her eyes wide and thoughtful. "All right." Her light chatty tone was gone now. Her voice was quiet and subdued.

"How about a game of twenty-one?" he asked.

She got up and went for the cards, returned, and started shuffling. "Face cards," she said solemnly, "are the ones with pictures on them." It was her way of teasing him. He had never seen a deck of cards, never held one in his hands, until she taught him the game.

She began dealing the cards and for a long time they played quietly, not speaking except to make their bets or exclaim over a lucky card. He cared nothing for the game actually. His delight was in watching her as she played.

She invariably won, and at first her pleasure was quick and triumphant. Then as she would continue to win, her generous nature began to know twinges of conscience. She became more lax with her betting, less cagey in drawing cards, trying to shove the victory his way. But cards meant little to him, and he was inept in his counting and figuring, so that in the end she always had all the winnings piled on her side of the table.

They played longer than usual tonight, for Daniel was more than ordinarily reluctant to leave. The rain was still falling outside. But here in the little stone house where the lamplight spread in warm, intimate circles, he was completely contented. In all the months he had known Mary and loved her with distant desperation he had never been so contented. He experienced a slight shock. It was the first time he had (Continued on page 34)

He strode across the room to her, pulling her close to him. "You have me now, Em," he said. His throat seemed to swell. Then his fingers were in her hair

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER



SECRET BOSS of the National

Mae Smith, the office manager, remains like a cash register, keeping a sharp eye on the financial club's money—and on the behavior of its 1,000 members.

ALL you have to do is ask any of the regulars in the National Press Club in Washington the simple, innocent question: "What do you know about Mae Smith?" For quickest results, we suggest the six-o'clock, high-tide crowd at the bar. Before you're through you'll not only think you've been reading a whodunit; you'll feel as though you'd been in one.

The chances are better than excellent that he'll shush you, look around furtively, waggle a beckoning finger and lead you off to a far, secluded corner and start whispering. Some will pull you a little aside and suggest, without too much lip movement, that you meet them outside in, say half an hour. And a few of them, survivors of many a lost battle, will suddenly bethink themselves of unfinished assignments and scurry off to the Pentagon, or the State Department, or the Embassy of India, where talk is cheaper and personally less hazardous.

But those who whisper in dark corners, and those who don't trust the Press Club walls, invariably and inevitably conclude their Mae Smithing with the same words. They'll tell you that that's all they know about the lady, give you half a dozen names of members who might tell you more and then, fixing you with an imploring eye, say:

"For God's sake don't mention my name!"

So, when presently you call on Mrs. Mae Howland Smith, having notified your friends of what to do if you aren't back in an hour, you are filled to your scalp with anecdote, legend, myth, fact and fable concerning this small, plump, shy, taciturn, middle-aged woman who can make a rabbit out of a hero with one swift and wordless look.

The National Press Club has the conventional

complement of officers and governors. It has a manager and an assistant manager, and it retains lawyers and certified public accountants. But Mae Howland Smith runs the place, and wise members have learned the folly of trying to make something out of it. Several times officers and directors, having fatuously decided that they were men and not mice, have taken certain fiscal and policy matters into their own hands, ignoring Mrs. Smith. But each time, although implored by the inexperienced to be firm, they abandoned their defiance, to concentrate collectively on the more important job of inducing Mae Smith to reconsider her resignation and take the club back into her capacious, capable lap.

Actually Mrs. Smith is the club's office manager, which is very much like describing John L. Lewis as a coal miner. Compared to Mae Smith as a dollar hunter and an exponent of austerity, Sir Stafford Cripps is the prodigal son. In addition to being office manager she is, she says, permanent assistant secretary and, according to the club's officers and employees, secretary to the board of governors.

She makes no claim to this latter job, sniffing the title off when it's mentioned. She is, over and above all that, the club's financial conscience. And almost all the old-timers will tell you in hushed whispers (provided you promise solemnly not to mention their names) that she and the individual consciences of all of the members are on terms of complete understanding and communion.

It is doubtless an exaggeration, but newsmen and news sources who inhabit the Press Club will assure you that members who have inadvertently

or otherwise slipped into brief personal indiscretions are never nearly so worried about their wives hearing of it as they are that the regrettable facts may reach the ears of Mae Smith—which they usually do with demoralizing speed. Not that Mrs. Smith would consider for a moment letting such tales go further. But she loses no time in looking up the wretch's financial standing on her books and calling him coldly and instantly to account if his frippery has put him a penny in the club's debt.

Nobody seems to know what or how much she knows about him, because she has never been known to talk about any individual member. But everybody seems quite sure that she knows everything about everybody. Even if this isn't true, even though Mae Smith is celebrated as a lady of complete discretion, this is the principal reason why the stoutesthearted members quail when her name is mentioned and tremble in fear at her frown.

In a capital where self-importance is a dime a bushel, nobody is less impressed by greatness than Mrs. Smith. Once she was about to demand that the name of a President of the United States be posted as a dues delinquent. A famous and hitherto fearless correspondent whose name may not, of course, be mentioned, strode resolutely into her office prepared to tell her that, come what might, she just couldn't do that. Without looking up from her desk, Mrs. Smith convinced him quickly that he just didn't know her. Whereupon he paid that President's arrears and fled.

We asked her about that and also about a very similar story about a former Secretary of the Treasury. She merely shrugged her wide strong shoulders and murmured (*Continued on page 63*)

A few of the members Mae Smith rides herd on: 1. Lyle Wilson, United Press. 2. Homer Dodge, Committee for Constitutional Government. 3. Paul R. Leach, Knight newspapers. 4. Radford Mobley, Miami Herald, club president. 5. John O'Brien, Philadelphia Inquirer. 6. Lacey Reynolds, the Nashville Tennessean. 7. Edward Jamieson, Fort Worth Star-Telegram. 8. James D. Preston, of the U.S. Senate staff. 9. Warren Francis, Los Angeles Times. 10. Frank Holeman, New York Daily News



Press Club

By WALTER DAVENPORT



LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

Mrs. Mae Howland Smith

11. Ernest Lindley, Newsweek. 12. Hal O'Flaherty, Chicago Daily News. 13. Carleton Kent, Chicago Sun-Times. 14. Felix Belair, New York Times. 15. Club's hat-check man. 16. Mae Smith. 17 and 18. Joseph and Stewart Alsop, who write a column. 19. George Durno, International News Service. 20. Bert Andrews, New York Herald Tribune. 21. Charles Gridley, former club president. 22. James J. Butler, Editor and Publisher. 23. Robert Allen and 24. Drew Pearson, former partners who now write separate columns. 25. Cabell Phillips, capital representative, Sunday New York Times



CARICATURES BY SAM BERMAN

GIANT KILLER

By RYERSON JOHNSON

THE only safe place in a coal mine, they said, was out of it—and so every miner had a brass check with his number on it. When all the numbers were dropped in Jojo Kwiatkowski's box at the end of a shift it meant that everybody was up on top, safe for another day anyway.

Before Jojo had cut the sides down and tacked on the leather carrying strap, the box had held dynamite. Now it held life. That was how he liked to think about it.

The lift carried three tons of coal or twelve men. It was Jojo's job to stand all day at the bottom of the Morning Glory shaft and pull the rope that rang the bell that let the hoisting engineer know when to make the cage go up. It was a sad and incomprehensible thing, but some of the miners with whom he shared the underground dangers did not appreciate the importance of his job.

Some of them, dropping their life-checks in his box before they stepped on the cage to go up, made faces at him and barked like a dog.

Killer Sobczyk was the worst—Sobczyk, who was not a killer with the knife or the gun but was called Killer only because it was so easy for him to have his way with another man's woman.

It had all started at the carnival which came every year to the mule pasture by the railroad, bringing naked women dancing in a tent, beautiful presents to be won from clicking wheels, and things to ride on going around fast while girls laughed, holding to their skirts, and boys laughed, holding to the girls. The carnival was one of the wonderful things about America; but this year big pictures had bent in the wind, advertising strange creatures which never should be.

Inside the tent after you paid your money the creatures were not so much. There had been one: half dog, half boy, so the man with the hoarse voice said. Jojo Kwiatkowski had walked slowly around it, observing it carefully. It was a cheat, not real. But Killer Sobczyk had shouted so all could hear, "Thees Dog-face boy, he has your name. Jojo! He looks lak you."

It was not true. Jojo would admit that his legs were a little short, his face maybe a little ugly. But not *that* short; not *that* ugly. This he had attempted reasonably to explain. But, to his shame, "Jojo, Dog-face Boy," they called him still.

After today they would not.

It was a vow he had made last night in the saloon—early, when he was still sober. His good friend of the Old Country, Casimir Unanski, had wit-

nessed—Casimir who had sly, sullen-mouthed Luba for a wife, and who should have been making a vow of his own.

Now that the time was so near, Jojo could feel his skin crawl, steamy-hot, under his pit clothes. He could look down the line of coal-blackened miners awaiting their turn to go up on the cage, and he could see Killer Sobczyk there, his shoulders bulking like a crib of timbers, his flat eyes in his flat face staring.

Almost time for him to start the not-funny joking, dropping his life-check so that it fell outside the

He would not laugh any more.

Closer and closer now the Killer was moving up with the line. He would be with the next bunch to step on the cage.

Jojo had planned well. Last night he had practiced, taking the pillow from his bed and putting it against the back of a chair, running then from across the room and throwing himself full strength—well, almost full strength—and butting the pillow with his head.

He made so much noise that men who had come back early from the saloons and were trying to sleep swore at him from out of the boardinghouse windows.

He had been ready to quit anyway. Feathers puffing from the pillow floated in the room like snow. The chair was broken, his head ached some and his neck was sore. But he had learned how to treat Killer Sobczyk the next time he ran in barking and stamping. After the butting there might remain some small cleanup work with fists—or a chunk of coal. Then neither Sobczyk nor any of them would laugh at him again, or bark, or call Dog-face Boy.

His good friend, Casimir, had been much troubled to hear his intent.

"You watch out, Jojo," he warned. "Thees Sobczyk, I know him well. He is lak animal. He cares nothing for anything but only himself. He is big and he is mean and he cares nothing."

Waugh—but that was a timid man talking! A thin man with no hair in front, bent in the shoulders from too much shoveling of coal under a low top, and with a mustache that drooped like a dog's tail—a man who worked also a mile inside the dark mine where it would be easy for anyone to get behind him and make an "accident"—a man who had also a wife pleasing to lady-killer Sobczyk. Casimir had reasons to be afraid.

With Jojo it was different. He was bold. He was strong. He had no wife. And here under the electric light where

he stood all day and made the cage go up and down, no one could creep up behind him.

While he was about it, he made a vow for Casimir too. It was like what they said, two birds with one rock. In defending his own good name he could at the same time fight for Casimir's. Yes, when a man had a friend so close, like Casimir, his own great shame must be your shame, his dishonor your dishonor. This remained true even though Casimir in his gentle way had told him to mind his own business.

"You leave to me thees (Continued on page 45)



The head lolled where it had struck against the rail. The face, Jojo saw, already had the whiteness of death. He felt tired, as after a day's work

box, knowing that Jojo, the keeper of the checks, must stoop to pick it up. That was when the Killer would run in, barking and calling Dog-face Boy, and stamping with his heavy pit shoes—and everybody laughing to see Jojo on his stumpy legs, jerking away so fast that sometimes he fell over backward.

Yesterday he had not jerked away fast enough. That was why today the fingers of one hand had bandages. Maybe the Killer had not meant actually to step on them, but he had anyhow laughed to see Jojo jumping around shaking his hurt fingers.

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT J. LEE



Jojo lied grandly. "Bot' men tired of cheating woman," he said. "They leave you." He sensed Luba's anger

It's a SWEETHEART of a

Loveland, Colo., people take the name seriously—they trust and help one another. 50,000 valentines are mailed there each year under a special "Sweetheart" cachet

By OREN ARNOLD

IF YOU live in a city and haven't done as well as you had hoped to, almost surely you have recurrent yearnings for that American myth, the idealized little home town.

Well, draw up a chair. The place I found is not perfect and it couldn't support any appreciable number of us if we tried to move there. But it could be an inspiration for thousands of other communities, and it can add a little sparkle to our urban daydreams.

Last summer my family and I were roaring down a Western highway when we came to a fork. One sign pointed to "Loveland, The Sweetheart Town." Could any place have a more intriguing come-on?

We could hardly go wrong, for all the scenery in the northern part of Colorado is chamber-of-commercial. Mountains clad in green velvet, topped with snow mantillas like old Spanish lace, had sent down a river of silver tinsel that seemed to lead us in. We crossed the city limits and entered Loveland. It looked small, maybe 8,000 people, maybe ten. It also looked clean.

No claptrap "joints" befouled the suburbs, no shacks proclaimed poverty, even near the railroad tracks. Every yard seemed to have a hammock and a chaise longue, bespeaking leisure. In a driveway children were turning an ice-cream freezer, as I did when a boy in a Texas town. Honeysuckle fra-

grance rode the air, and cherry trees were bowing with their garlands of crimson beads. I slowed the car to a school-zone crawl. A fat man waddled down the street, whistling. He waved at us. Another man was approaching on a sorrel mare. He looked like a rancher, and if a handsomer man ever lived my wife and daughters haven't seen him. He saw our out-of-state license, halted us and swung down.

"My name is Bob Palmer," said he, with quiet dignity. "Just wondered if I could be of any service to you. I live here."

He seemed relaxed, with an inner peace. I waited for the sales talk. There wasn't any. But in half an

Bob Palmer, left, executive president of a sorority of business girls, moved headquarters to Loveland because he liked the town



hour of our sizing each other up, an enviable philosophy began to show. For here was a humble man but an intelligent, well-informed one, completely unspoiled by any profit motive in human relations. We in the car were a little awed when we rode on. It was still barely four o'clock; we might have made another hundred miles on westward, but we decided to rent a place for the night and look at this town.

A month later, vacation ended, we finally went away, better citizens than we had come. We had accidentally found a quietly thriving small town without the "small-town mind." Its story, surely, is one for the books.

The people of Loveland set out deliberately to live up to its name. One day in 1931, when a vicious depression gripped our nation, a minister there overheard a grocer damning a competitor for assorted reasons, good and imagined. He invited the grocer to his home for dinner, and lo, at the table sat the other grocer too! By nine o'clock the three had become good friends, and had pledged themselves to help others iron out business troubles.

The minister spoke to a colleague and they built sermons around the simplest, finest of themes, brotherly love. In private they spoke to a few key laymen, including schoolteachers and civic-club leaders. Nobody was consciously trying to work a social revolution; they wanted simply a better, happier home town. One citizen in particular is credited now with encouraging the movement. He was the Methodist minister, whose name, singularly appropriate for this town, is Leon Sweetland. To a remarkable degree the movement has succeeded, and almost entirely without fanfare.

E. F. Garrett, ex-manager of the Commercial Credit Bureau in Detroit, came to Loveland expecting to stay a few weeks on business. His apartment was cold and he knew almost nobody, so about supertime he asked a neighbor where he might hire a furnaceman. The neighbor himself came over and fixed the furnace, grinning at himself covered with soot.

"City Council meets tonight," the neighbor said. "Lots of our best men attend. They'd be pleased to welcome you and make you acquainted around."

Citizens Active in Civic Affairs

Garrett did go, and there his furnace fixer was presiding as mayor of the town! He was further astonished at the interest taken by these citizens in what appeared to be a routine business session. No politics, angles or gimmicks were evident. One man arose and made a 10-minute speech. The 200-odd people present listened with respect, then the council voted as he had recommended. Garrett learned that the speaker was Ed Basha, a garbage man. "That was all I needed," Garrett said, later. "I had seen democracy at work. I had found the right kind of people. I bought an automobile dealership and set up a permanent home."

Last summer I had lunch with Garrett. Five other men ate with us. They had played cards together the night before, and they planned a horseback ride for next Saturday, inviting me in. One was Houston Markley, the mayor. All were friends, yet all were competitors, the automobile dealers of the town. A few years back the car men of Loveland had been bitter rivals.

In 1941 a new spark came to town; that horseman Bob Palmer moved his business to Loveland, and it is one of the sweetest businesses in the world. He is executive president of Epsilon Sigma Alpha, a sorority of young business and professional girls. Its international headquarters had long been in one of our biggest cities.

"But a skyscraper," says Bob, "is a thing of steel. Our office rent was terrific, (Continued on page 72)



Doris Jackson meets Marjorie Drimmel in the post office under an enlarged Sweetheart Town post card. Below, Bob Palmer and Epsilon Sigma Alpha office girls look over *The Jonquil*, the sorority magazine





Unquiet Day

By NELIA GARDNER WHITE

This one day was somehow a symbol of all that was destroying John Tree's marriage. It was up to him to decide whether he or his wife was at fault

THOUGH he had been driving for fifty miles and had had time to cool off, John Tree was still angry. He stopped the car under the big pine tree at the foot of the hill, slammed the car door and went up the sandy path, with its treacherous roots crossing and recrossing, toward the cabin. It was a late winter day, and the air was raw. It was well on in the afternoon and there was no sun, only a sky of even, dead gray. He fumbled in his pocket for the cabin key, then saw that the door was open, almost latched but not quite.

He walked in, leaving the door open behind him and there was the dead woman lying on the old cot covered with the striped Indian rug. Even from across the room it was obvious that she was dead, though she lay quiet enough and there was no sign of violence. He stood staring at her, almost without surprise, though all the chill of the ugly day seemed to settle in his bones. Then he went across the room and touched her hand, which was only a deeper cold than the cold in him.

John Tree had never seen this woman before. He stood there a moment looking at her. She was not young or beautiful. She was thin—thin with some pinching of the spirit that has nothing to do with food. Her hair had a little gray in it and was arranged in neat gray-brown braids over her ears. She was perhaps forty years old, though the pinched look may have made her look older than she was. She had on a worn tweed skirt and scuffed walking shoes. Her ankles were thin, brittle-looking.

John Tree looked away from her, around the familiar room that had abruptly become unfamiliar and sinister. He had loved this room but he didn't know whether he would ever love it again, or find any comfort in it. On the wide mantel over the great stone fireplace stood an old clock with a ship painted on the upper part of the door. It had never run, but it was decorative, and he had never minded its silence because this was a place he came to for silence. He had an odd desire that it should begin ticking, almost an anger against it because it made no sound.

Nothing had been touched or changed in the room, yet Death had come in, left his token on the cot, sent his grayness and cold spirit out to inhabit the clock, the old flattop desk, the chairs, the red and white Indian rugs, the primitive paintings John Tree's friend Mike had done that summer he had been here before the war.

"I must phone," John Tree said. He looked toward the woman, as if asking permission to leave her, walked out, first closing the door after him, then, leaving it unlatched as it had been, went down

the hill, stumbling twice on roots, backed his car out and drove very fast to the farmhouse which was the nearest habitation.

He knocked on the kitchen door but no one answered. Through the pane however he could see the old-fashioned phone hanging on the wall near the stove.

He lifted the latch, went in and straight across to the phone, rang Central, asked for the sheriff's office. A woman answered the phone. "Sheriff in?" John Tree asked.

"No, he isn't right now. Is there anything I can do?"

"Know where I can find him?"

"No. He'll be in pretty soon for supper, though. Is there anything I can tell him?"

"I'm John Tree. I have the log cabin just up Pine Hill. Know where that is?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Just came in and there's a woman in the cabin, dead. Will you send the sheriff up?"

"Oh—that'll be Mrs. Jones. They've been looking for her for two days. Oh, dear! Yes, I'll have him come up. He ought to be here any minute."

"Thank you."

He put the receiver back. The kitchen was empty but something was simmering on the stove and a cat curled up on a window sill looked at him as at an intruder. He walked too quietly, like an intruder, across the kitchen, out the door to his car.

WHEN he got back to the cabin, darkness had fallen. He thought at first that he'd sit outside and wait for the sheriff, but it was cold and damp, and after a few minutes, he went inside, lighted a match and took down an oil lamp from a shelf, lighted it. Then, not looking at the woman, he made a fire on the hearth.

There was a bench, a roughhewn affair, before the hearth and he sat on it, wanting a cigarette, but inhibited for some reason from lighting one. The fire blazed up and warmed his back but he still felt cold inside.

They ate on the dot of six around here. It ought not to be long. The sheriff wouldn't wait for supper, so in half an hour he might be here. Tree sat still on the bench, one heel caught up on the rung of the bench, hugging his knees, willing time to pass, this horror over with. He had no fear of being involved in the woman's death, knowing he had no share in it, feeling that the sheriff's wife had been expecting some such word and knew all about Mrs. Jones. Yet there was a horror, one which he did not want to admit or (Continued on page 58)

She held the amethyst pin up to her throat and began to fasten it on with nervous fingers. "No!" he said. He knew he spoke sharply and he regretted it at once

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

A Valentine for Mama

By MARY JANE WALDO

MY SISTER Alice and I were coming home from school slowly, dragging our feet. This was to wear out our moccasins so that we could have some buckskin Oxfords like all the girls have. We stopped a minute to look at the soles.

"They look as good as new," said Alice sadly.

Alice is a sophomore. She usually will not walk home with me at all because I am only in the eighth grade, but she cannot wear out her shoes as fast walking with her own friends. They walk faster.

"Maybe we will have to buy our own new shoes," I said.

Alice sniffed. "Where would we get enough money? We need all our allowance for valentines."

We kept on scraping along the sidewalk. I was thinking about Valentine Day and wondering if Mama would get a valentine from Daddy this year. Daddy always forgets.

We were only a block from our house when a lady came running out and called to us. It was Mrs. Feltman who has the mean little children. "Girls!" she cried frantically. "Harriet! Alice! You just have to help me." Mrs. Feltman always looks tired but that day she seemed even more exhausted than usual.

"What's the matter?" I asked her politely. "Has Davy set fire to the house again?"

She pushed her hair back from her forehead. "No, it's much worse. Davy is having a birthday party. They're throwing ice cream and some of the boys are swinging on the drapes and the little girls are in the bedroom putting on lipstick. I don't know what to do. I'll give you each a dollar if you'll just stay. They aren't going home till five thirty."

Alice and I agreed that for the sake of the buckskin Oxfords we could put up with anything. We went in.

We stayed until six to help her straighten up her house, for it didn't seem fair to accept two dollars for nothing but playing games and cleaning up twelve children.

"I don't know how you girls manage so well," sighed Mrs. Feltman.

"Well, we've had lots of experience with the twins and the baby at home," explained Alice modestly. She dried the last of the sherbet glasses and hung up the dish towel. Mrs. Feltman went with us to the door.

"Thank you so much, girls," she said. "If I had any sense I would have had you come before the party started."

We went home and had our dinner and I kept thinking about Mrs. Feltman's last words.

"What do they call people who take charge of parties?" I asked Mama.

"I think you mean a caterer," she said.

The idea in my mind was slightly revolting, so as a last resort I asked Daddy, "May Alice and I have some cream-colored buckskin Oxfords?"

"You may have some new shoes when the ones you have are worn out, and not before."

"That's what I thought," I said. "So Alice and I will be junior caterers."

"What are you talking about?" asked Alice.

"We'll put an ad in the West Side News," I told her, "saying that we will take full charge of chil-

dren's parties. We ought to make lots of money if there are very many ladies in this town as dumb about children as Mrs. Feltman is."

"Shush," said Mama.

"Well, she is," I said. "Would you let the twins take the pruning shears and cut scallops in our rug?"

"Never mind, Harriet," said Mama hastily. "I think you have a wonderful idea. How much will you charge for this service? It will be lots of work but you'll enjoy planning things. With all the holidays this month, there should be lots of parties."

She glanced at Daddy as she said this. We always give him little hints about approaching special days so that he will be prepared—but he is never prepared.

We put the ad in the paper. "Alice and Harriet Reilly, Caterers," it read. "We will take full charge of your children's parties. Nominal charge."

IN ONLY a week we had our first job. This lady worked every day but still she wanted her child to have a birthday party. We had lots of fun. It was a barnyard party and all the little kids came in their play clothes. We made up the games. One of them we called "chicken on the nest," and it was like musical chairs except that we used cushions in a row on the floor instead of chairs.

The mother came home when everyone was just sitting down to ice cream and cake, and she was so pleased to see that the children were happy and the house was not torn apart that she gave us five dollars instead of the three which we had asked.

We had two more parties before Valentine Day. One came out very well, but the other was quite horrid because the child's mother would not let us handle things in our own way. She kept butting in until we did not know where we were, and all the little ladies and gentlemen began to turn into fiends. Alice wanted to go home and leave her to work things out by herself, but I reminded her that we could not quit a job just because it was unpleasant, and besides the lady might have friends who would hear about it. Alice said she did not think this lady had any friends, but she stayed anyway. . . .

It was only two days before Valentine Day when

we finally had enough money to buy our shoes. I went downtown to get mine, but just before I reached the shoestore I passed by a florist's window. There on a piece of black velvet I saw a beautiful orchid, all by itself, looking so sentimental and expensive that I could not stop staring at it. Mama has never had an orchid—only gardenias once in a while. Before I could stop my feet, they carried me right into the shop and I bought an orchid for Mama. I told the florist to put "To my own sweetheart" on the card so that Mama would think that Daddy sent it for a valentine.

When I got home I told Alice that there were no buckskin Oxfords in my size.

The next day Alice went down to get her shoes. When she came home in the evening she was still wearing her moccasins. "The price has gone up," she told me. "Those cream-colored buckskins cost ten dollars now."

We had a valentine box at school and I was so thrilled about getting three valentines from Junior MacGinnis that I actually forgot about Mama's orchid. When I got home she opened the door for me and she was all dressed up, with the orchid pinned on her shoulder. "Your father remembered!" she cried happily. "He actually remembered!"

"You look just beautiful," I told her, and she did. I was nervous because I had forgotten to tell Daddy about the orchid.

Alice came home from school and admired the orchid too, but I thought she looked worried about something. Soon the doorbell rang. It was a man from a florist's shop and he had a big long box. Inside were a dozen red roses for Mama. The card said "To my own sweetheart." With a pleased but puzzled expression, Mama put the roses in a vase. I looked at Alice and she was blushing a bright red. Suddenly I knew that Alice had ordered the roses with her shoe money.

BY AND by, Daddy came home. In his arms he carried a great enormous heart-shaped box of candy. He presented it to Mama with a low bow.

"To my own sweetheart," he said grandly.

Then he saw the orchid on her shoulder. "I seem to have competition around here," he added.

"Didn't you send it?" asked Mama. "And the roses?"

"I did not," said Daddy.

Mama looked at Alice and me sitting together and wishing we could sink into the floor. She came over and kissed us both. "I think I know my unknown admirers," she said.

"You mean the girls—" began Daddy. Mama nodded. "O ye of little faith!" Daddy moaned. "I know I forget every year, but couldn't you have trusted me to remember just once?"

Mama went over and kissed him too. "Flowers and candy are all very well," she told him softly, "but a year-round valentine will beat them every time."

I was suddenly very happy, and wriggling my toes around inside my moccasins I felt happier still—because I was sure I could feel the beginnings of a nice, big hole.

THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT



ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BANBERY

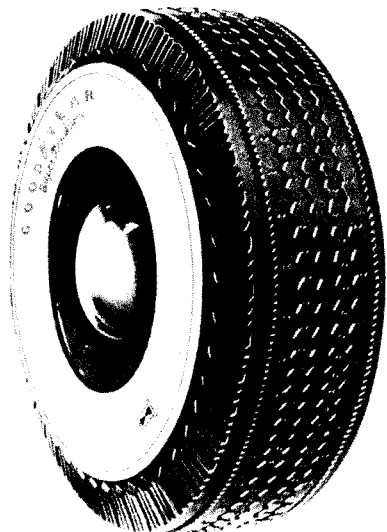
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WHICH KIND SHOULD
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CAR MAKERS OUGHT
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City Beyond Devil's Gate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

ever brought Mary up for comparison in his mind with another woman.

Emily leaned back, stretched, and manufactured a yawn. "Haven't I cleaned you out yet?" She smiled.

"Very nearly, I'm afraid."

She got up, walked across to the window and looked out.

"It's still raining."

She turned and came back to the table, but she did not sit down. He thought she looked strange and uneasy and he decided he had stayed too late. He rose.

"It's late. I should be going." He started for the peg near the stove where his coat still hung. When he turned back she was looking at him. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes looked bright and nervous.

"It's a bad night out," she said.

Something in her tone made him stop fussing with the buttons of his coat and stare at her. As he did so, she looked away quickly. And all at once he was aware of the whole pattern of the evening fitting into place. The evasion of business talk, the new shyness, the quick diffident looks, the blue ribbon and the muslin dress. Against his will the other picture recurred to him: the three lamps blazing in the bedroom, the brashly seductive nightdress, Mary's soft voice turned suddenly harsh and sensual. But almost instantly he knew he was wrong to make such a comparison. There was a wistful sweetness in the tilt of her head that made him remember his earlier evaluation of her that day on the mountain, that no matter how warm, how exuberant she might be, she was never flippant.

"Emily," he whispered. He was saying it more to himself than to her.

"There was never anyone before," she said softly. "No one since Johnny and Noah to come here like this in the evenings and talk. It's been so—it's been like having someone again—" Her voice trailed off. He strode across the room to her, pulling her close to him.

"Emily, Emily," he kept repeating her name. "You have me now, Em."

She looked up at him. The lamp was behind her and her features were in shadow, tears glistening dimly on her cheeks, her dark eyes almost black. His throat seemed to swell with a fullness that would not permit him to speak. He put his hand up and touched the side of her face, her cheek, her ear. Then his fingers were in her hair, feeling its strong wiriness, winding around it.

THE candle still flickered on the washstand, a trembling yellow light that gave mystery to the bare, low-ceilinged loft. He thought that the fire in the stove must have gone out entirely by now for the air was chillier. But under the covers of the feather-bed there was only warmth and a luxurious comfort. He felt wonderfully at peace. He stretched carefully, fearful of waking her. Her head rested in the crook of his arm, and her hair spilled darkly, cloudily over his shoulder and chest. He could hear her soft regular breathing close to his ear, and he thought that this moment was the fullest, most contented he had ever known. His mind veered away from the other time. Yet inevitably the comparisons came. How could it be so different this time?

One thing was certain. He knew he was in love with Emily, and the discovery of this, the frank admission of it, he felt to be the most important thing that had ever happened to him. He knew too that she returned his love, and that this offering of herself had been the declaration of it. Almost wistfully he thought back over it, knowing there would never be another time quite like this, perhaps because it had been compounded of more than passion. There had been shyness on her part and wonder, and on his part the desperate desire to reassure her and make her know how important it was to him.

Then the thought of marriage suddenly

seemed to spring up before him like a great black barrier. He did not want to think of it. For the moment he wanted only this much and no more. He wondered if she felt the same way. Probably not. Women's ideas ran to more permanent arrangements. Yet she had said nothing, and he knew she never would. She would wait for him to speak. It caused a ripple of disquietude on his conscience, but he refused to notice it.

She stirred in her sleep and he looked down at her. She was quite the loveliest thing he had ever seen.

"Emily." He said her name in a whisper because he did not want to wake her, but only to hear himself repeat it. Nevertheless she moved again slightly, smiled a little.

"My dearest—" she whispered.

"I didn't want to wake you."

She laughed softly. "Yes, you did. That's exactly what you wanted. What I wanted, too. Why did you let me sleep?"

"I liked watching you."

She smiled at him, reaching up to touch his hair, his face.

"It's nice to have you here."

He caught the hand, kissed it, held it tightly in his own.

the covers up high around her. He wondered if she was crying. He felt suddenly sick and full of anger, and he did not know whether the anger was against her or against himself. He got up and dressed and without another word climbed down from the loft and let himself out of the house.

HE WAS cold and wet and thoroughly wretched by the time he arrived at his boardinghouse. There was no one he wanted to see, yet the thought of the empty room and the impersonal by-the-week bed repelled him. He trudged up the stairs, glad that he met no one, and plunged down the corridor to his room. He pushed open the door and then stood stock-still with surprise. A lamp was burning and the room was gray with cigar smoke. And standing across from him, turning this way and that to survey his own image in the mirror, was Clarence K. Mullins.

"What," Clarence inquired archly, "do you think of my new suit?"

Daniel stared at him blankly.

"Well, come in, boy. I'm in need of an opinion. How does it fit?"

Daniel took a step into the room and let

baggage in this fashion. Purely a temporary arrangement, I assure you, until I can find more commodious quarters."

"I'm glad you came here, Clarence."

Clarence glanced at him fleetingly. Then he went to a chair, sat down, and bent over to pull his boots off.

"How are you getting on, boy?" His voice sounded wheezing and breathless.

"Well enough. I—have a good job."

"So I heard. Well, you certainly don't look prosperous in that bedraggled state. Better get out of those wet clothes and have a little nip to warm you up." He nodded in the direction of the washstand where a whisky bottle stood beside the pitcher.

"I don't need anything."

"Go ahead. It'll do you good." With a mighty grunt Clarence yanked off one boot, then started working on the other one.

"What brings you to Virginia City, Clarence?" Daniel started draping his sodden clothes over the foot of the bed.

"Change of scene, as I've already indicated. Also curiosity. I wanted to see how the old Sacramento crowd was faring in new surroundings. Jason Feathers appears to be doing well, at any rate." He let the words drop casually. "I hear he married very handily. Aaron Brewster's money makes a comfortable cushion for him to rest against while he manipulates his plans for our great new empire. I've seen the young lady. Rather sad-eyed."

"She did rather well, too," Daniel put in testily.

Clarence cast him a look. He sighed, pulled off the green coat and hung it carefully over the chairback, then started removing the trousers. "How's Tom?"

"Well enough, I guess. I hear he's been drinking some lately. That means you should see something of him."

CLARENCE drew himself up in his long underwear. "That sounds like a snide implication." He paused to relight the dead stub of his cigar, and brandishing it stagily, crossed the room and picked up the bottle and a glass. "Here, boy, have one. You seem edgy." He poured some of the whisky into the glass and handed it to Daniel. Daniel shook his head, then as Clarence persisted, took it and downed it in a gulp. There was a certain choking warmth in it, and for a moment he felt revived. Clarence poured himself a drink, got into bed and leaned back luxuriously, glass in one hand, cigar in the other.

"Well, things are going Jason's way all right. Aaron Brewster appears to have California pretty well under his thumb. Secret pro-Southern organizations springing up all over the place."

"Jason's not interested in pro-Southern activities."

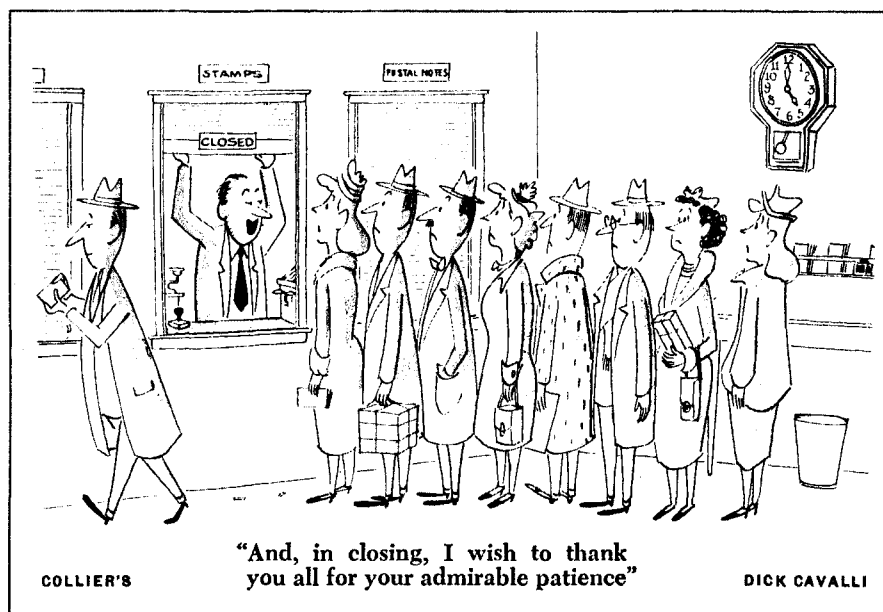
"No?" Clarence cocked an eyebrow knowingly. "Jason Feathers knows the Presidential ticket is already split three ways, with the Democrats disagreeing. He doesn't want to confuse the issue any more. He wants the South's candidate Breckinridge to carry California and the Washoe. Then with the groundwork laid, it would be fairly simple for a smart man to step in and tell us we don't want to go with the South—we'd be better off on our own. The great Pacific Republic, the richest nation in the New World."

"You're jumping to conclusions," Daniel grumbled. He put out the lamp and got in bed beside Clarence.

"I doubt it," Clarence said placidly. "Judge Terry is dug in here on the mountain, shouting secession, isn't he?"

"That has nothing to do with Jason Feathers—" The whisky had confused Daniel slightly. He wondered why he was defending Jason.

"No? My boy, it wouldn't surprise me one bit to learn that Jason Feathers is working hand in glove with Terry—under cover, of course—perhaps giving him funds—



And then she said, "You're happier now, aren't you?"

"Happier?" He repeated it hazily.

"Happier than when you came here tonight. Something was bothering you then."

He felt his whole body stiffen and a blackness seemed to flash through his mind. Was it impossible ever to put one part of your life aside and live in a separate moment? This reality, this interlude alone with her, had no connection with anything else. Why was it being intruded upon?

But it was done now. He was uneasy, nervously alert; he sat up in bed.

"What is it, Daniel?" Her voice was curious, concerned.

And once again, as on the day they had walked up the mountain together, he felt compelled to tell her, because to keep it to himself would represent a betrayal, a falseness. Quickly he related the incident of that morning, told her that Jason Feathers now owned Otto Hansen's mine. When she said nothing in reply he said with sudden loud defensiveness, "Jason gave him a draft for a thousand dollars. No one made him do that—he didn't have to." Instantly he was ashamed for having said it, hated himself with a quick and intense hatred.

Still she did not speak at once. Then after a moment she said softly, "I'm not blaming you, Daniel. We all do what we have to do." He could feel her gaze, could imagine her curious, half-sad expression.

Silence seemed to rush with finality into the dim loft. He heard her move, and he started to speak, to say some mitigating words. But she had turned away from him,

the door swing shut behind him. With the clicking sound he seemed to take possession of his wits once more. He took a few steps toward Clarence, then circled around him.

"It fits a little soon, doesn't it?"

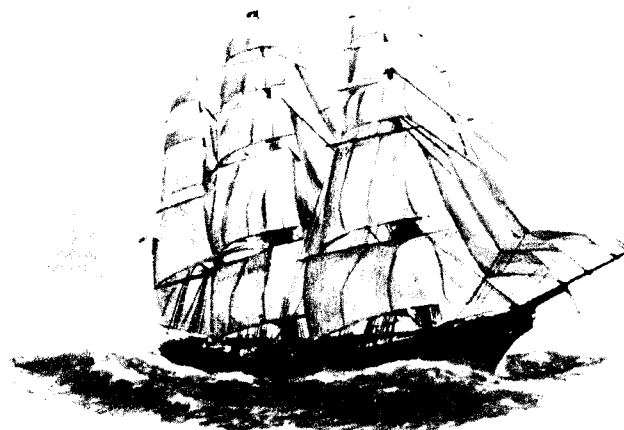
"You think so?" Clarence strained his arms forward to test the shoulders. "Of course it isn't San Francisco style, but it seems to be the best your rock-pile here has to offer. Did you fall in the creek, boy? You look like hell."

"It's raining out." Daniel went to the bed, sank down on the edge of it and sat there for a moment. Suddenly he could not help smiling. "Where'd you come from, Clarence? It's good to see you."

"From Sacramento, naturally. And glad enough to be rid of the place. Civilization is creeping in. Now there's an odd contradiction in my character," he reflected, giving a final turn before the mirror. "I am quite devoted to certain aspects of social advancement—good cigars, fine whisky, let's say—yet I find the more dogged encroachments of man and the attendant hue and cry over respectability decidedly stultifying." He struck a theatrical attitude as he turned toward Daniel. "Do you think the color does anything for me?"

"Well, you always did favor green—"

"A suggestion of verdure on this barren slope. By the way, I made the acquaintance of a friend of yours when I arrived today—the Reverend Flavius Grimes. He directed me to you. A man of some character, I thought. Rough-cut, but possessed of the more fundamental virtues. I trust I didn't alarm you too much, moving in bag and



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merely to keep that very sort of thing alive. "You mustn't count Terry out of all this. He's a big man, Daniel. He swashbuckles, and he hasn't Jason's intellect, but he's a perfect type for just what he's doing—keeping Southern sentiment out West here crystallized. Never," Clarence announced sententiously, "underestimate the power of a man who looks good on a horse. It's my guess that Jason senses this and will play along with Terry as long as it's profitable."

"But what would he do with Terry later?" "Out the window for friend Terry," Clarence said bluntly. "Jason'll use him as long as he can serve a purpose. Jason can't afford to have Lincoln win. It would mean a vote of confidence for keeping the Union intact."

DANIEL could not help noticing how Clarence's language had suddenly lost its florid staginess, become terse and pointed. He felt confused by the rush of new ideas and vaguely defensive about his own position.

"It seems to me," Daniel said, trying to sound coldly logical, "that there might be worse things than a Pacific Republic. It could be kept a slave-free state anyway."

It was several moments before Clarence answered, but at last he said quietly, "There are various kinds of slavery, boy." There was another long silence and then he went on, "Jason says republic, but he means empire—one-man empire. There's too much wealth concentrated out here. It's too much of a temptation for a man with ambition."

"It's easy for you to talk," Daniel chided him. "You've only just arrived here. You don't know what kind of place this is. There has to be some kind of law and order—some semblance of business stability. Jason's done a lot for Virginia City."

"The law," Clarence said thoughtfully, "is certainly a precious thing. And for that very reason I mistrust any man who places himself above it—who says in effect, 'I am the law.' And if you mean by business stability Jason grabbing everything in sight for himself and manipulating stock on the San Francisco market through Brewster—your interpretation of the phrase escapes me."

Daniel was beginning to feel heavily tired. "I suppose you have the solution all figured out."

"Certainly." Clarence's tone was light, almost flip with assurance. "There's only one solution for California and the Washoe. They have to stay with the Union. Without the protection of the Union they'll never be safe from men like Jason Feathers. The Union is the only important issue here. That means electing this fellow Lincoln."

"Now you're just being foolish. No one gives Lincoln a chance."

"Maybe he won't make it. But California's gold and Sun Mountain's silver have to be declared for the Union. You've got to carry the vote out here for Lincoln."

"Fine chance. Nobody's ever heard of him. The boys won't vote for a stranger."

"Then they should hear about him, so that he's not a stranger. If they aren't for Lincoln now they should be talked into it."

"That's impossible."

"Nothing's impossible. You take a man who's a good talker—"

"Listen!" Daniel sat upright in bed. "If you came all the way from Sacramento to drop ridiculous hints like that, you made a long trip for nothing. I'm through with that sort of thing. I tried to preach once after—after what happened. I stood there sweating like a pig. The words wouldn't come. I was through. I was through for good and I knew it."

"You don't have to tell me about it," Clarence interrupted mildly. "I was there."

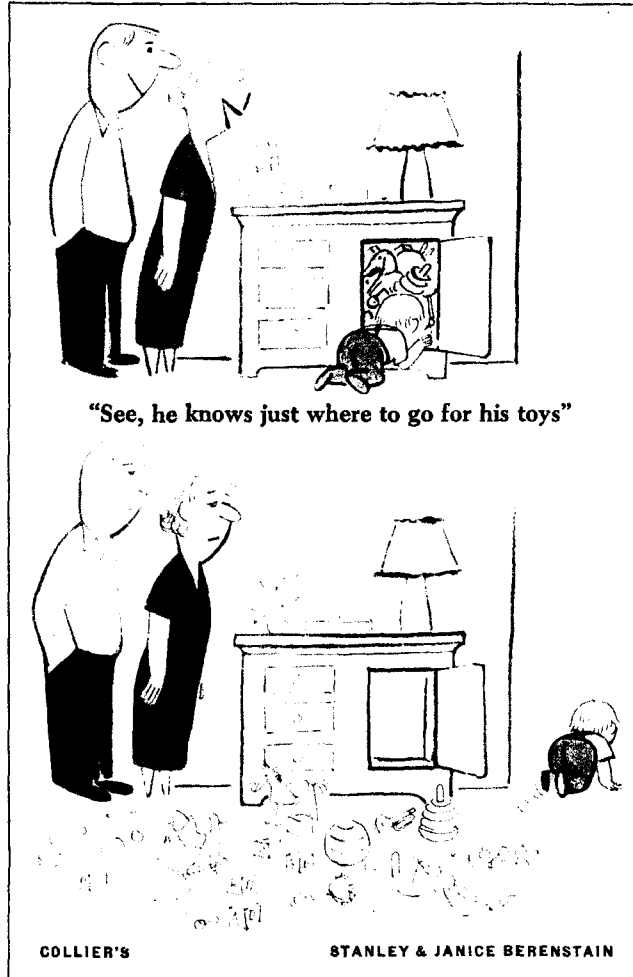
Daniel was surprised and touched, but he quickly put the feeling down.

"Then you ought to see the impossibility of what you're suggesting."

"I see one thing right enough," Clarence replied, and once more his tone was terse, direct. "I've always seen it. Jason Feathers is afraid of you. He was afraid of you in Sacramento and he's afraid of you now."

"That's drivell."

"Listen, boy. A lot's happened since then. Can't you talk about it yet? Why not face it for what it was? Jason was afraid of the weight you'd carry if you were against him. He worked through Mary Edwards to soften you up, hoped you'd swing over to his way of thinking eventually. What happened to the girl later was something he hadn't counted on. Looked at one way, it was a tragedy. Looked at another way, it offered a way out for you, if you'd been smart enough to take it."



"See, he knows just where to go for his toys"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"I don't want to talk about that."

There was a long night-silence with the sound of the rain coming distantly.

"Why'd you go to work for Jason, boy?" Clarence asked.

Daniel leaped up angrily from the bed and started walking back and forth across the room. "That's nobody's business but mine. Now let's forget the whole thing."

Clarence ignored him completely. "I'll tell you why you did it. You came to work for him because it was the easy way out. Oh, you made up a fine bunch of excuses in your own mind—Jason wasn't totally wrong; maybe he never did really intend to ruin you—all that kind of drivell. But the real reason was that working for him, accepting his money, forced you to assume a sense of loyalty to him and his plans. It's easier for you that way. Because you have a conscience. You have to believe in something. You're not the bystander type."

He paused, took a final swallow and set the glass on the floor with a clink, dropping his cigar into it. "Jason Feathers had it figured that way, too. Well—until breakfast—" He heaved over in bed and began breathing loudly.

In spite of the animosity she felt toward Jason Feathers, it did not take Emily long to realize that in taking over Otto Hansen's mine he had rendered her cause invaluable

service. What all her weeks of tramping, exhorting, pleading, and reasoning had not been able to accomplish, Jason himself had now brought about, perhaps unwittingly, but none the less conclusively. The other mine owners had been alarmed by the shooting of Harry Boff, true enough, but the act had borne enough of the stamp of legality to satisfy them. A man had a right to protect his interests.

But the incident of Otto Hansen was another thing. Here Jason had found the weak spot, the legal loophole, and pounced upon it. It was true that Otto was an ineffectual dimwit who should have known better. But the difference between him and the other men was at best a matter of degree. They were all simple prospectors, unlearned in the more intricate legal details, and they knew that any one of them might have, somewhere along the line, left himself open to exactly the same treatment.

The block of mines of which the Lady Emily was the nucleus had comprised fifty feet. Now twenty feet had been usurped by Jason Feathers. Alarmed, the men came hesitantly, sheepishly, to Emily. They were, they announced, ready to incorporate. Each of the three held five feet. They wanted the protection of Emily's fifteen.

So Emily sent for Bill Stewart, Sun Mountain's busy young lawyer, and had papers of incorporation drawn up. The new company was known as the Fidelity Mining Corporation. In itself there was nothing noteworthy in the procedure; incorporation was taking place on all sides in Virginia City. But this incorporation represented a defiant reply to Jason Feathers, and Emily was under no illusion about Jason's aims. He wanted that thirty feet.

But if Jason was disturbed by the formation of the new company, he did not show it. He went on matter-of-factly with his business, and in addition to the mines and small claims which were coming into his hands, he began to concentrate on the acquisition of mills, for the reduction of ore was a business of growing importance in the Washoe. Miners were coming to rely on the local reduction processes for quick realization of cash to finance operations. And Flavius Grimes, too, was looking forward, as autumn approached, to the opening of his own nearly completed mill.

ALL this time Emily managed to keep her thoughts, if not entirely away from Daniel, at least channeled with some severity in the direction of business. And there was much that needed her attention. Once the men had given in, had signified their willingness to co-operate with her, they looked to her continually for advice and guidance. The burden of their confidence was almost more than she wished to carry. "How can I decide all these things?" she wailed to Flavius one night. "How do I know what's right to do?"

Flavius pulled the scrap of blanket that served him as a shawl on chilly nights closer about his shoulders, and his squint deepened as he looked at her shrewdly.

"Why, Em, I don't reckon anybody knows all the right answers. But you've helped the men take an important step. They've learned a big lesson. That being alone doesn't mean being free. The only real independence lies in sticking together for everybody's good. You're doing fine, Em. Don't be afraid of the responsibility, and don't be afraid to act boldly."

"If I only knew how to advise them—"

"More trouble?" Flavius queried.

She leaned back wearily in her chair.

"Overlapping claims. Jack Fanning came

to me today with it. Not that that's anything new—right from the first they've had squabbles about right of way, but now something new's entered the picture. Jack's working at a hundred feet, been following the vein right along, and now all of a sudden he finds it taking a sharp bend. Naturally he followed the vein. And in following it he's run into the shaft Jason Feathers sunk in what used to be Harry Boff's mine. Also ran into three of Jason Feathers' men with guns who threatened to blow his head off if he worked the vein another foot. He came to me with it, mad as a hornet. And what am I supposed to tell him? All the original locators had the idea that their right of way was to follow the vein wherever it led. You know how the first recorded claims read—'with all its dips, spurs and angles.' Were they right or is Feathers right when he says the surface boundaries extend straight downward regardless of the turn of the ore?"

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him to hold off, naturally. We can't take chances like that where there's a question of the law involved. Bill Stewart has a test case on it in court in Genoa right now. We'll have to wait for a decision on it. But we're losing money waiting."

Flavius' eyes traveled with futility around the room, then returned to Emily. Clearly he wanted to make an encouraging reply, but there was so little to say. It became constantly clearer that fighting Jason Feathers was no easy matter.

DANIEL, too, was beginning to realize something of the slow, sure methods which characterized Jason. One morning Jason announced to him, "I think it's time we took steps, Daniel."

"What kind of steps?" Daniel felt a creeping coldness stealing over him.

"Steps to acquire the new Fidelity Mining Corporation." Jason's expression grew kind. "Nothing you'll be involved in, Daniel. Surely you didn't think your new interest here in Virginia City has escaped my notice. I'll be handling this on my own."

"Handling what?" Daniel shouted. He was surprised to find himself trembling.

"Nothing spectacular. I'm merely closing the mills I own to the new Fidelity Corporation. I'm making it known here that I'll not take any of their ore for reduction."

Daniel almost breathed a sigh of relief. "That means nothing. The corporation doesn't hold contracts with your mills anyway. They'll go somewhere else."

"I think not," Jason said quietly. "I think the other mills will follow my example. They'll find it—prudent to do so."

"You'll threaten them?" Daniel asked.

"That's putting it rather strongly—"

"But it amounts to that, doesn't it? What about Flavius Grimes?"

"The Reverend Mr. Grimes is a sensible man. Idealistic, but sensible."

"He won't go along, Jason."

"We'll see." Jason looked up at him. "Don't make so much of it, Daniel. These things are done all the time. The Fidelity Corporation needs all the ore it can get reduced to keep going. When it runs short of capital—as it will soon—it'll be put on the market for a reasonable price. That's all."

Daniel looked squarely at him. "This is personal with you, isn't it?"

In spite of himself Jason flushed. "I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do. You want Emily Fielding's mine. Her forming this corporation has you over a barrel and you're being reduced to pretty desperate measures. They aren't exactly worthy of you."

The flush left Jason's face, leaving it whiter than before. "Thinking of turning crusader again, Daniel?"

With an expression of pain, Daniel turned and left the office. . . .

For a long time after he had left, Jason sat quite still behind his desk. A strangely desolate feeling was upon him. He was sorry for what he had said. Not sorry for the saying of it, but sorry that it had been necessary. The cause, toward which he directed all his anger, was Emily Fielding.

With some impatience Jason got up from

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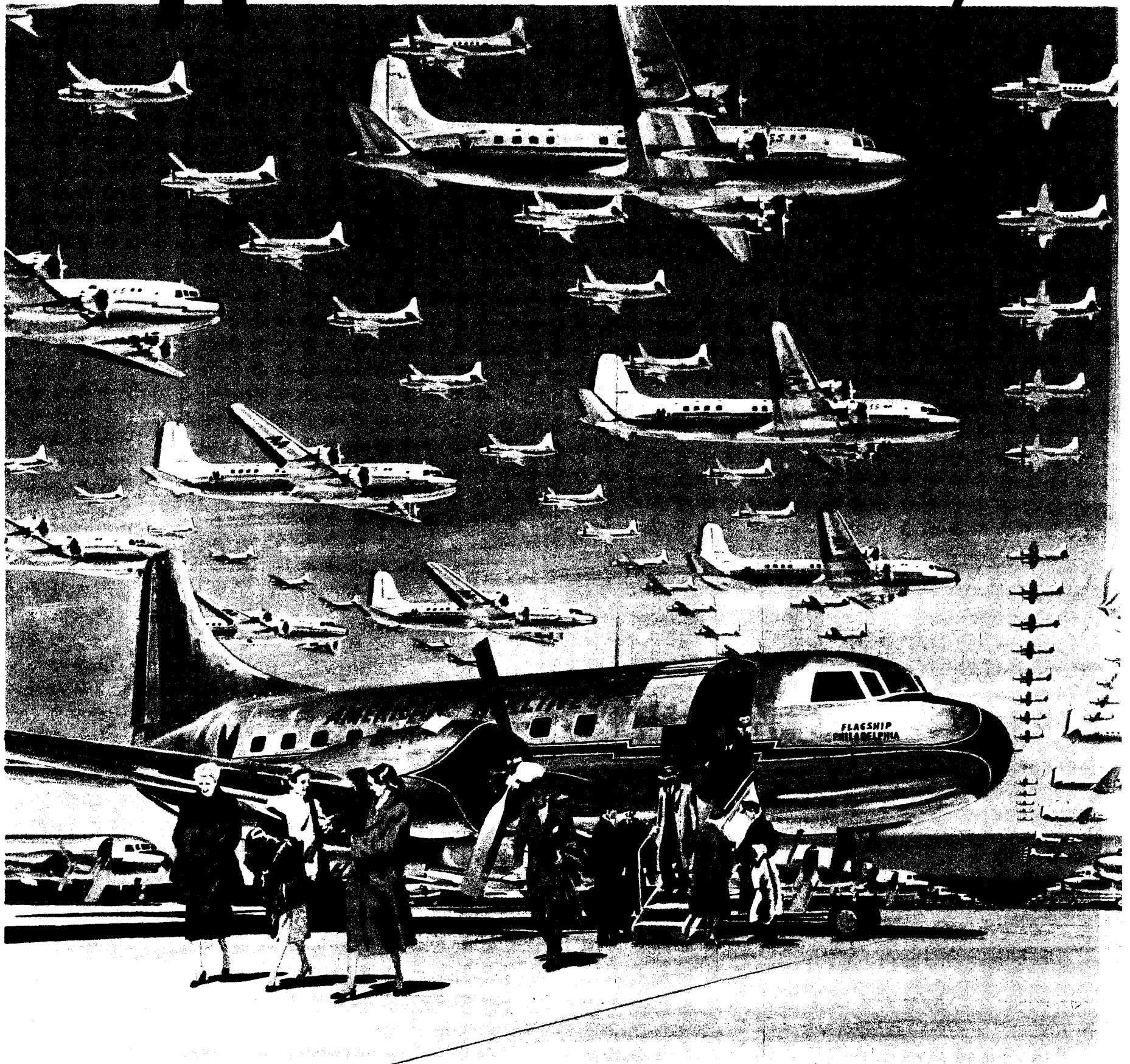
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his desk and crossed to the window. There had always been a woman, it seemed, to make difficult the attainment of the things that mattered.

First, Faith—well, Faith had been the least irritating of all of them, and at least she had given him Tom. And then she had been bedridden for so long. He supposed he should feel some guilt over the relief her invalid state had brought him, but it had simplified everything so much. There had been no more demands on him. He was having no such luck with his second marriage.

Rebecca was cloying, irritating, a fluttering nonentity whom he could never quite ignore because she refused to let him ignore her.

Nevertheless, she had served a certain purpose. Aaron Brewster was an ally he could count on, and needed.

Mary Edwards was a case in point. He had loathed her, too, with a cordial, fierce loathing, but of course he had taken care not to let her know. But how she had annoyed him, with her everlasting attentions, her unending demands on him! He had been scarcely able to believe his own good luck when she died. She had served his purpose well and then departed unobtrusively.

Emily Fielding was worse than all of them, of course. She was intelligent, she was handsome. Worst of all, she was determined. And Daniel was in love with her.

Methodically he traced back to the primary issue. What was important to him? The completion of his plan to establish a Pacific Republic, or keeping Daniel with him? Why, the Republic, of course. His rational side made the answer automatically. But without Daniel? If he lost Daniel, where would be the meaning of it all?

DANIEL was out of the office and striding up the street before he noticed that he was not alone. Then, when he turned, it was almost without surprise that he noticed Clarence Mullins, lengthening his step to keep pace, not speaking but looking with studied concentration at the ground before him. Clarence broke the silence: "Is he going through with it?"

"Who? Going through with what?" Daniel's voice was pitched high with a kind of desperate irritation.

"Jason Feathers," Clarence said in a calm voice. "Is he going through with the business about the mills?"

"Yes." The irritation was still in Daniel's voice. "He can do it. He has a right to."

"And what about the other mill owners? They'll go along with him, I suppose, or he'll know the reason why."

"How do I know? I don't know anything about it!" Suddenly the tension seemed to snap within Daniel and he stopped. "Yes. Sure. They'll go along with him." His voice had a gray, lifeless quality.

Clarence took no notice of the change in him. He had stopped walking when Daniel stopped, and now he stood beside him, looking, as usual, matter-of-fact.

"We heard inkings of it yesterday. Mr. Grimes and I talked it over. He took me with him to Miss Fielding's home last evening, and there was some discussion of it. She seems a rather remarkable young lady."

"What about Emily?" Daniel asked sharply. "What did she say?"

Clarence shrugged. "You know her pretty well, don't you? What do you think she said?"

Daniel looked at him for a moment, intently. Then he walked away.

He did not bother to knock. He pushed the door open and stepped inside. She was standing near the stove preparing something for supper. She turned at the sound of his entrance but she made no move toward him and she said nothing. Her expression was not angry, yet it did not hold welcome or love or remembrance. It was merely an expression of waiting.

"Emily—" He paused, feeling confused

and unsure of himself now that he was here. "Emily, don't do anything foolish. Please don't. You can't beat Jason Feathers."

And now her face took on a hardness that was new to him. He felt awed by the unexpected strength he saw in her.

"I'm not trying to beat anyone," she said quietly. "I'm doing what Jason Feathers suggested we should all do—I'm conducting my business in a law-abiding manner. I know how much the law means to Mr. Feathers." She said it so without sarcasm that its effect was the more cutting.

"Please tell me what you're going to do." "Why, we're going to take our ore to be reduced, that's all."

"To Flavius Grimes' mill."

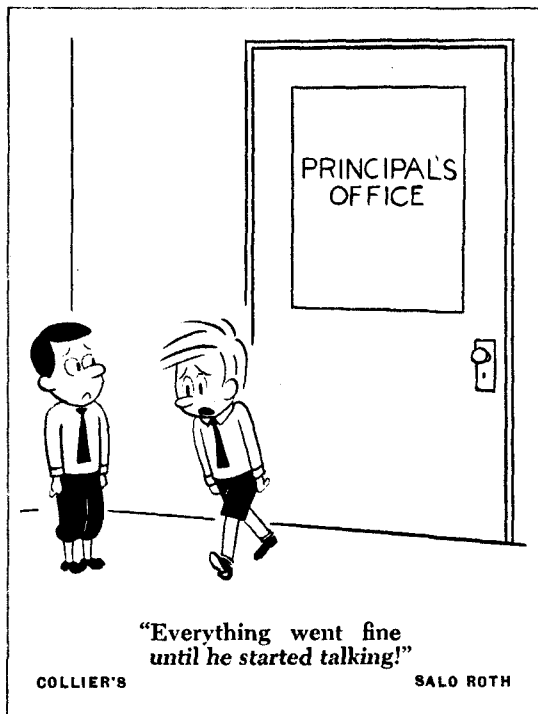
"Yes, naturally. No one else'll do it."

He crossed over to her, stood so close to her that he could smell the sweet warm fragrance of her hair.

"Emily, don't. It'll be dangerous—to both you and Flavius. And to the others."

"We have the right," she said quietly. "We're within the law."

"You know this isn't a question of law. It's who has the power."



"No one," she said, still with quiet conviction, "is going to keep us from having that ore reduced. Flavius knows the danger. So do I. But you couldn't change his mind, and you can't change mine."

"Don't do anything you'll be sorry for, Em!" The words shot out desperately.

For the first time she gave him a look that was personal. "There's only one thing I'm sorry for," she said quietly, and went on with her work.

WHEN he arrived back at the boardinghouse he found Clarence standing in front of the mirror much in the same attitude as on the first night of his arrival. Only now, instead of examining the fit of his suit he was aiming a shotgun into the mirror, withdrawing, inspecting the barrel, striking formidable positions.

"What are you doing with the shotgun?" Daniel was feeling a return of the coldness that had come over him in Jason's office, the uneasy sureness of what was coming.

Clarence closed one eye and took careful aim into the mirror. "Why, the way I understand it, Miss Fielding is sending ore to Mr. Grimes' mill tomorrow for reduction. No one anticipates any trouble, to be sure, but Mr. Grimes thought it might not be amiss to have some protection along. Several other gentlemen and myself have volunteered—to ride shotgun, as your frontier terminology has it. Now what do you suppose *this* thing is for?" He returned to an examination of the mechanism of the gun, studiously avoiding Daniel's eyes.

Wearily Daniel pulled off his boots and

swung his legs up on the bed. There was a choking fullness in his throat.

"Clarence—" He started to speak, but then there seemed nothing to say.

Clarence's voice came softly, kindly across the room. "Sure you don't want to ride along with us, boy?"

Daniel stared up at the ceiling silently.

FLAVIUS GRIMES turned back toward the house he had just left, noted that the door was still open, and gave a last wave of his hand. There was an answering wave from the doorway and then he saw the streak of light disappear as Emily went back inside. Flavius continued on his way, picking his route carefully but with familiarity in the darkness, and whistling softly.

He was feeling more than ordinarily good tonight. It was the exultation that comes to men who are not essentially men of action when they are called upon by circumstances to act boldly and with decision.

Flavius Grimes had always been a man of piety and devotion to what he regarded as duty. He had the frontiersman's acquaintance with danger, and had faced it on more than one occasion, such as in the battle of Pyramid Lake, without even a second thought. Yet always on such occasions he had acted in concert with others, and never had he considered himself a leader, although actually his quiet courage had buoyed up more than one faint heart.

Now without warning, an occasion had arisen calling for decisive action. Jason Feathers had thrown down the gauntlet. He had let it be known throughout the city that any mill owner taking ore for reduction from the Fidelity Corporation did so at his own risk. Jason had flaunted his power, something that Flavius considered a primary affront to the Christian spirit, and he had dared anyone to speak back to him. And Flavius had spoken.

So far the whole thing had gone off almost unbelievably well. It was three days since the first load of ore from the Fidelity Mining Corporation had been brought to his mill for reduction. Since then it had arrived in a steady stream, and his stamps, settling tanks and amalgamating pans had been busy day and night. Thus far there had been no sign of interference from Jason Feathers, although Clarence K. Mullins, the fire chief Tom Peasley, and several other men still sat with shotguns at the ready on every load of ore that was delivered to the mill. Thinking of Clarence, Flavius could not resist a brief smile. There was something so comic in the sight of the green-suited chunky figure surmounted by a shabby tall hat and with shotgun dramatically poised. Yet Clarence's eyes, he had noted that afternoon, were growing red-rimmed and pouchy. He had had very little sleep the last three days. Courage, reflected Flavius, commanded respect even when it wore the sock of the buffoon. Sometimes he suspected that Clarence's posturing was not nearly so naïve as it appeared. Clarence K. Mullins, he was sure, was no fool.

The sharp autumn wind struck coldly against Flavius and he paused to pull his shawl closer about him. He looked about, ascertaining his whereabouts, and made his customary mental note about avoiding the empty mine shafts that dotted the city and whose location he knew from long habit. Then once more he hurried on down the steep grade in the direction of the mill.

His only regret in the whole matter was that Clarence had been unable to persuade Daniel MacGrath to cast his lot with them. He had read Clarence's disappointment in the slow shake of his head when he questioned him, and then, because he had sensed in Clarence a reluctance to discuss it, he had not questioned him further.

In spite of all the pleasant evenings they had spent in each other's company at Emily's house, Flavius was still conscious of an alien quality in Daniel.

It was, he thought, a loneliness of spirit,

yet a contradictory loneliness that seemed to find no panacea in company. He did not understand it. His practical nature told him that the whole thing was none of his business. Yet in spite of it all, he liked Daniel, and he wished that Daniel were with them now in this business of the mill.

Through the surrounding darkness of night, down the dark slopes and canyons, Flavius' footsteps sounded, echoed and mingled with the more distant pounding of the mill as he approached it. He was not sure at what precise point he became aware of the new sound—other footsteps. At first his reaction was one of annoyance. And then immediately he felt a little foolish. He was not the only person on the mountain nor the only one who had a right to be on his way somewhere. This other night-walker was probably also bound on some errand.

And then something told him he had erred. This was not one new set of steps but two. They were walking together.

He could not have said at what point the other realization came to him. Quite simply it came; it was there. It occasioned no shock and its only accompaniment was a sense of complete unreality. Yet the knowledge was there, stark and easily recognizable. The two men who walked together somewhere behind him were making their way with surety and intent. They were following him, and they meant to kill him.

He began making quick mental estimates of the distance still remaining between him and the mill. He wondered if he would have a chance if he broke for the mill now on a dead run. He was not sure. He examined a second possibility. He might play innocent, act unaware of their presence, and wait until he was almost at the mill, and then make a break for it. It was the chancier of the two risks, for they might not allow him that much time. Yet common sense indicated it was his only hope. He was still too far from the mill to make a break for it, and the way was dark and treacherous. Even if he managed to keep his footing there was small hope of his outrunning the two of them, and if he stumbled they would be on him in an instant. He would wait then. He would pretend he had not noticed them, and he would make a deliberate effort not to change pace.

FROM this point of decision onward, his thoughts seemed to tumble hurriedly over one another. He sensed it was a time for significant introspection, and vaguely he thought of calling on God, less for help than for a kind of reckoning. But he seemed unable to make the adjustment in his thinking that would allow for a change from the relatively trivial matters of everyday consequence to the matters that should be thought of in bridging the gap between this world and the next. The transition was too monumental, and he had been given insufficient notice: Most exasperatingly his mind kept going over the very things it had been turning to in recent days. If something happened to him, who would reduce the ore for Emily and the others? If the salt didn't hold out, would they know enough to get more in a hurry? Some sort of protection should be arranged for the outgoing wagons with the bars of silver—Clarence could probably be relied upon to think of that.

With resolution he drove all thought from his mind save that of escape and safety. Again and again he estimated the distance still remaining between himself and the mill, and speculated on whether the footsteps behind him were drawing nearer.

And then quite suddenly the whole thing was resolved for him and in one terrifying moment he realized it. The footsteps drew nearer and became alarmingly loud. He could hear the fast, controlled breathing of the hurrying men, and he thought frantically: Was this all? Was it on him so abruptly, and was there nothing he could do? And what a strange temporary little interlude living had been anyway! Then there was no time for anything more, for they seized him, each holding one arm tightly, and something crashed down upon his head with hot, surprising pain.

(To be continued next week)

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The Water Level Route — You Can Sleep



On the Caravan Trail of the High Winds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

we rounded a bend and there below us glistened the golden roof of our first Buddhist monastery—home of a sect of red-hat monks.

The red-hats are monks who do not always practice celibacy. Many marry and have children. Or they even have children out of wedlock. Once they ruled Tibet, but today they are in the minority.

As we drew near the turreted, thick-walled building clinging to the side of the mountain, we could see the monks milling about the courtyard. Near the entrance we came upon an aged priest sitting alone on a ledge in the meditative posture of Buddha. He smiled and didn't seem at all concerned when we turned our cameras his way. More monks, led by an abbot in a gold hat, came to the main gate and urged us to stop for the night. We were behind schedule and had to decline. But just a glimpse of that massive stone monastery gave us the feeling that, at last, we were indeed in mysterious Tibet.

Approaching Yatung, we forded the thundering Ammo River, the first of the many tributaries of the mighty Brahmaputra that we were to cross. There we encountered many tall poles with prayer flags snapping from them. A little farther on were a number of pagodalike stone structures called chortens, roadside religious shrines found near every Tibetan village.

Another common roadside shrine is the prayer wall. These inscribed stone barriers, often stretching for a quarter of a mile or more, must be passed so that they are on your right. In the Dalai Lama's domain, respect to a person or thing always is shown by keeping it to your right.

Yatung meant the end of the line for our Sikkimese mule train. Here both the men and mules that had served us across Nathu-la turned back to Gangtok. Now we had to line up a new Tibetan pack train for the next leg of our journey—a two-day march to the town of Phari.

City Nestles in Deep Valley

Yatung is in a valley so deep that the sun doesn't rise until midforenoon, and it's out of sight again three hours after midday. With its colorful main street along the Ammo River, its snarling mastiffs and its orchards and flowers, Tibet's fourth city is far less dismal than one would expect. Our host there was the Indian trade agent, the Rai Badhadur Sonam, a genial Sikkimese-Tibetan who could speak English.

To secure our Tibetan passport—the Red Arrow Letter, or *lamyik*—the Rai Badhadur Sonam introduced us to the local Tibetan trade agent, the Tromo Trochi of Dhomu. His real name, if it makes any difference, is Tobjor Wang Chuk. He appeared in official dress—a full-length blue robe wound with a red sash. His dark pigtail was coiled atop his head, and from his left ear dangled a four-inch pendant of turquoise, pearl and gold. All this topped by a Western fedora! The one thing Western about which Tibetans are enthusiastic is the felt hat.

Arriving with this impressive gentleman were three servants bearing gifts. One carried a tray piled with eggs—a hundred or more of them—some fresh, some ancient. In lamaland they like them both ways; but they couldn't convince us. The next servant had a large shoulder of yak for us, all butchered and dressed. The third held a big bowl of yak butter. All these were much appreciated, especially by our servants who used the rancid yak butter for their all-important yak-butter tea, the national drink of Tibet.

As the Tromo Trochi of Dhomu approached, he stuck out his tongue and hissed at us. These gestures, which might result in a black eye in America, are marks of good manners on the roof of the world. As I offered to shake hands with him, he passed a white silk scarf or *kata* over my

outstretched arm. This was our first experience with the novel Tibetan way of welcoming a visitor.

I returned his courtesy by presenting him with a similar scarf from the supply we had brought from Sikkim. Then, from our box of gifts we selected a gold-plated automatic pencil which could be adjusted to write in four colors and we gave it to him as our present to the Dalai Lama's agent. Between sips of tea, he hissed politely at us to indicate approval of what we told him through our English-speaking host.

The agent bestowed an unusual honor upon us by inscribing some mysterious Tibetan characters on our two American passports and stamping them with the ancient seal of the Lhasa government. We were told that this was the first time any passport had been so endorsed. What the Tromo Trochi wrote translated as follows:

"Mr. Lowell Thomas, American citizen, has been permitted to visit Lhasa by the Tibetan government. Sealed by the Tromo Trochi of Dhomu; dated the seventeenth day of the Tibetan sixth month of the Earth Bull year."

The Earth Bull year was 1949. The names of the years go in cycles of five in Tibet. They combine the five elements, earth, iron, water, wood and fire, with 12 animals, dog, pig, mouse, ox, tiger, hare, dragon, serpent, horse, sheep, monkey and bird.

It was at Yatung, too, that we met some of the 80 members of the former Chinese mission at Lhasa. They were being expelled and they told us frankly how unhappy they were about it. The rise of Communism in the Far East and the near collapse of China had some time before inspired the Dalai Lama's government to consider ousting Chiang Kai-shek's emissaries from the capital. The Tibetans decided last summer was the psychological moment—the time to shake off any real or imaginary hold the Chinese may have had on them. The hour had arrived, the high priests ruled, to show the world that Tibet is a "wholly independent country." Besides, despite the fact that they ostensibly represented the Nationalist government, some of these Chinese were suspected of being sympathetic to the Reds.

To act as our official guide for the remainder of the journey from Yatung to Lhasa, the Tibetan government sent a non-com from its army—Chogpon (Corporal)

Nima Gyabu. Perched atop his gaily be-decked mule, the corporal led the way up the Ammo valley. Behind him came the five mules ridden by my son, myself and our three servants—Tsewong Namgyal, the interpreter, Tsewong Norbu, the cook, and Lajor, the head bearer. And bringing up the rear were our 16 new pack animals carrying the 37 boxes of supplies.

Chogpon Gyabu carried the *lamyik*, our all-important passport, in his yakskin saddlebag. This parchment not only guaranteed our safe conduct into the isolated country ahead, but also was our authority for procuring supplies and fresh animals along the high road to the capital.

On the trail, the corporal set a lively pace. His dark pigtail, which hung down over his old-style clip rifle, and the portable silver Buddha altar that was slung across his back, swung to and fro as his bell-decorated mule picked its way along the banks of the roaring Ammo River.

Incidentally, along this same route ran the only combination telephone-telegraph wire linking Lhasa with Gangtok and the outside world. Originally strung up by the British, it often goes out of commission due to storms and high winds. At first, nomads would rip down sections of the wire for their own use. After the penalty for this became known—*forfeiture of a hand*—there were fewer man-made interruptions along that lone line to Lhasa.

On our sixth day of Tibetan travel we emerged from the gorge of the Ammo and began the long ride across the great Central Asian plateau. Here we rode at an altitude of more than 14,000 feet much of the time, higher than the summits of our Western Rockies. As we jogged along, our caravan was surrounded by mighty mountain peaks rising another three to six thousand feet above us. At that point there were no more trees. We were far above timber line.

"How would you like to take off down those slopes on your skis?" I asked my son, pointing toward the treeless mountains above us.

"I was just thinking the same thing," he answered, adding, "I'll bet there's room up there for all the 20,000,000 skiers in the world to come flying down at once without anybody having to yell, 'Track!'"

That day on the plain we came across our first real herd of yak. What an animal! Without him I doubt if there could be a

Tibet. A distant relative of the American buffalo, this shaggy, sure-footed critter serves a multitude of purposes. Easily domesticated, the yak forages for itself by snipping off sparse grass and coarse, thorny herbage with its long, barbed tongue. That makes the yak an ideal beast of burden in that lofty, wind-swept land.

It also provides milk and butter, and yak meat is the staple of the Tibetan diet. The beast yields an almost indestructible wool for the tents of nomads. Boots are made of yak cloth and yak leather. As for a suit of yak cloth, it lasts a lifetime.

More Products From the Yak

All rope in Tibet is woven from yakhair. The hide furnishes leather which is used for an amazing number of purposes, including the building of skin boats. Yak horns and bones are utilized in building houses and walls. Even yak tails are famous. In Asia they are prized as fly whisks, and from those shipped to America we make nearly all of our better Santa Claus beards. Finally, and most important of all, dried yak dung is the fuel of most of Tibet, in a land where there is no coal and almost no wood.

In the distance, here and there on the plain on which we were riding, we spotted the black yakhair tents of the shepherds. They reminded us that Tibet is a land of nomads, as well as monasteries and mysterious cities. The 200,000 or more monks who live in skyscraping lamaseries are supported in feudal fashion by several million nomads and villagers.

Our next stop was Phari, a collection of stone and sod houses, which has been described by travelers as "the highest, windiest, dirtiest town in the world." The squalor of the place, however, was in direct contrast to the medieval splendor of the ancient fort—the Dzong—which dominates the town. It was not far from here that the Younghusband expedition defeated a Tibetan army early in this century.

But Phari doesn't bear close inspection—nor do its inhabitants. Most Tibetans are short, sturdy folk, Mongolians with high cheekbones, straight black hair, coppery skins and merry Mongol eyes. In physical appearance they are not unlike our Navajo Indians. But in Phari, the people seemed dirtier than their countrymen we met elsewhere.

Their costumes were colorless, drab, greasy and smudged from yak-dung smoke. And it seemed that the older a Phari resident, the darker his complexion, apparently because more dirt had had a chance to work into his skin. They did not seem disturbed, though, that water had never touched their bodies. The layers of dirt are a protection against the winds that forever blast across the Phari plain.

Another several days of marching brought us another hundred miles to Gyantse, Tibet's third largest city. Our trail across the Asiatic highlands now paralleled one of the inner ranges of The Himalayas, dominated by the sacred 24,000-foot Mount Chamalhari (Goddess of the Snows). Most of the summits were hidden, but occasionally we caught a glimpse of glaciers—tongues of snow and ice emerging from the clouds.

The Tibetan plateau is the home of high winds. Even in the summer, when we made our journey, they often reached gale force in late afternoon. During the winter, the wind and cold are so intense that the yellow-skinned Mongolians are burned black. Almost nothing grows at these great heights. In some of the valleys, a bit lower, there are small fields of barley, the only grain hardy enough to stand the rugged climate.

Once in a while we rode by peasants plowing their rocky fields with primitive, iron-tipped pieces of wood drawn by the ubiquitous yak. We stopped to take pic-



"Two thousand dollars for this sun tan and you use black-and-white film!"

COLLIER'S

BARNEY TOBEY

Collier's for February 18, 1950

tures of six teams plowing together in one field. When our interpreter asked why they were plowing zigzag from one corner of the field to the other, they said it was to trap the demon that is in every field. Finally plowing him into a corner, they then plow him right out of the field—thus making sure of a good crop.

At the base of Chamalhari we crossed over 15,000-foot Tang-la, second of the high passes on the road to Lhasa. Villages along this route look pretty much alike. All had the familiar thick-walled stone and mud-brick buildings, with prayer flags flapping in the stiff wind.

From Tang-la we veered down a series of valleys until we came to a wide, fertile plain. And there, far in the distance, we saw a lofty fort on a mountain. On the hills around it were six monasteries. And there was a wall over some of the hills, like the Great Wall of China. Two hours later we rode into Gyangtse. Now we were just about halfway to the Forbidden City of Lhasa. Here the trade route from India branches off. The main road goes on to Lhasa, while another trail swings westward toward Shigatse, Tibet's second largest city.

Gyangtse also marks the end of the line so far as contact with Western civilization is concerned. The Indian mail service terminates there, and few travelers, except Buddhist pilgrims and traders, are permitted to go on. From Gyangtse to the capital there were no more dak bungalows. Our overnight stops after that were made in Tibetan peasant homes.

Any introduction to a Tibetan house is an unforgettable experience. Ours came at the end of the first day's march from Gyangtse—at the village of Gobshi. Here they took us to a two-story stone dwelling. Like most homes in Tibet that are not yak-hair tents, the ground floor was reserved for caravan animals, plus the owner's yaks, cows, goats and chickens.

As usual, a vicious, snarling mastiff lunged at us from the end of a yak rope in the courtyard. To reach the living quarters we had to mount a rickety ladder. This landed us in an upper patio, with dirt-floored rooms on all sides. One was a smoke-filled kitchen with a hole in the roof for a chimney; another a dark cell-like space with images of Buddha surrounded by metal dishes. These held the yak-butter lamps that are lighted during prayer.

Glad of Primitive Shelter

The living quarters were devoid of furniture, except for two low divans and a low red-lacquered table. One such cubicle was turned over to us. The plumbing? It was of the outdoor variety—a slit in the floor over the manure pile downstairs. It all seemed grim indeed. But at least it meant shelter from the fierce night winds.

Once inside, our cook performed another of his miracles and we soon were enjoying a meal in a warm, albeit smoky atmosphere. Norbu always caused Tibetan eyes to bulge when he used the portable, camp-style pressure cooker we had brought from America. They couldn't figure out where that intense flame came from.

This type of stove is a handy gadget at those high altitudes. Without it, some of our food would have been served practically raw. How is that? Well, the boiling point of water at sea level, as we know, is 100 degrees centigrade. But at 14,000 feet, because of lower atmospheric pressure, water boils at about 40 degrees. In other words, water boils when it's barely lukewarm and evaporates. The pressure stove, with its blowtorch flame, enabled us to heat things quickly, instead of using a slow, yak-dung fire.

Our next climb took us through a long gorge, between mountains rich in iron and other minerals, to the third and highest pass on the rugged way to Lhasa—the 17,000-foot Karo-la. We longed to pick up samples of the ore but doubted we would be permitted to do so, since the Tibetan religion—their ancient demon worship—

forbids mining of any kind. Through much of this region, we were squeezed between great glaciers. Towering walls of ice came down to within a few yards of the trail. At one point we had to detour around an area where an avalanche from an ice-capped peak had completely wiped out the trail.

The next stop was the castled town of Nagartse on the shore of the turquoise-colored Yamdok Tso (*tso* meaning "lake" in Tibetan). From there our trail wound along the shores of that bluest of lakes for about 20 miles, and then turned sharply upward toward the misty 16,200-foot Nyapso-la, last of the passes on the way to the Holy City. From the summit we could look back at 60-mile-long Yamdok Tso. Far below us on the other side was the Brahmaputra, a mighty torrent which courses along the northern wall of The Himalayas before it finds a breach, plunges through the eastern tip of India to the Ganges and on to the Bay of Bengal. Quite a river, this long, navigable stream flowing some 12,000 feet above sea level!

Downstream in Skin Boats

After a night at Singlakenjung, a village on the south bank of the Brahmaputra, we had the fun and welcome comfort of riding down the river in skin boats. These flat-bottomed craft, measuring six by ten feet, are fashioned by stretching yak hides over willow frames. The carrying capacity of these coracles—or *ghavags* as the Tibetans call them—is incredible. Each of these strange, light river boats can carry the loads of 20 pack animals—more than a ton of freight. They were piloted by *kobos*, leather-skinned boatmen who sang weird songs as they steered us downstream for 16 miles to the village of Chusul.

I made a recording on our portable machine of their singing and described that part of our junket on the same tape. Later I was told that this was one of the most popular remote broadcasts I had made in Tibet.

The Tibetan boatmen, by the way, find it impossible to row their coracles upstream against the roaring current. So when we reached Chusul, each chap had to carry his skin boat back home along the riverbank. Each man always has a pet sheep along on the journeys downstream. Then, on the homeward trek, the sheep carries the boatman's personal effects.

It's the only place in the world I ever heard of where sheep are used as pets and pack animals.

At Chusul, the Brahmaputra is joined by one of its larger tributaries, the Kyi Chu. It was up that wild river valley that we had to travel the remaining 40 miles to the Holy City of Lhasa. Ordinarily it's a two-day journey. But we were held up by a river in flood.

Some of the time we were able to avoid the surging waters by staying high on the valley slopes. But more than once rock walls hemmed us in, forcing the caravan to take to the river.

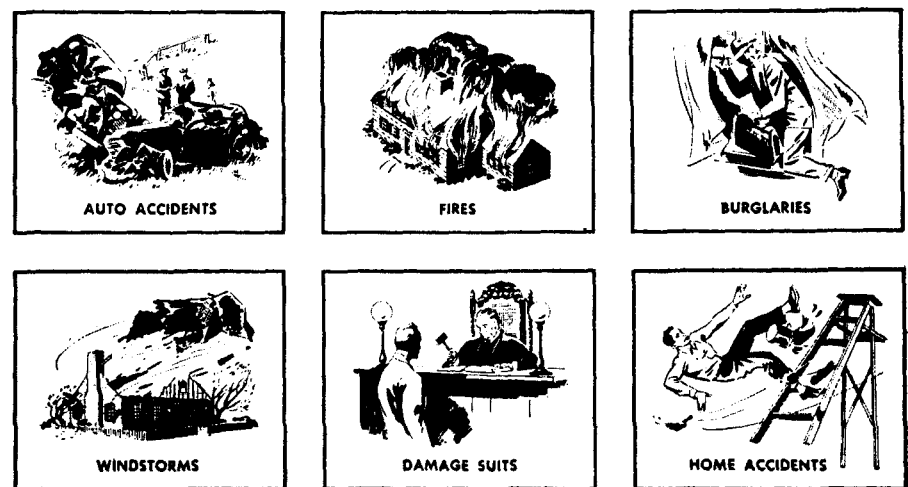
Late in the evening of our second day out of Chusul, we caught a glimpse of our goal. In the distance, under a dark range of mountains, loomed the impressive Potala, the Vatican of Tibet, its golden roofs sparkling in the sunset. From afar it seemed to beckon to us. At last, the Forbidden City, the place that all travelers dream of and few ever live to see! But darkness was about to descend over the Lhasa valley, and our companions told us we must stop for one more night before entering the Dalai Lama's capital, the goal we had come halfway round the world to reach.

Once inside the city of Lhasa itself, the Americans were accorded various privileges and honors, and the Dalai Lama saw fit to break a precedent in receiving them. The Thomases arrive at their destination in our next issue

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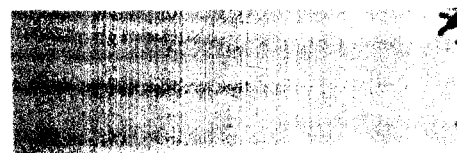
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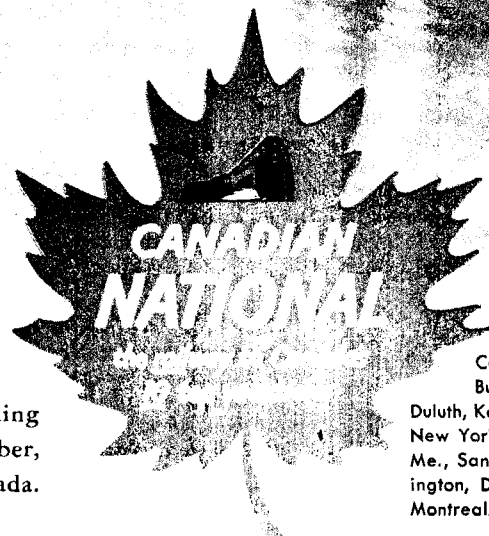
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Giant Killer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

Sobczyk, Jojo. When it is time, I do something, you bet."

Jojo had pressed the arm of his friend in a strong and understanding way, and repeated his vow, though silently, that never any more would they laugh behind the back of Casimir because of his cheating wife.

CLANKING at the end of its cable, another man-cage dropped through the roof, settling with a jar at the landing. The men at the head of the line crowded forward, and Killer Sobczyk was one of them. So now was the time—right now. Jojo was ready, with his legs braced and his shoulders bent. There was only one thing wrong. Casimir had promised to be close in the line to watch. He was not here and that was curious. He was not here—and suddenly Jojo was glad.

In a moment of self-damnation which seared him, he told himself they were right to call him Dog-face Boy. He deserved nothing better, because with the Killer's flat eyes mocking and his hand swinging down to drop the life-check, Jojo knew he was going to scratch dirt, as always, and pick up the life-check and put it in the box and scuttle back from those stamping-pit shoes like a squeaking mouse.

Something almost unbelievable happened then. While Jojo stared in black misery the Killer's hand completed its swing, reaching all the way down to the box. It seemed to cover the whole space inside the box, and to Jojo's ears came the soft metallic splash of the Killer's brass check as it dropped among the others.

The Killer straightened. "A-ll, Jojo."

He took his place with the other miners on the cage. No stamping, no barking, no Dog-face Boy!

Jojo felt his teeth chattering, and that was the first he knew that his cold cigar had dropped from his mouth. The Killer had not joked him. Why? Rattling between the wooden guide rails, the cage swooped up and down in the dark shaft, and after a while Jojo quit trying to think why. Sometimes it was best to take the good things as they came, not examining too closely. His moment of weakness and shame was known only to himself. He could explain to Casimir that there had been no need to butt the Killer because, sensing the firm resolve, the Killer had already started to treat him with respect.

Eagerly then, Jojo kept watching to catch the first glimpse of his friend. But the line shortened, dribbled out to a few stragglers . . . Jojo always went up on the last cage with the bosses.

"Get your bucket and come on," one of them told him.

"No," Jojo said. "Casimir—he don't come out yet. Is still in coal mine."

"You're crazy. I just came from the check board. It's clean."

"How can be? You hold cage, hah? I go see."

In the near manway Jojo stared at the big board with the numbers on it. Empty, like the boss said. No checks on the board meant that they were all in Jojo's box, and that every man of the day shift was out of the mine. He stared hard at 241, Casimir's number. It seemed that if he looked hard enough the check must appear on the nail. Because how could his friend go up and Jojo, guardian of the cage, not know?

The foreman had an answer.

"Casimir must have loaded his four cars early and walked up the air shaft. You were around bumming a match for your cigar when he came by and pitched his check in your box."

Jojo shrugged. It must be true. And yet how could Casimir have forgotten his promise to be close in the going-up line to watch the butting of Killer Sobczyk? There was much talk to make with Casimir, yes.

Above ground Jojo snorted around under the shower at the washhouse and changed

into his top clothes. He started walking to the boardinghouse with his two-deck aluminum bucket wedged between hip and elbow, eyes slitted against the late summer sun, nose titillated by the musky-sweet smell of tasseling corn blown in from fields hemming the town.

Nearing the railroad crossing he hurried and climbed on the train that was pulling out with the day's coal flats. He hung by one hand to a dusty grab iron and had a free ride for the rest of the way.

After supper he walked downtown to Warsaw Willie's saloon, puffing a fresh cigar. It was the biggest ten-cent cigar he could buy. Jojo liked big things: heaped dinner plates, thick mugs of beer, big women, fat cigars that filled his face.

In the saloon he looked around for Casi-

poker table was not yet lighted. Jojo snapped it on.

Casimir wasn't here. But someone else was. Killer Sobczyk.

The light coned down on his bottle of whisky, and on his big hand squashed against the round table top, cuddling the shot glass.

The Killer swore when the light pierced his eyes—slate-blue eyes that turned a muddy yellow color with his drinking. "Get out!"

Jojo got out. He pushed his way to the rail at the noisy bar and had two whiskies fast. Killer Sobczyk in there drinking—When a man sat alone and got drunk this early it was because he wanted to forget something. Or because he was afraid of something.

What would the Killer be afraid of?



"We want something gay and charming that'll make us forget how much we owe on it"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

mir. Every night they met here for drinks, for card games, for good talk about the day's work. Also good talk about women—in the saloon, away from women, away from Casimir's cheating wife.

So crazy how it was about Casimir's woman. A man had only to take a bus to Carbon River where a hundred women waited, each more better than Luba. But would Casimir go with him even once to find out? No. The most he would do was boast sometimes that one day his wife and everybody would see him no more. He would come up from the mine and climb on the coal train and go away and never come back. This, as everyone knew, was only whisky-bragging.

Warsaw Willie, bulking pink and moist behind his bar, saw Jojo looking around and he called out, "Not here yet."

Jojo kept looking anyway, with dignity ignoring the barks and Dog-face calls that came as he peered into each of the wooden booths. In back there was a gambling room. Oilcloth covered the windows. The green-shaded bulb hanging low over the

Jojo knew the answer, but it was so tremendous that he tantalized himself by pretending that he didn't. He drank two more whiskies. Slow. Then he bought a fresh cigar, a fifteen-cent one, and let Warsaw Willie light it for him. He watched himself scowl in the bar mirror, then swung away, trailing smoke, heading toward that back room where Killer Sobczyk sat alone. Drinking because he was afraid.

Afraid of Jojo Kwiatkowski!

In the coal mine Jojo had not let himself believe it. But now—The Killer was, after all, a bully; he joked only timid men. Yesterday he had stamped on Jojo's fingers, and Jojo had shouted loud threats after him. The cage had not been going up so very fast when he shouted. And today he had stood ready to butt the Killer—for a little while he had—and this the Killer must have sensed.

At the doorway to the back room Jojo pulled the cigar from his mouth and blurted: "Today some life-check. You put she in the box—"

He stopped right there because in his

stomach he felt a great and sudden emptiness. He had meant to finish boldly: "You better make damn' sure you put she in the box every damn' day like today—or be more worse for you, Killer—lady-killer only. Also no more Dog-face Boy—and no more to monkey with the woman of Casimir."

All this he had meant to say. But with anger smearing so fast over the Killer's flat face, Jojo had felt his tongue grow thick in his mouth.

It was Killer Sobczyk who broke the tension. Not with violence. Softness!

"My friend, Jojo. Siddown. Have some drink."

The big hand pushed the bottle close on the dirt-glazed cloth and a wheedling look replaced the fierceness in the eyes.

Jojo popped the cigar in his mouth and puffed furiously, making a smoke screen to hide behind while weighing this supreme gesture of conciliation. Something was very, very much not right. The Killer should be *some* afraid of him. But not this much!

He turned away as he left the back room, his shoulder struck the doorjamb, and he walked quickly down the long smoky room toward the street door. This was not a one-man job, no. It was a matter for urgent discussion with Casimir.

He looked through every saloon in town. He did not find Casimir. Through dark streets, then, smelling of crushed cinders and old road tar, he walked toward his friend's house. It must be—it had to be—that tonight Casimir had stayed home with his wife.

It was too much to hope that he had taken Jojo's advice about her. Tough was the way to be with women like Luba. Jojo knew women. Didn't he go every Saturday night to Carbon City where his money was as good as any man's? Jojo knew a hundred women and Casimir but one. But never would his friend take advice about her.

He even tried to give advice.

"What you need, Jojo, I tell you, is woman for make nice home with you away from boardinghouse."

That was all right for Casimir to say. Even he did not understand completely how it was for a man they called Dog-face Boy. Very hard for such a one to find a woman who would love from the heart. Something he would admit to no man—or woman—but in the mine and out of it, in his blood and his breathing, the hopeless wish was there.

AT CASIMIR'S house the door was opened quickly to his knock. It was Luba who peered from the doorway. The light behind her came from a lamp that grew out of an elephant's back, and had orange ruffles on the shade. Jojo had won it at the carnival and he gave it to Casimir as a present.

He had to admit that the lamp put a nice brightness in Luba's hair. It was shiny on her shoulders too, and on her hips where the green dress was tight and silky.

Jojo, a reasonable man, would concede that this woman might be pleasing to some. But only to a man of inexperience, like Casimir. Or to one of no discrimination, like Killer Sobczyk. Long legs, high breasts—there was not enough meat on her anywhere.

"So—it is you," she said.

Jojo answered stiffly, "Please to tell Casimir—"

"Casimir," she interrupted in her shrill and always complaining voice, "is not here."

Jojo took the cigar from his mouth. "Casimir is not here?" he repeated slowly.

"He did not come home from the mine. It is the first time—" She bit her lip. "Go look in the saloons."

Jojo stared so long that she stirred uneasily and the shiny dress rustled softly. "What is the matter?" Luba asked.

"I have look already."

She gave a nervous shrug. "Then for some overtime work he has stayed in the mine."

"Does a man stay in the mine and his life-check come out?" Jojo's hand feeding the cigar to his face in small, quick stabs, trembled. He went on carefully, so carefully: "The boss say Casimir has come up air shaft."

"You talk not like yourself," she scolded. "Why would Casimir climb so many steps when there is the cage to ride on?"

"Is dark on the steps," Jojo reminded her cryptically. "No one could see him. He could come up and climb on freight train that takes away the coal flats. Suppose if Casimir has ride away with the coal? Other men have done this—"

"But why—"

"Maybe to leave his wife for new woman."

Jojo grinned wickedly, and he could hear her breath catch.

"But Casimir never would!"

"All ri', call me liar. Call me some more liar about Killer Sobczyk."

She leaned close, her mouth thin. "What about him?"

"Gone too," Jojo lied grandly. "Bot' men tired of cheating woman. You make them burn too long inside. Now they make you burn. They leave you, bot' Killer and Casimir."

She stood glaring, and Jojo sensed with satisfaction her gathering fury. Soon enough she would find that he had lied about the Killer. But for a little space let her feel not wanted, as poor Casimir had been for so long not wanted.

With awkward energy he reached out and pushed her backward through the doorway. "Go lay on bed and kick and cry some."

He pulled the door shut so hard the glass rattled. Tough was the way to be with women like Luba.

But outside the gate of Casimir's yard Jojo was not tough any more. He sat down on the edge of the dusty cement sidewalk with his feet in the weeds of the ditch. He sat down in the darkness and now he did not hold back how he felt. He hugged himself and rocked back and forth and cried with shaking sobs.

He had lied to Luba about more than Killer Sobczyk. Lies? They were all lies. In Carbon River lived a hundred women more better than Luba. But Casimir would never leave her, and Jojo knew this well.

Something else he knew well. A dog-face fool he had been to think that Killer Sobczyk was afraid of him. The Killer's so-strange action today in the mine, putting the life-check correctly in the box—It was easy to understand now. In the saloon too—the killer drinking himself drunk, not because he was afraid of something, but to forget something.

THERE was one more place to look for Casimir. Jojo got up and dragged himself to the mine yard, stopping first at the boardinghouse to get his lamp and a flask of carbide. At the brick building which housed the steam-driven fan—that great tireless lung of the coal mine—his hands felt around until they found a rusty iron ring attached to a steel door . . . At the top of the air shaft he could feel the cool blackness that lay under the earth reach up for him, and he could hear the coal mine's hurricane breathing. He put the lamp in his cap and started down the iron grille steps.

Four hundred and twenty-six feet below the streets of the town he came out on the bottom and turned into the Main South air course, leaning backward, almost sitting down on the wind that rushed him along. His light flowed ahead in the air tunnel, soaking up the blackness in front, letting it press in again from behind.

When he was about a mile inside, he put his shoulder against a wooden ventilating door and stepped out of the wind into a stub entry. Here the air was hot, thick, dead, and heavy with the smell of coal.

Distantly on a haulage entry he could hear the rumble of a night-shift track motor.

Moving again, he came soon to the 16th East entry, and he followed the track into Casimir's working room. Ahead, on past the first and second crosscuts, his light picked up the squat bulks of pit cars. He kept on until he had squeezed past their splintery-oak sides and stopped at the working face. Here the coal, blown from the wall by black-powder cartridges the size of a man's arm, lay tumbled in a shiny heap, ready for tomorrow's loading.

He thought where he would go if he wanted to cover up anything so no one would stumble over it—then he turned back and went into the second crosscut off the left rib wall. He poked around, and found Casimir's body there.

IT WAS gobbled over with a thin covering of slate and rock. Blood matted into the hair at the back of the head told what had happened. Jojo stood for so long, bent and staring, that the flame in his lamp grew short and the coal mine shadows crept close.

With a coldness on his heart he reviewed

underearth listening, had detected something else. It could be rats. Or it could be Killer Sobczyk coming back in here to finish his job.

From near the room-neck a lamp sparked on. The reflector behind it spread the light between the coal walls. It picked out Jojo. Behind the lamp glare he could not see. But he could hear. The sound was Killer Sobczyk laughing. Drunk-laughing. But not too drunk, or he could not have walked down all those wet and slippery stairs in the air shaft.

Jojo could feel his scalp grow tight where his hair tugged under his pit cap. The hateful tightness spread down and across his chest so that he could not breathe. It knotted his stomach. It bound his running muscles, while the light bobbed closer and the scuff of shoes on track ties came louder. And then the Killer was standing with his legs spread wide like tree trunks bracing the body, the mouth pushing out slow words.

"Now I bury two instead of one. I mak' nice deep grave to last one million year. They not look for Casimir in coal mine because his life-check say he go up. They not look for you, Jojo; yours never say you

had already some of the whiteness of death. No need to pick up a piece of slate; the steel rail had done the job.

Jojo's hands moved in an empty swing at his side. He felt tired, as after a hard day's work well done—

Not quite done.

Bending, he dragged Killer Sobczyk's dead body near Casimir's. Then he went and got a pick from Casimir's toolbox. He came back and loosened the cap pieces and took down the oak crossbars that held up a loose section of top. Then with the pick he attacked the ledge, working skillfully as any miner knows how, to bring the bad top down. He worked fast because there was no telling at what time the mine examiners would arrive on their nightly rounds of safety inspection. It was important that all they should find was a big fall of top material—and nothing to show that it was man-made.

Fragments of slate commenced to slip from the roof and fall darkly, slapping into the rubble below. Jojo felt a hard sting across his cheek and he knew that a piece of slate had nipped him. Heavy and sharp, it could cut like a butcher's cleaver. He kept on working—but all at once he dropped the pick.

Something he should have thought of at first . . . With the overhead mass loosened and "alive" for the fall, he scurried under it. In puffing frenzy he tugged until he had Killer Sobczyk's big body on top of Casimir's thin one, covering it everywhere. A coffin lid for Casimir.

OVERHEAD in the "working" roof came a new and deadly note, like pond ice cracking. Jojo heeled backward as slate, top-coal and even some deep rock poured down. Dust swirled . . . the black powder glittered in the lamplight, blotting out everything except the grinding and the clatter.

Jojo pounded his lamp against the heel of his hand to stir up the carbide in the carbide chamber. The flame tongued out, white-hot and hissing. He played the light anxiously into the settling dust. His main concern now was that the fall should be a big one. With this territory almost worked out and soon to be abandoned, the coal company would not pay much money to clean it up. The face boss of the South side would not send Bug-dust Hartley and his cleanup gang in here to shovel up a big fall. A little one, yes. A big one, no.

Gradually the pile of debris took shape inside the pall of dust. It was, Jojo estimated, about a thirty-car fall.

A thirty-car fall was a big one, and satisfaction put a dry brightness in Jojo's eyes. A funeral he had made for Casimir—his grave safe from violation, never to be wet down by woman's not meant tears.

Now Luba could keep thinking the lies he had told her. She could bite her lips and storm and kick with the rage of a woman deserted by her husband and her lover both.

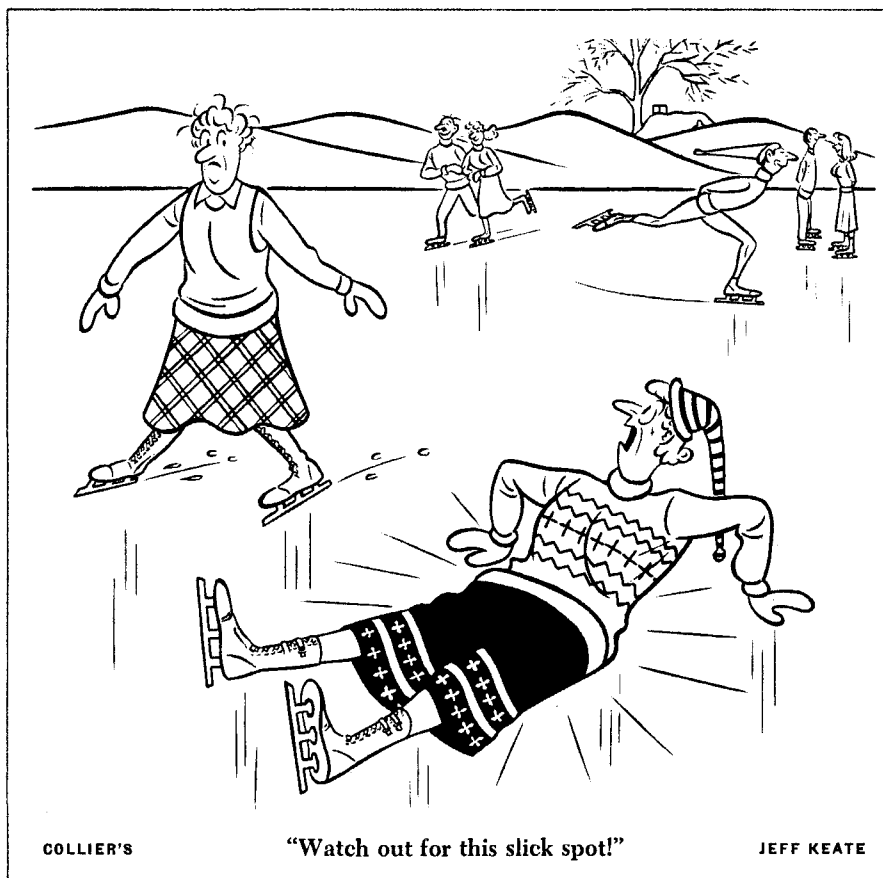
Let the rest of them in town think what they wanted to. The mine examiner's report would read: "Thirty-car fall of slate and top-coal with some rock in the 2d crosscut between Rooms 4 and 5, in the 16th East off the 4th South." This would be the nearest thing to a death certificate that would ever be recorded for two men.

Knowing nothing of the truth, never dreaming that he had fought and killed the Killer, they would bark at him and call him Dog-face the same as always.

Let them. Maybe it had mattered before, only because Jojo knew in his heart that he was Dog-face. Now he was—giant killer, yes. Lonesome giant killer. But maybe not always lonesome. There were women not like Luba. A man who was not Dog-face in his heart could maybe one day—like Casimir said—"find good woman for make nice home away from boarding-house." Why not?

He turned and started on his long walk back to the air shaft. There would be just time to get on top and clean up and go to the saloon for one or two drinks and a cigar before he went to bed.

THE END



his dark knowledge. Casimir had, after all, made a vow of his own. It must be so. He had told Killer Sobczyk to keep away from his woman. The way, exactly, it had happened then—whether in quick anger, a fight, or whether the Killer had come up from behind in the dark—either way, Casimir had had no chance.

Jojo's hand moved numbly, unfastening his lamp from its clip on his pit cap. He turned the flame overhead. There was loose top in this crosscut. The Killer could have brought the roof down to cover his crime more deeply. Most possibly there had not been time. He had needed to go out and lift Casimir's life-check from the board.

Easy to understand it all now. When the Killer had put his own life-check so properly in the box, he had put in Casimir's also, hiding what he did with his big hand—not making barks and calling Dog-face Boy because, having just killed a man, he wanted to attract no attention to himself.

Jojo's hand moved suddenly to cover the reflector in his lamp and smother the flame. The blackness of the mine swaddled him, and he pushed against it, moving a few steps to the mouth of the crosscut. He waited, hearing only the soft, interminable pressure-crackle of the coal. But a moment before, his ears, sharp from a lifetime of

come down. Dose life-checks cannot lie, no? All ri', my friend Jojo, Dog-face Boy—"

The last ounce of strength seeped from Jojo's body with the sweat that prickled, hot, everywhere under his clothes. He could see the Killer moving in, the big hands out-reaching, the shoulders hunched.

IT COULD have been a memory of Casimir, listening and nodding, his face sometimes gently chiding, but never laughing while Jojo made the big empty talk—Life burst now inside of Jojo like dynamite blasting. It loosened his running muscles. Now he could get away, lose himself in the dark clutter of space hollowed from the coal.

But he didn't run away. He went forward instead, as he had practiced it with the chair and pillow. Full strength this time, like a billy goat butting.

So hard his head squashed into the wide belly that he felt the jolt go through his neck and quiver down his backbone. There was a whiplike motion to the Killer's backward fall, so that the top part of his giant body hit much harder than the middle.

That was all there was to it. His head lolled where it had struck against the rail, the lamp awry in its pit-cap clip but still flaming. The blood showed black in the light, but the Killer's face, Jojo could see,

Lost, One Daughter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

Mrs. Jackson was late that day and Lucy and I waited with the twins.

"You'll adore my mother!" Lucy told me. "She's lovely as a dream!" And with that a big car driven by a woman entered the school gate. Lucy started eagerly and then wilted. "She's sent Miss Emerson!" she said in an angry voice.

"Who's she?" I asked.

"She's my mother's head secretary," said Lucy. "I hate her."

"What's a matter with her?" I asked, in amazement, for hate was an emotion I had yet to feel or even to observe.

The car was there and Miss Emerson, fat, jolly, bouncy and kind, was shouting: "Hi, Lucy, honey, how was it? You like it?"

"Why didn't my mother come for me?" said Lucy, sulkily. "She promised."

"She was tired, I guess, or maybe busy. Who're your friends?"

"This is Amanda Dering and that's Joan and that's Jane Jackson."

Miss Emerson was genial. "All you kids got some way to go home? I can take you if you haven't."

"Mummy's coming for us," chorused Joan and Jane.

"How about Amanda?" Miss Emerson twinkled at me. "Bet you got your name out of Noel Coward's play. Why don't you come along with Lucy, honey?"

Lucy took a hard hold of my wrist. "Please come," she said, "oh, please!"

So I went with Lucy. She wouldn't sit in front—the two of us must sink into the luxurious seat in the back, so deep, so wide that our feet stuck out straight before us. Miss Emerson shouted, "Amanda, you tell me which way to go. I'm a stranger here."

I directed her and she wheeled that big car through the narrow, twisted back lanes as briskly as if she were on the highway. At my home she gave the whole place a searching look. "Nice outfit," she said. "Bet you've got a keen pair of parents. What does your father do, honey?"

"He's an ad-mir-al-ty lawyer," I told her. "I've got two brothers away in college and a cocker spaniel named Buttercup."

NOW Miss Emerson turned her appraising eyes on me. "Do all you kids at that school wear clothes like yours?" she asked sharply.

"Sure. We do lots of things you can't wear nice dresses for."

"As for instance, what?" demanded Miss Emerson.

"Oh, finger painting and sculpting and washing dishes and digging in the garden. And we play running games. And slide."

She frowned. "La Zeigler should've tipped me off. I'll get you some rough duds right away, Lucy. So long, Amanda. Be seeing you."

During this dialogue Lucy had sat motionless, her face a mask of disfavor. Only when I said, "Thanks for the lift. Good-by, Lucy, see you tomorrow," did she speak. But her good-by was listless and she waved her hand as if her arm were too heavy to lift. She looked pale, too, her bright color faded. I wondered if she felt sick.

Naturally I gabbled at length about Lucy to my parents and missed no item of her tall stories. My father said to my mother, "It must be Cinnie Williams, Edie. I heard somebody theatrical had taken the Gault place—you know, the big old gray-stone on King Road? Cinnie and her gang should lend glamor to our simple suburb."

"Mandy," said my mother, "what was that yarn again about hunting in Africa?"

I repeated it practically word for word and at the end my parents both whooped.

"We must meet Lucy," said my father. "Ask her for lunch Saturday, Mandy."

His tone put me on the defensive. "Lucy's mother knows movie stars," I said. "She gives parties and they come. They drink champagne." I sat on the arm of his

chair and butted my head gently against his. "Lucy's very nice."

He put his arm around me. "All right, all right, you shall be friends with Lucy and the movie stars, too, if you want—just don't rush it."

THE next day Lucy came to school in blue denim pants, striped sweat shirt and sandals, her pigtails tied with narrow ribbon instead of big bows. We rushed together in a great surge of mutual pleasure. I invited her to lunch on Saturday and she invited me to go home with her that very day. We modeled maps together, shopped together in arithmetic, sat together at lunch, and when we wrote and read themes, Lucy chose for subject: I Intend To Be the First Woman President. But she told me later that if I wanted that high honor she was willing to be Vice-President only. I insisted she should go right on and be President for I didn't care much about it.

If I had been going to the circus I couldn't have been more expectant of the afternoon. Miss Emerson again appeared in the big car and again Lucy and I sat in the back seat. In sewing class we had made beanbags of gray drill, shaped like fat kittens with pointed ears, crudely stitched together with black wool, stuffed with a handful of dried beans. We threw them back and forth as we rode, and screamed with joy. Miss Emerson cocked a jocose eye back to us and said, "Gee, you kids are comical," but we didn't care.

At the house Miss Emerson turned manager. "Play wherever you want to, but no yelling, mind. I'll have Joe bring cookies and milk out on the terrace for you, but be quiet out there, too."

Lucy stuck out her under lip in rebellion. "I'm going to show my beanbag to my mother right away."

"Cinnie's busy," said Miss Emerson. "She's working out a second-act curtain today and that's edgy stuff."

We walked away, Lucy still pouting. "She's always like that," she confided. "She won't let me see my mother when I want to. She's mean."

We ran about and looked at the neglected garden, the greenhouse (empty), the swimming pool (also empty), and presently we came back to the terrace and found a tray with a vacuum of cold milk and a mountain of cookies. Lucy was still brooding about Miss Emerson. "She's so bossy! You'd think she owned the place the way she acts. I hate and despise her."

"I thought she was kind of jolly," I said.

Lucy gave me a hard, unchildlike look. "You and I can't be friends if you like Miss Emerson. You have to hate and despise her too. She's my enemy, number one."

This was a little heavy even for a child of my years. "What's she do to you?"

The answer came from the depths of Lucy's heart and I recognized its validity.

"She keeps me away from my mother. Before she came I could see my mother all the time. And when I was sick my mother came in with the doctor and stayed with me awhile. But when I had the measles last winter Miss Emerson wouldn't let my mother come near me. When you're sick you want your mother."

I tried to console her. "Maybe your mother would've caught the measles off you and been awful sick herself. Maybe she'd've died! Measles are awful catching." I took the last cookie, the last swig of milk. "Let's play with our beanbags."

I glanced up to see Lucy irradiated with amazed, celestial joy. "Mother!" she cried and ran to meet a strange little figure at the French window. "Oh, Mother!"

Mrs. Williams was small and slight and ugly, with a white, white skin and a curly bush of bright red hair. She had on green satin pajamas belted with a tasseled Roman-stripe sash, her sleeves were rolled up, there was ink on her hands and on her nose;

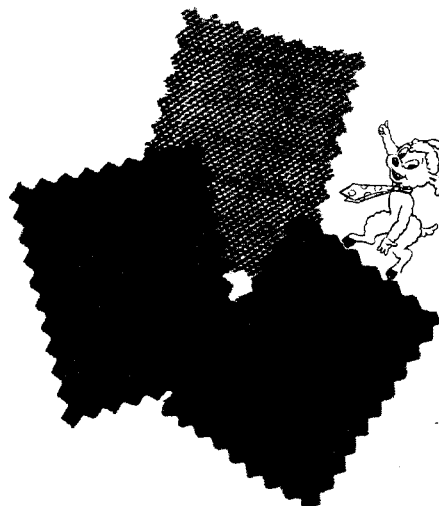
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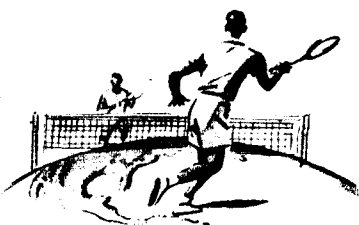
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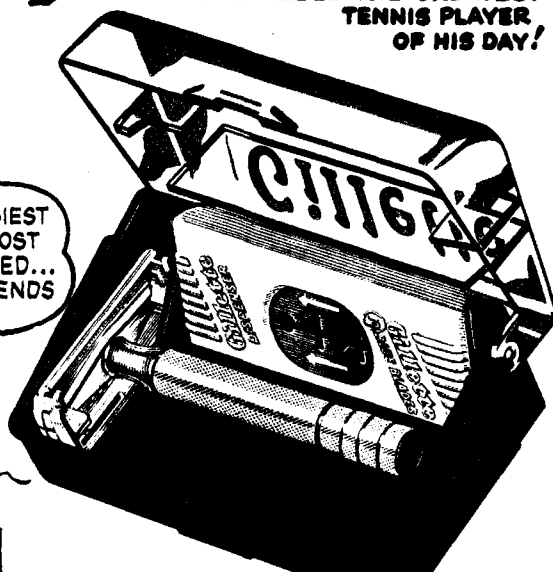


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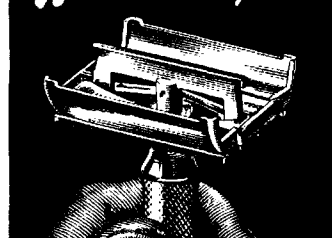


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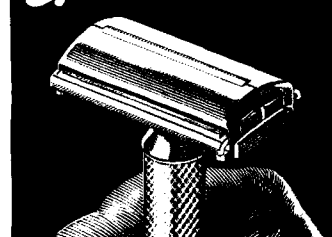
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her feet were bare. She fended off Lucy's lunge crossly. "Don't do that! Where's Joe? I haven't had my fruit juice. He knows I have my fruit juice at five." She raised her voice. "Emerson! Emerson! What the devil's the matter with you?"

Lucy was pressing up to her with pitiful eagerness. "Look, Mother, this is Amanda—she's my new best friend. Mother, I sewed a beanbag in school—look—I sewed it myself—"

Mrs. Williams pushed her away. "Don't bother me! Joe! Joe! Emerson!"

The man came tearing out from somewhere carrying a tray with pitcher and glass. "Here it is, madam," he stammered. "The kitchen clock had stopped. I'm sorry, madam, it won't happen again—"

Miss Emerson appeared also, anxious and voluble: "Cinnie, it was that darned clock in the kitchen—"

Mrs. Williams did not heed them. There rolled from her lips a colorful, scarifying stream of abuse that shocked me to the soul. She seized the tray and flung it to the terrace; the glass and pitcher smashed into a thousand sharp pieces, the fruit juice splattered us all. "Now, Cinnie, now, Cinnie, take it easy," begged Miss Emerson. "It's only half past five. Joe—run get some more."

But the man stood still. "I'm giving notice. I'm not taking that kind of talk from anybody."

"You won't get a cent if you leave!" screamed Mrs. Williams. "I won't give you a reference! I'll notify the office—I'll—"

Miss Emerson winked at Joe and motioned him to go. She came close to Mrs. Williams and said quietly, "You come on upstairs and I'll get your fruit juice, Cinnie. You can't go on like this—your heart won't stand it. Come on now, honey."

My overload of cookies and milk topped off by this violent scene was making me feel sick. "I'm going home," I said to Lucy and trudged off unsteadily.

Lucy called after me, "Wait, we can play a lot yet. What's the matter with you?"

"I don't feel good," I told her. "I want to go home."

She hurried along behind me. "But what's the matter? Were you scared because the pitcher broke? It wasn't anything—my mother's always like that. She breaks things all to smash when she gets cross. My mother—and her head lifted proudly as she said it—"my mother's wonderful! She does whatever she wants, all the time, to everybody. It was all that Emerson's fault. She should have made Joe take the fruit juice to my mother on time."

I kept right on. "I want to go home," I repeated and began to run. I wanted to be safe from people who screamed and threw things and insulted servants and weren't kind to their children. I wanted my own father and mother who were loving and kind and acted as grownups ought to act. Mrs. Williams had shattered my code of conduct for parents as well as the pitcher.

THE distance wasn't far and I had not traveled a third of it when our next-door neighbor, Mr. Steiner, came along in his car and gave me a lift.

My mother was at home and I flung myself at her and bawled out the story. She held me close as I wept and wailed and the steadiness of her shoulder beneath my head, the loving firmness of her arms finally quieted me. When all my woe and confusion were wept out she gently undressed me, gave me a sponge bath, combed my hair, put fresh clothes on me and led me down to the kitchen. "It's Essie's night out," she said. "How about setting the table for me, darling?"

Her quiet talk ran on, the spongecake she'd made for dinner, a letter from one of my brothers, when my father would get home. Gradually the Williams drama receded. But it did not quite vanish. "Mother," I asked, "why did Lucy say it was Miss Emerson's fault? Miss Emerson wasn't even there."

My mother laughed. "Now, Amanda, you must realize everybody over there's a

little wacky," she said. "Set it down to that and forget it."

Her light treatment further reduced the episode. My mother was talking to me as if I were grown up and I liked that. "I guess they are nuts," I agreed, and then a howl of dismay escaped me. "I left my beanbag over there. I wanted you to see it."

"Lucy'll find it and bring it to you," said my mother.

NATURALLY my first word to Lucy the next morning was about the missing beanbag; she'd forgotten it and didn't act as if it mattered. "All right," I said. "If you don't want to give me back my beanbag I don't want you to come to lunch on Saturday."

Lucy was equally independent. "I couldn't come anyway. My mother's taking me in to the city to a matinee. She takes me every Saturday."

"If anybody takes you it'll be Miss Emerson," I said vengefully.

This was a blow below the belt. Lucy went into the sort of tantrum her mother had had the day before: she shrieked, she called me names I had never heard, varying from obscene to profane. We were led to Miss Zeigler in disgrace. Lucy said I had called her mother a liar. I maintained that I hadn't even mentioned her mother, I had only said, etc., etc., etc.—charge and countercharge, with Lucy in an ungovernable rage and I bewildered and angry, too, but firm in my innocence.

Miss Zeigler was as unamused as Queen Victoria. She sent us back to classes with orders not to speak to each other, and warned us impressively that another such disturbance would bar us both from her school forever. She added one of her inimitable touches: "To be expelled would darken your young lives..."

When I took the story home my mother promptly tackled Miss Zeigler by phone. I eavesdropped anxiously. "Now, Cora," said my mother briskly, "Amanda's not perfect, I know, but she's not a child to stir up trouble. That Williams brat, poor little soul, is a case for a psychiatrist and no wonder. Listen to what happened over there yesterday." She related the pitcher-smashing episode and omitted nothing. "So you see what it is: temperament, mother fixation, unnatural environment, neglect and so forth. And if you don't watch Lucy she'll wreck your school, for I'm not going to keep Amanda there if she's attacked again and you know very well other parents will feel as I do."

To me she said, "I don't think there'll be any more trouble, but if I were you, Amanda, I'd pick out another best friend."

That simply wasn't possible. In spite of our clash Lucy and I were drawn to each other irresistibly and soon were on good terms again. Lucy openly admired my spelling, geography and handicraft skill and I was fascinated with her themes. They usually concerned her mother and herself: How My Mother Saved Me from Drowning in Our Swimming Pool was one. Less dramatic was Stories My Mother Tells Me at Bedtime. How My Mother Took Me to London to See Princess Elizabeth, and What My Mother Gave Me My Last Birthday were particularly gaudy efforts. I didn't quite believe these stories but I didn't openly dispute their truth.

I didn't ride home with Lucy any more; my parents saw to that. And I wasn't invited to the Williamses' again, but finally I did renew my invitation to lunch at my home, and one Saturday she came.

She came in the big car. She was dressed in embroidered muslin with a wide pink sash. Her bangs were curled superbly and she was carrying, of all things, an exquisite little pink parasol. "What did you wear that stuff for?" I demanded. "You can't play all dressed up."

"My mother said it was probably a party and I ought to dress for it." Her eyes narrowed astutely and she asked my own mother, "Did you see the car I came in, Mrs. Dering?"

"No," said my mother. "I was out in the garden."

"That's too bad. My mother was in the car and she wanted to meet you. She was in a great hurry or she would have come in. She was on her way to a conference about her new play."

I waited until I got Lucy alone. "Your mother wasn't in that car," I said. "I saw you come."

"Yes she was," said Lucy. "She likes to sit way back. Lots of times people don't see her when she's with me."

I gulped, but let it go. "Well, put on some of my clothes," I said. "We'll play deck tennis."

At the table my father and mother were both very nice to Lucy. She put on airs and bragged a good bit but she ate a big lunch. "Everything tastes so good," she said. "Our cook left three days ago and we won't have a new one till tomorrow." She hesitated and then went on grandly. "My mother's been getting my meals because she's so particular about what I eat. She has the kitchen maid cook for everybody else."

It was a sad, transparent invention and my mother said, very gently. "That's very sweet of your mother, Lucy. I've been wanting to call on her but I know how busy she is. I heard she didn't want to be disturbed by visitors."

Lucy paled with rage. "I guess Miss Emerson told that around. It's not so. Don't you believe a word Miss Emerson says. My mother loves visitors."

Well, that one blew over and Lucy and I played out the afternoon in amity, but when she was putting on her lovely dress to go home I couldn't help asking, "Is your mother coming for you?"

Lucy gave me a shrewd glance. "Of course she'll come if her conference doesn't last too long. It was a very important conference though."

I waited at the door with her. Miss Emerson came for her.

THE time was near when the Garden School put on its Parents Day. On that great occasion we held our classes under parental eyes, served our parents a special luncheon, offered to their indulgent inspection our simple arts and crafts, sang them some songs and saw them depart, with everyone concerned rather worn and weary, but happy.

The whole school was agog, fired by the thrill of a party and rampant young exhibitionism. My parents were both coming unless my father should be detained by important work, which, my mother twitted him, would be done on the golf course.

"Maybe," he chuckled. "After all, Cora Zeigler can't intimidate me."

"Is your mother coming?" I asked Lucy, not maliciously. I really wondered.

"Oh, she wouldn't miss it," said Lucy. "She's going to come early and stay for lunch and all afternoon."

Lucy was at school well ahead of time on Parents Day and so was I. Because Miss Zeigler wanted everything to be natural we were not allowed to dress up but we were certainly neater and more brushed than usual. We arranged our finger paintings and clay modeling and sewing on tables in the hall, cleaned up the messier places on our maps, tied new loops on our spelling letters—oh, we were in a true company state of best foot forward!

When our parents began to trickle in, we went on with our classes in a self-conscious dither.

The morning wagged away. It was nearly time for lunch and Cinnie Williams had not appeared. Lucy kept watching the door, peering through the serried ranks of the other parents, her pigtailed quivering with expectancy. And then, as we stood together as E and C respectively in that tricky word RECEIVE, we both saw Miss Emerson come in and go over to Miss Zeigler. In her usual loud, jovial voice she said, "I'm pinch-hitting for Mrs. Williams. Hope it's all right—it seemed too bad to have nobody here for Lucy."

Lucy darted out of the line. "You kept her from coming!" she cried. "I know you did. She promised she'd come. She promised!"

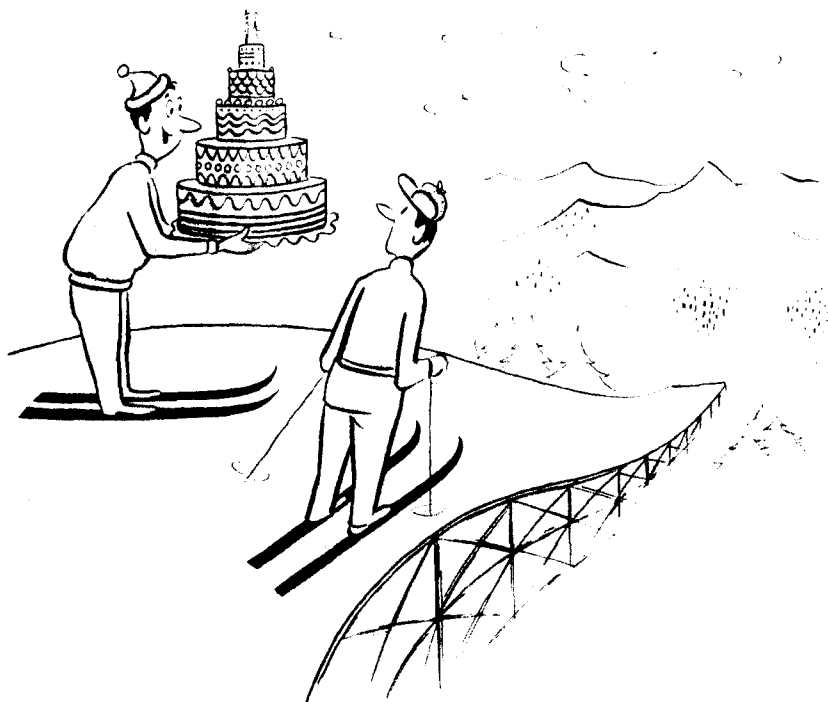
Miss Emerson was pitying and kind. "Now, honey, you know how it is. Something came up about the play and she couldn't make it. She was going to come, sure—"

"I don't want you! I want my mother!" screamed Lucy. "I don't believe a word you say! You wouldn't let her come!"

Miss Zeigler handed Lucy over to Miss Arens who led her out with some difficulty for Lucy kicked and yelled hysterically. Miss Emerson tried to help, but Lucy kicked her anklebone so viciously that she gave a loud "Ouch!" and sat down abruptly. She blurted out to Miss Zeigler, "That child's got a crazy notion in her head that I try to keep her away from her mother, but the truth is Cinnie just won't be bothered with her and I'm the only person who looks out for her. Cinnie could've come today as well as not. Lucy's a bright child with a lot of promise, but she's never had a chance."

"I was afraid it was something like that," said Miss Zeigler.

Miss Emerson got up heavily, concern and grief drawing an odd mask on her plump features. "What should I do now?"



"Some guy's paying me a hundred bucks just to see this"

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SID GORDIN

Collier's for February 18, 1950



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HERBERT GOLDSTEIN, Hartford, Conn., produce business owner goes for "Calvert's richness and smoother flavor."



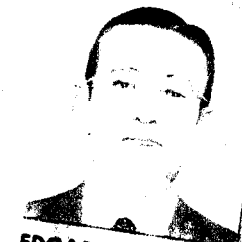
THEO. STURGEON, N. Y., writer, says, "You have to compare Calvert to appreciate its much finer quality."



KENNETH F. WENGER, Portland, Ore., optician, takes a wise view: "Calvert's best... that's why I always enjoy it!"



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FRED MAAS says, "Calvert's in a class by itself for taste and flavor!" He's a hunting ton, L. executive.



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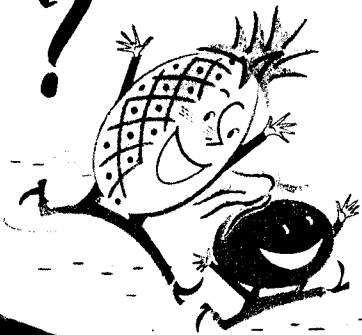
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Take her home? Go home myself? What d'you think's best? She's got me buffaloed."

Miss Zeigler decided that Miss Emerson should stay and went to talk to Lucy. Presently Miss Zeigler brought her back, red-eyed, glowing, dangerously quiet. As we prepared to serve lunch to our parents Miss Zeigler drew me aside and said, "Amanda, will you please serve Miss Emerson and let Lucy serve your mother?" So that's the way it was done, and Lucy whispered to me fiercely, "I said I'd dump the food on her head if they made me serve her. Old sneak! Wait till I get home and tell my mother."

AFTER that tragic Parents Day, Lucy lost interest in schoolwork. She simply wouldn't try to learn anything or give more than perfunctory attention to the teachers. She was subdued and thoughtful and did not talk so much about her mother. She must have been trying to plan a way to focus her mother's attention on her, something that would compel her mother to act her part. She had tried being good and industrious and making things to show her mother to please her. This hadn't worked, so now she must go another road. A child's heart and mind are simple and complicated at the same time. Since good works hadn't paid off, Lucy now tried crime.

It wasn't very bad crime, but presently through the school there rose complaints of vanished belongings. "My red pencil's gone out of my box!" and "Where's my new eraser?" "Where's my cap?" "Where's my drawing pad with my pictures in it?" "I had four pennies in my coat pocket and I can't find 'em." "My big handkerchief I wore over my head isn't on my hook."

Nothing, however, was stolen from Lucy. This was clue enough, but there were plenty of others for she wasn't clever about her filching. She wouldn't join with us to hunt for the missing articles; she watched us with a tense, remote look as if she were vaguely sorry for our anxiety but it didn't matter to her vitally. The whole school was disturbed, unhappy, poisoned by the unusual happenings. It came to a climax with the new collar my father had given me for Buttercup. I had proudly brought it to school to show and it vanished as it was passed from hand to hand. An accusing murmur rose among us: "Lucy had it last! Lucy had it last!" and finally, louder, sharper: "Lucy took it!" Miss Arens and Miss Zeigler appeared from nowhere and took charge. Joan Jackson, small but bold, piped up, "Lucy took Amanda's dog collar! She slipped it down her shirt."

Miss Zeigler was calm. "Come with me, Lucy, please, and you too, Amanda. Miss Arens, will you start a play song for the others?"

I with my head down, as though I were the culprit, and Lucy with her head up and eyes defiant followed Miss Zeigler. "Now, Amanda first. You brought your dog's collar to school? Why, dear?"

"It was new. I wanted to show it to everybody."

"Well, that was all right. And what became of it, do you know?"

I shook my head, not looking at Lucy. "I gave it to Joanie first—and she passed it around—and then—"

"Then it disappeared? Perhaps someone hid it for a joke. Did you do that, Lucy? Did you want to play a joke on Amanda?" "I don't know a thing about it," said Lucy.

This denial was too much for me. "It's not so! Look, Miss Zeigler, you can see it—right there over her stomach—it's a round ring—look—there it is."

Miss Zeigler looked. There in the front of Lucy's shirt the round of the collar showed all too plainly. "Give it to me, Lucy, please," said Miss Zeigler.

Lucy brought out the collar and flung it on the floor in one swift movement. "It wasn't a joke. I meant to keep it. I stole it."

"Lucy!" cried Miss Zeigler. "Oh, no!" "And I stole all the other things," declared Lucy passionately. "The pencils and the money and the caps and everything! I hid them, I've got them all, hid away."

I stood with my jaw hanging, horrified.

Lucy went on: "You send for my mother and I'll tell where I hid them. I won't tell where unless you send for my mother. I won't tell a word! Send for my mother!"

"Well—yes," said Miss Zeigler, talking to herself as much as to Lucy. "Yes, I think I really must send for your mother." And with that she turned to the phone.

She was too thrown out of her usual poise to tell me to go and so I stayed—and heard. It took time to get Mrs. Williams, time and persistence and a quality of sternness not usually evident in Miss Zeigler. "Tell Mrs. Williams she must come to the telephone," she said. "I will not talk to anyone else." And then when Mrs. Williams had at last been captured: "You must come to the school at once—at once! This is—this is"—she groped for a word—"this is desperate!"

Lucy had bent toward the telephone, trying to hear what her mother said. "Is she coming?" she cried, as Miss Zeigler put down the phone. "Is she coming?"

"Yes," said Miss Zeigler. "She is coming. Immediately." Lucy flushed with triumph and gave me a crowing sort of glance. "My mother's coming," she said, as if I didn't know it. Miss Zeigler glanced at me, too, and dismissed me. "Go back to your class, Amanda," she said, "and don't mention this to the others." For the first time since I had been her pupil Miss Zeigler did not add "please" to an order.

I was too shaken to go back to class. I sat down on the hall sofa and laid my head on its cushioned arm. I was still holding Buttercup's collar and I dumbly wished I had not told that I saw it in Lucy's blouse. Something terrible was afoot that I did not grasp but which I felt in all its tragedy.

IT WAS only ten or fifteen minutes I suppose when a car came furiously up to the door and two women got out and hurried in. One of them fell on her knees beside me, caught me close—my own mother. "Amanda," she cried, trembling. "Darling, darling, what's the matter?"

The other woman stood irresolute. It was Miss Emerson, not Mrs. Williams.

"Where's Lucy?" she asked and I pointed toward the closed door. Miss Emerson went right in and we heard Lucy's frenzied shriek of disappointment and frustration. "I want my mother! I want my mother! I don't want you!"

My mother was beside me now, sort of feeling me all over, reassuring herself that I had no broken bones. "What is it, darling? Miss Emerson burst in and said something had happened to you and Lucy. Are you sick? Did you have a fall or anything? She scared me silly."

There she was, security, safety, my refuge, my loving ally, heaven to a child's wretchedness. I clung to her. "I love you, I love you," I said over and over. "I love you, Mother. I love you."

"I love you too, darling; I love you all the time, every minute, every second, day and night, my precious, my lamb." Those were the names she called me when I was tiny and I had begged her to stop because it made me seem such a baby. I heard them now with rapture.

I managed to stammer out the story as Lucy's heartbroken sobbing went on beyond the door. "Miss Zeigler told her mother to come. Lucy wanted her mother!"

"And she sent Miss Emerson!" said my mother. "Oh, my God, she ought to be whipped! She's a bad mother!"

There's little more to this story. Lucy never came back to school after that day and we heard that the Gault house was empty and Mrs. Williams had gone to Hollywood. Everyone knows how the daughter of Cinnie Williams—writer of so many smart comedies and triangle farces—had a brief but promising film career, though she never appeared in any of her mother's screen plays.

And now Lucy is to be a mother herself and she says she will make it a full-time job. I wonder.

THE END

Collier's for February 18, 1950

Why I Had to Step Aside

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

up as a small advisory agency, with no administrative powers or responsibilities. It was not to gather its own facts or rely exclusively on its own interpretations, but to synthesize data from many agencies in government and in private business. Its task was to bring this data into focus for use by a greatly overworked and heavily pressured President.

This exacting job was to be done by three men "who, as a result of training, experience and attainments" were "especially qualified" to analyze and interpret economic developments, appraise government programs and activities, and formulate and recommend national economic policy.

A Letter to the President

When Mr. Truman asked me to become chairman of the newly established Council of Economic Advisers, I first tried to see what kind of a council was expected or desired. After our initial discussion I wrote to the President, outlining my view of the council's role. I said I saw no need for it to become in any way involved in the rival beliefs and struggles of different political and economic factions. I added that, if this statement correctly interpreted the act and reflected his hopes and purposes for the council, the position offered me was one of unparalleled opportunity as well as responsibility, and one to which I would give my most loyal service. Mr. Truman at that time expressed agreement with my interpretation.

In my more than three years on the council, my troubles stemmed entirely from the interpretation placed on qualifications for council membership and from the way council members interpreted the general instructions laid down in the act. In the end, I felt I had to step aside because I had become convinced that the Council of Economic Advisers could not, under present circumstances, be operated as the professional and nonpolitical agency I had supposed was called for by the Employment Act of 1946.

The impasse which led me to feel that I

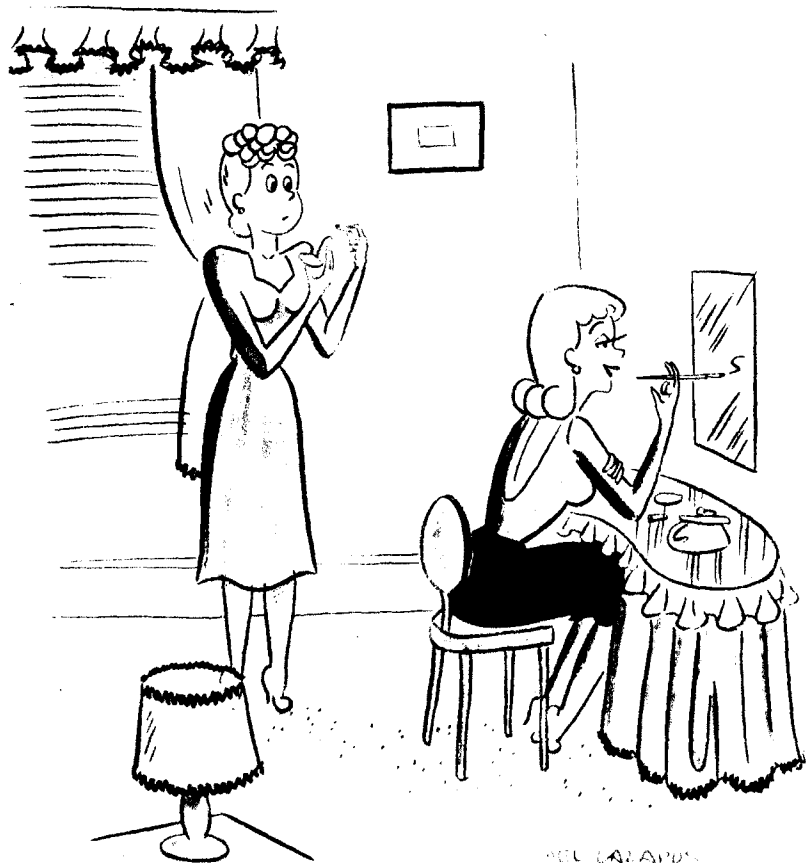
had to step aside began to develop early. When I accepted the post of chairman I was entirely unacquainted with either Mr. Leon H. Keyserling or Dr. John D. Clark, the other members. As we got down to work, it became evident that both my colleagues conceived the role of the council as one of much more active participation in the political process by which policies are carried out than I did.

I had stated my idea of our duties in a paper read before the American Economic Association in late January, 1947, under the title Economics in the Public Service. I disavowed the idea that we were "the three Wise Men of Economics standing at the President's elbow" to give him pontifical answers to every economic problem as it arose.

Instead, I said, we should undertake to show him the agreements and disagreements among qualified economists and experienced business, labor and agricultural leaders and the grounds on which these disagreements arise. We should tell him briefly and simply which courses of action we, individually or collectively, believe promised best results for the national welfare. My paper concluded: "When we have brought this sort of material to the President's desk, we shall have discharged our responsibilities under the act as I conceive it."

That paper was called to the President's attention, with this passage specifically pointed out. He later said he had read it with approval. But our council discussions soon made it clear that neither of the other members would have stated our role in any such terms. Instead of marshaling pros and cons for the President's consideration and analyzing probable consequences of alternative policies or actions, they were emphatic that the council should come to the President with a single definite policy recommendation and do our best to "sell" him on it. After he had bought it—or taken a different policy line—they thought the council should be prepared to testify on the President's policy if asked to do so by the Congress.

One member insisted strongly, and the



"I've been fortunate in having had four successful marriages!"

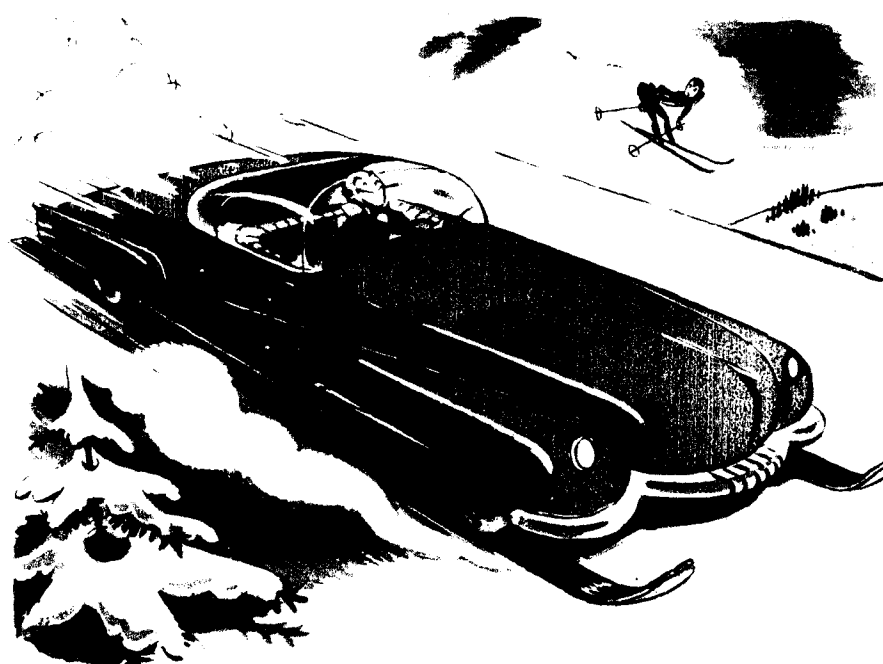
COLLIER'S

MEL LAZARUS



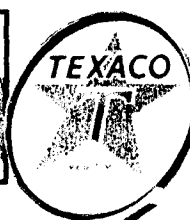
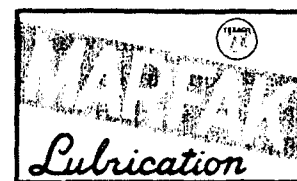
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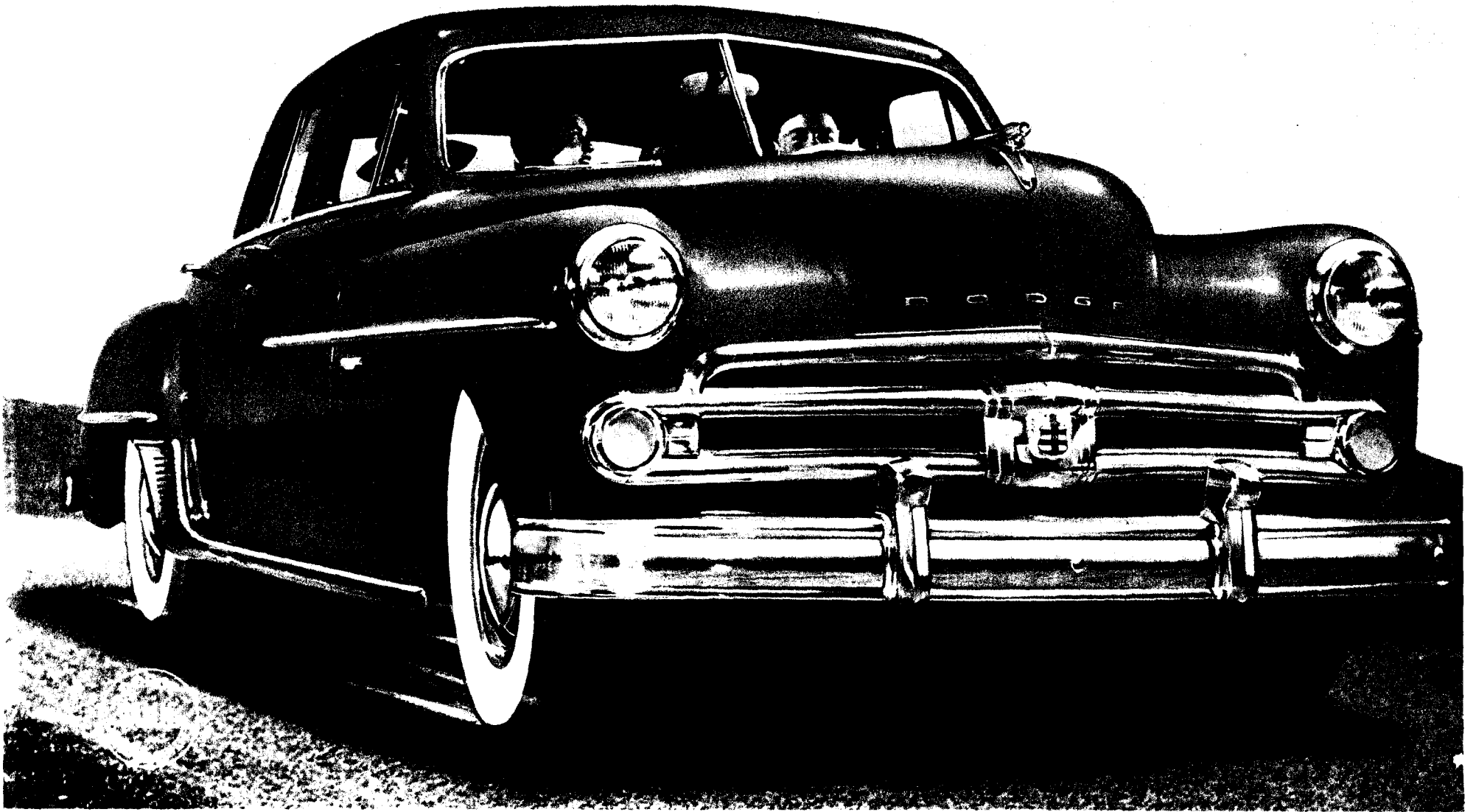
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other more or less acquiesced, that a three-man council must follow a "majority rule," certainly as to operational matters such as the council's role and scope of activities and, hopefully, even as to economic views. I did not feel that the council could or should be expected always to come to agreement. Since actual agreement was impossible and formal agreement was demanded, both omission and verbal subterfuges were resorted to in order to produce documents to meet deadlines. Subsequently, a member could claim that his pet idea was still there by implication.

It was also argued that it was fruitless, if not improper, for us to draft analyses and expositions whose conclusions varied with the President's known and publicly stated beliefs and intentions. My answer was: "We are not here to take our economics from the President. We are here to bring him the best thinking that economic training and enlightened business experience (including labor and agriculture) have to offer. If any one of us believes the course he is following or proposing is harmful to the best interests of the economy, it is his duty to keep saying so (privately to the President) and to make as clear as possible to him the reasons for our concern."

In the first two years of the council, our difficulties were somewhat minimized by the fact that the reports published were explicitly Economic Reports of the President and appeared in his name. No separate statement appeared over the signatures of the council. Even so, there were gentlemanly brawls around our council table in which I was accused of "running out on the President" because I insisted on holding to reservations or dissents I had originally expressed, but which had been removed or stultified in the devious literary process ending under the editorial pencil of the White House staff.

In the first two years, there was considerable criticism of the President's Economic Reports as being infused with politics. Presumably this infusion occurred after documents of "pure economics" had been given him by the council. The President was peculiarly sensitive to this charge as the campaign of 1948 got under way.

He urged me very strongly, therefore, to have the council present a report of its own in conjunction with the Midyear Economic Report of the President.

Disquieting Possibilities

My colleagues were delighted at this proposal. I finally acquiesced, although with great misgivings. I felt that either the document signed by the council would be so written as to support the President's program, whatever that might be, or that the public would note real or alleged discrepancies between the council's analysis and his recommendations and thus embarrass the whole relationship between the council and the President.

The midyear report of 1948 contained a separate "Review of the Economic Situation" over the signatures of the council. I tried to have it limited to a factual statement and objective analysis, with no policy recommendations, thus preserving the principle that the council is not itself a policy-making agency. By dint of what I called persistence and others called "stubbornness" and "overreaching the chairman's prerogatives," I had the Review's concluding section limited to an examination of the issue between inflation and stabilization rather than devoted to the argument that inflationary dangers demanded the reimpo-

sition of price and other economic controls. The situation was made somewhat delicate by the fact that presentation of the midyear report had been postponed until after the Democratic National Convention so that it would not seem a political document designed to influence the country and the delegates.

But when Mr. Truman made his acceptance speech to the convention at two o'clock on the morning of July 15th, he announced that he would call a special session of Congress to enact a rather specific program of controls. Thus he "scooped" himself on his forthcoming Economic Report. When that report appeared, on July 28th, the President's statement was limited to five pages of general policy on the theme "A Time for Action," followed by a page-and-a-half excerpt from his message to the special session on July 27th. This presented an "eight-point program," which ran from an excess-profits tax to "price control for scarce commodities."

General public comment was that the

itself to observing that "attention should be given to the possibility" that allocation controls might be needed and that "selective price controls also call for consideration" as well as "special measures (that) may be needed to stimulate the increase of capacity and production."

But the legislative recommendations in the President's report went somewhat further than mere "consideration." He asked for selective price control authority and for measures which would "remedy shortages of supply in certain critical areas so serious as to impede maximum production in an expanding economy and to limit programs related to national security."

Provision for Future Needs

He concluded that "immediate legislation . . . should impose upon the government specific responsibility and provide the funds to make careful surveys of future supply needs and productive capacity . . . at maximum employment, production and purchasing power. To the extent that facts reveal the need, it should provide additional authority to deal more adequately and effectively with inadequacy of capacity and supply."

Out of these recommendations there promptly came the Spence bill. That bill provided for promotion of production and supply, priorities and allocations, price control and decontrol, and "the adjustment of wages, salaries or other benefits through collective bargaining." It was widely hailed by those who believed in it as a new action program by government to carry the Employment Act into effect. Those who feared this bill branded it as the opening wedge to nationalization of industry and eventual state socialism.

Certain members of the council and its staff lent their support to the Spence bill. They not only helped draft it, but gave assurance that it was in line with the council's findings of fact and its private recommendations to the President. Such a course was not justified by any council understanding, but this could not be made clear in view of the peculiar circumstances. It might be all very well in the political

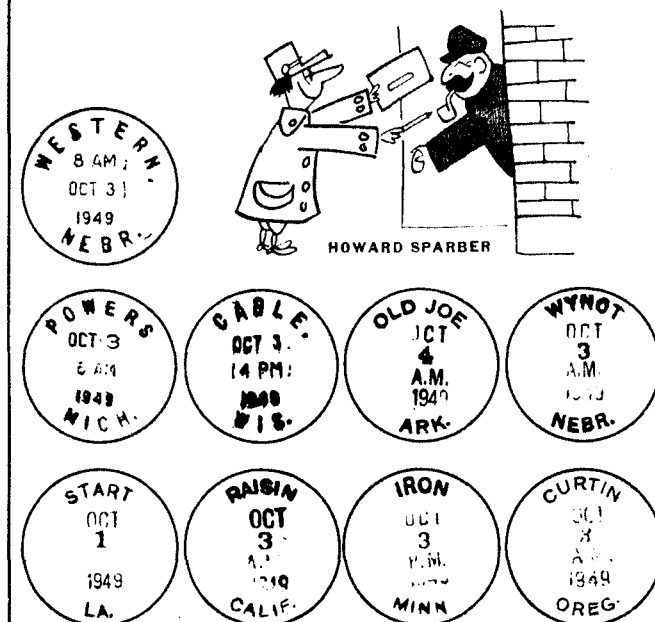
game of a party administration to have a bill of uncertain parentage go to the Congress without specific Presidential sponsorship, be used as a trial balloon and abandoned when that seemed expedient (as was done). But for members of the council, unofficially and somewhat surreptitiously, to give such a measure a cloak of council approval created an impossible situation for the chairman of the council.

February, 1949, saw the first real showdown between the political and the economic interpretations of the council's role. The President had several times told us: "You bring me the economics of the question. I'll take responsibility for making the political judgments and final decisions." I was content to obey this directive, but other members of the council were not willing to terminate their activities at this point. They were not content to wait for the council to win prestige and usefulness based solely on professional competence, mature judgment, practical realism and a stubborn refusal to let economic judgment be warped by political considerations. They wanted to advance philosophies or causes for which they had a personal enthusiasm.

One said: "People who were interested in seeing me attain a place on the council are chiding me for my ineffectiveness, now I am here."

The most direct and dramatic means of gaining such personal influence was, of course, to go before a Congressional com-

Picture Postmarks



FROM E. KROGER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Council's Review, presented separately in the report, was factual and objective. But it was also commented that the President's program for the special session did not logically follow from our analysis. Thus the division of the document into two parts with separate responsibilities did not allay the charge of "politics," but sharpened it.

It was at this time that I definitely broke with the practice of trying to arrive at single, unified statements of the council's views in private documents prepared for the President's guidance. Sometimes I would merely append a dissenting opinion. Sometimes, if my views basically differed from my colleagues', I would submit a separate document with my own evaluation of the available facts, or if the facts were agreed on, indicating the logic by which I had arrived at a different recommendation.

Developments in connection with the third annual Economic Report of the President, on January 7, 1949, caused the council's position to deteriorate still further. The special session had not enacted the President's eight-point program, and there was every indication it would be reintroduced in the new Congress. There was a strong move to add to this program specific proposals that the federal government take steps to enlarge industrial capacity, notably steel, on the theory that inflationary danger stemmed from a persistent shortage of industrial output.

The Council's Review at this time limited

mittee in active support of the President's program.

This question had not arisen sharply when the first Economic Report of the President went to the Congress in January, 1947. But in January, 1948, it was proposed that I appear on Capitol Hill to argue in support of the President's economic program. When I demurred, several members of the Cabinet agreed with me that this was not appropriate for the chairman of a professional and nonpolitical body. They recognized that the council has a unique role within our frame of government, which calls for a detachment from active political affairs comparable, in its way, to that of the Supreme Court.

The Employment Act of 1946 made this nonpolitical role of the council as clear as possible without actually forbidding legislative activities by council members. At the same time it set up in the Congress an entirely distinct machinery for carrying the purpose of the act into legislation. This is "a Joint Committee on the Economic Report," composed of seven Senators and seven Representatives, instructed to make its own "continuing study of matters relating to the Economic Report." For this purpose it has both committee funds and the extensive "legislative reference service" of the Library of Congress. Thus it is entirely unnecessary for the committee to draw the council over into the inevitably political atmosphere of the Congress.

Such a course is also mischievous and fatal to the council's unique character as a

ness and that of the council itself would be seriously impaired, if not destroyed.

My colleagues kept insisting that I took much too restricted a view of the council's function, and that I was hampering its usefulness and lowering its place in public esteem. I was told that we should not merely contribute material for the President's use in formulating his economic policies, but that we should go on to play an important part in effectuating those policies in the Congress and through the public, on the cheerful assumption that the President always followed our (not unanimous) advice or that we were prepared to accept his decision, whatever it might be.

This view was also shared by some, though not all, members of the Joint Committee on the Economic Report. When Senator Taft was chairman of this committee, I explained my view to him and he refrained from requesting either my appearance or that of other council members. The President had said that he would not urge me to appear, since I felt such activity improper. Nor would he dissuade the other members if they wished to appear.

Message Precisely Worded

Senator O'Mahoney became chairman of this committee in January, 1949, with the change of party control in the Congress. On February 4th, he wired me the first formal request for the council to appear before the committee. The message was worded with notable precision. He asked us to appear "to develop and amplify those major analyses and findings in the Annual Economic Review of current problems and prospective trends and developments which accompanied the President's report." However, anyone of normal political sophistication would realize in advance that the question of whether our analyses justified the President's recommendation would arise at every stage of the discussion.

The Senator's telegram arrived after I had left Washington for a long-standing speaking engagement in New York. On my return I at once wrote him:

"I understand that Mr. Keyserling and Mr. Clark freely and gladly accepted your invitation to appear before the committee. If I had been here, I would have had, in good conscience, to ask that I be excused.

"I think you are aware . . . of my belief that this agency cannot, over the years, discharge its function effectively and without embarrassment either to the chief executive or to council members if it is drawn out of the executive office into the political atmosphere of Capitol Hill . . . I would strongly regret being put in a position where my testimony could be used to embarrass or weaken the position of the President."

The presentation before the Joint Committee, chiefly by the vice-chairman of the council, stressed the imminence of inflationary dangers. This made the council not a little ridiculous, since, by that time the problem to be faced was the onset of recession. The President's program had been framed in the latter part of 1948, when it was still possible to be worried about inflation. But even then, there had been evidences of a reversal of trend; this was clearly noted in the Council's Review, but was underplayed in the preparation of the President's program.

Instead of appearing publicly in support of a Presidential policy already made obsolete by the march of events, all members of the council should have been diligently weighing the significance of the latest recessionary developments and privately advising the President as to revisions of policy that would square with the new facts.

This episode is a striking example of how active participation in the process of political persuasion will corrupt the council's performance of its duties in the sphere of economic analysis.

During the time of the Joint Committee hearings I was on the Pacific Coast, fulfilling speaking engagements, business and academic, arranged long before. There, and after my return, I began to hear rumors that

Botanical Reflection, on Gazing into Hattie Carnegie's Window

Roses are blue,
Violets are red,
When made up right out of
A milliner's head.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

staff arm on which the President could rely for politically disinterested or colorless analysis and advice. If a member of the council exposes himself to merciless questioning in the political and partisan atmosphere of Capitol Hill, he faces a dilemma of a sort intolerable to an economist of professional training and scruples. Shall he accept the role of economic attorney and, by rhetorical agility, make the most plausible case he can for someone he serves as mouthpiece? Such following of the "party line" would be not only repugnant to professional standards, but also self-defeating in the case of anyone who had previously contributed to serious economic literature.

It is quite unthinkable that the President would always follow the economic philosophy of such a council member; and, in supporting the President, the council member would be liable at an awkward moment to be trapped by some well-read congressman who would confront him with contrary views he had expressed in private life.

On the other hand, if a council member stated his honest conviction that a policy espoused by the President was, in his judgment, economically unsound, this would be exploited by political opponents as evidence of stupidity or of willingness by the President to subordinate economic soundness to political advantage. Such an episode or series of episodes would embarrass and strain future relations between council and President.

I, for one, have been unwilling to stultify myself and my profession by arguing for positions I could not honestly support. I have been equally unwilling to appear debating, criticizing, and in effect tearing down the policies espoused by my chief—for whatever reasons. The moment such a situation were allowed to arise, my useful-

Collier's for February 18, 1950

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The advertisement features a large, detailed illustration of an Esterbrook fountain pen in the foreground, angled diagonally. Behind it, several smaller images show different pen models, each with a corresponding point style (e.g., ballpoint, rollerball, fountain) and a small diagram of the point. A small box labeled 'Esterbrook' is also shown. Text on the right side of the ad lists prices: 'Matched Pen and Pencil Set \$4 and up' and 'Fountain Pens \$2 to \$3.50'.

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I had resigned or was about to do so. Reporters inquiring at the White House were told: "Just the routine resignation such as many officials submitted at the opening of the new Presidential term."

My resignation had been handed to the President on December 14, 1948, and was intended to be taken seriously, not as a mere gesture to protocol. As I pondered the meaning of the November election returns and noted the reaction of my fellow members, I became convinced that my departure from the council was only a matter of time—a very short time. In my letter to the President, I reiterated my deep concern that the council "become established on a high professional plane, with its members not subject to the vicissitudes of politics but retained or replaced solely on the grounds of their qualifications as objective economists."

The fact that this interpretation had not been accepted and observed had made my work as chairman so difficult, and the internal tensions so great that I expressed a wish "to be relieved at a not too distant date." I would defer my going until I had completed any "duties or responsibilities in connection with your forthcoming Economic Report."

The President responded, neither orally nor in writing, to my December resignation. I discussed the difficulties of my situation with Dr. John R. Steelman, Assistant to the President, on two or three occasions but did not press the matter for some eight months. Circumstances made it apparent that this was no time for anyone in the executive office "to rock the boat."

The program of anti-inflation controls included in the President's Economic Report in January of last year, his call for \$4,000,000,000 of new taxes, and the alarm caused by the section of the Spence bill providing for government action to enlarge steel and other industrial plant capacity had now to be considered against a background of rising unemployment, falling production and lower prices. It was obvious that everyone concerned for our economic welfare should stand by to give all the aid he could.

For the council this meant having the best possible Council Review and Mid-year Economic Report of the President.

Trends Evaluated in Report

I therefore did all I could to quiet the talk of my resignation and to prepare a council evaluation of trends which would have greatest guidance value for the President. When the midyear report appeared, the reactions of informed persons made me feel that this end was measurably accomplished.

One other task remained. On July 1st, at a meeting of various major department heads in the Cabinet room, the President handed me a letter requesting a council critique of the economic impact of budget ceilings being considered for the fiscal year 1951. As the council undertook the drafting of this document, it became glaringly evident that no common ground for evaluation of fiscal policy existed between us. Hence, I set about drafting my own independent analysis. Without waiting to complete this task, I decided that the time had arrived for me to seek early acceptance of my resignation.

August 9, 1949—third anniversary of our swearing-in ceremony—seemed a fitting date for raising the matter again with the President. Referring to my letter of resignation of December, 1948, I urged as much speed as possible in the selection of my successor.

On September 9th, I renewed my request . . . "I have not had any direct response from you to my letter (of August 9th), but Mr. Steelman informed me on August 11th that the only question which would be involved was that of timing of the announcement of my retirement. He said you desired to name my successor at the same time that you announced my resignation. You could thus avoid pressure on behalf of persons whom you would not care to con-

sider for appointment. In accordance with this suggestion, I have not mentioned my pending retirement even to my colleagues on the council. This has caused delay in organizing our program of work and our staff arrangements between now and the Economic Report in January. My relations are rendered ambiguous also with reference to Mr. Pace and budget discussions. If the work of the council is to be kept from serious demoralization (these men should know) that I shall be leaving not later than November 1st."

This matter proved one of the best-kept secrets of recent Washington experience. It was not until the morning of October 17th that the story appeared in print and then obliquely, through a commentator's column, rather than directly, as a news release.

By coincidence, I was addressing a trade association group at the Mayflower Hotel the following day on a program that had as its theme "The March of Progress." Speak-

hung on at my office till nearly midnight on both Saturday and Sunday nights of one of the hottest, most humid bouts of Washington summer. On several occasions over the preceding two years, I had seen the physical and nervous breaking point too close ahead for me to feel that I could, under existing conditions of work, risk the strain of another annual report.

I would gladly have taken that risk if it had appeared that such a gamble on my part would be offset by a reasonably good prospect of being able to make any really effective contribution to sounder economic policy. I felt deeply that this is a serious juncture in the history of our country—looked to now as the bulwark of a free world. But I knew that the chance of effectiveness had gradually fallen near zero.

At various times, one of them as late as the summer of 1949, the President had expressed a courteous regard for the labors of the council. When we handed our final

that I submitted a separate analysis. In handing these memoranda to the President, I suggested that the majority view be stated first. I then commented that I felt that that memorandum gave an unduly complacent view of moderate deficits, soon to be followed by comfortable surplus.

I said I could not derive any such confidence from a reading of the discernible facts and foreseeable trends. I thought the President was being encouraged into taking inflationary short cuts, which give us a superficial short-term prosperity but which seemed to me to carry unwarranted risks for the longer, but not very distant, future.

Deficit Spending Defended

The President said he would read both memoranda with care. But we never heard anything further from him. However, when I read his Pittsburgh address of last September 5th, it seemed to me a very clear reply not alone on the fiscal issue but on almost the whole of national economic policy. Deficit spending was depicted as only a "scare word" to "turn the American people against the programs which the people want and need." I quote:

"The selfish interests [a phrase repeated 22 times in the speech] say we can't afford these programs during a boom because that would be inflationary. They say we can't afford them during a recession because that would be deflationary. They say we can't afford them during a war because we are too busy with defense, and we can't afford them in time of peace because that would discourage business. So according to the selfish interests, we never can afford them. But the truth is—we can't afford *not* to put these programs into effect. We can afford them, we ought to have them, and we will have them."

It seemed to me a casting to the winds of any economic analysis of the intricate process by which the several segments of a total economy can be helped into workable balance and sustained high production. In its place I seemed to discern a highly political and dangerously inflationary economic program.

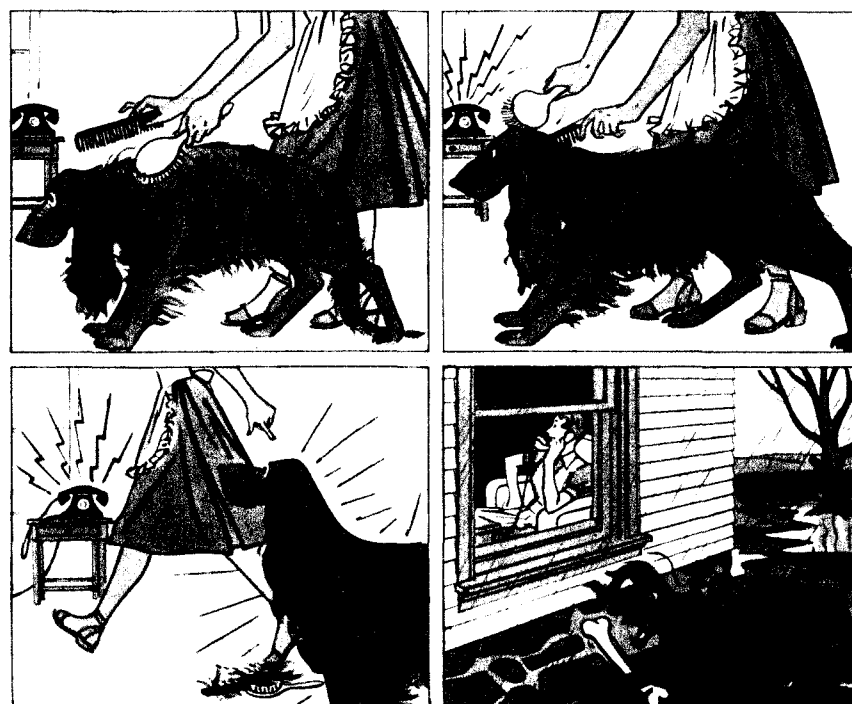
I view this as a menace to our American hope of making free competitive enterprise produce continuing abundance within a framework of free government. And since my position as chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers gave me no opportunity to do anything effective to bring economic analysis honestly to bear on the merits of these pressing issues, I was glad that the day of my retirement had already been set.

I left the council deeply disappointed over a purpose not fully accomplished, but stubbornly hopeful for the future. It will take time for successive Presidents to learn how to use a nonpolitical advisory staff agency effectively. It will take time for successive council members to learn how to bring the most competent and realistic analysis of economic problems simply and effectively to the President's aid.

A position on the council of Economic Advisers should come to be regarded as the highest recognition to which any economist can aspire after he has risen to mature stature in the profession. Choice should not fall so much upon the most brilliant theorists, as upon men wise in the realities of current business organization and behavior, capable of recruiting and directing an able staff and of drawing effectively upon the wisdom and co-operation of businessmen and administrative officials. Most of all, council members must be above and beyond the temptation to make economic rationalization serve any predetermined conclusion or policy.

THE END

CLANCY



COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

ing from the economic side, I reviewed the enormous potentialities for progress within our grasp and then expressed concern lest policies and practices being followed in private and in public areas might seriously impede that progress. My speech had been written some days in advance, and I was completely surprised when the belated story of my resignation broke the day before this meeting. The fact that the news was out did not infuse any added feeling into what I said on this occasion. Nor did it occur to me that I should withhold or modify my prepared paper. The press, however, seized upon my speech as either a "parting shot" to relieve my mind after I was out, or as an indiscreet utterance which caused prompt acceptance of a resignation which otherwise I might have been urged to withdraw. The facts as here cited make it clear that neither interpretation was correct.

In fairness to the job, I had felt I could not press for acceptance of my resignation during the first half of 1949. But, in fairness to myself, I could not defer it longer than the autumn. After the age of sixty-six, this sort of thing takes a heavy toll. While the midyear report was in preparation, I

draft of analyses and suggestions to Mr. Truman, his almost unvarying formula was: "I'll take this home with me (or on the Williamsburg) and read it with great care. Then we can discuss it further." But never—from the first annual report of January, 1947, to the third midyear report of 1949—did such a discussion materialize.

To be sure, the President's course often substantially paralleled our recommendations. We could beguile ourselves with the thought that our labors had borne fruit. But on no occasion did the council have so much as a single hour's time in which we could sit down with the President to answer any question that arose in his mind, clarify data, or examine alternative courses and probable consequences. We learned of his final policy decisions through an assistant or an assistant to an assistant on the White House staff. "Arm's-length bargaining" has become a phrase of frustration in the business world. Our position might be called "arm's-length economic advising."

On the last council assignment in which I took part—a memorandum on the economic impact of budget ceilings proposed for 1951—differences of view were so basic

Next Week

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examine. Mrs. Jones. What an anonymous sort of name. No character. No anything. Not even a Mary or a Susan attached to give her place and identity.

He glanced toward her and then wished he hadn't. He could not seem to withdraw his glance. The fire cast a light directly on the dead woman's face, giving it something like color, but not taking away the pinched, starved look. Mrs. Jones. Not one of the natives or the sheriff's wife would have given her more of a name. Some city woman who had a summer place here, probably, like himself. Mrs. Jones. Authentic farmwomen didn't wear tweed suits, even worn, shabby ones like this woman's.

Why the devil doesn't he get here? he thought. But only five minutes had passed.

A CHILL shook him, though the fire was hot on his back. This was only the ugly end of an ugly day, part and parcel of it. He had not expected this and yet was not surprised at it because it fitted the day. Then he saw a ring on the woman's hand. It had a big green stone but he knew it was not an emerald, and the green stone was surrounded by small showy brilliants which he did not think were diamonds. It looked a cheap though showy ring, out of place on the thin hand, yet meaning something. It was queer, a woman so shabby, with those scuffed brown shoes, wearing a showy ring like that. The ring caught the firelight and seemed suddenly alive, eerily alive on the dead cold hand.

I ought to have called the state police, he thought. But he knew these local fellows were jealous of their prerogatives.

There was a shift in the flames behind him and now the light left the ring and centered on the coil of neat braid over the woman's ear. His horror began to have a shape, began to be recognized. Just so his wife Missy wore her hair, though Missy's hair was a dull lifeless tan in tone. Just so had Missy worn her hair when he first knew her. And there was something else familiar: that pinched look of the nostrils—that was part of Missy's face too.

Mrs. Jones. Missy Tree. Mrs. Jones. Missy Tree. It was as if the old clock had come to life and begun ticking the names into his mind. Mrs. Jones. Missy Tree. Mrs. Jones. Missy Tree.

The whole ugly day, his whole frustrated unsatisfactory life flowed into the room—into this room, where he had always known privacy, pleasure, release. Into this room, too, had come death, tainting everything, destroying his last citadel.

"It is not my fault," he said. "God knows, it is not my fault!" He was not talking about the woman's death but about that other death that had been inside him all day.

In some wicked way the whole day had conspired to make it seem it was his fault. Yet all these years he had tried to have it different. He had tried, he said over and over to himself. He became aware that he was staring at the dead woman and he looked quickly down at the wide boards of the floor, at the edge of the Indian rug, remembering . . .

He had gone this morning into the room he shared—if it could be called "sharing"—with Missy. She was wandering aimlessly about in her vague, familiar way. There was nothing to do, because the house was run efficiently and everything was tidy and dustless.

"What are you doing?" he'd demanded.

She stopped and put her hands behind her in that timid way that was so unnecessary and irritating. They were going over to Job Winter's place for a late breakfast. It was the way of the country neighborhood where they lived.

"I don't know what to wear," she said.

"Wear? Good heavens! Wear what you've got on. It doesn't matter."

Unquiet Day

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"I always wear the wrong thing," she said, in that thin, small, despairing voice.

He gave her unlimited leeway on accounts, or he had for years now. She could have all the clothes she wanted. Yet it was true—she always wore the wrong thing.

"Well, you can't change now. It's time to go," he said.

She turned and looked at herself in the mirror. She had on a green wool dress that ought to have suited her, with her fair hair and all, but he could see her image, somehow sallow and overdressed, in the mirror; he could see her eyes recognizing the fact that she was all wrong. Then he saw her fingers move to the leather box on the dressing table, pick out the big pin, the amethyst surrounded by pearls, hold the pin up to her throat with the anxiety of one who feels she must somehow make things better, begin to fasten it on with thin, nervous fingers.

"No!" he said. He knew he had spoken sharply, and he regretted it at once. But how could she have, going out to breakfast? Why couldn't she ever let well enough alone? She'd got a plain hat and put a feather on it. She'd got a decent evening dress of black and put some cerise lace on it somewhere.

Yet he was sorry. He had pitied her even when he'd been angry. He hated the way she took the pin off, let it lie, pin sticking up, on the table; he hated the way she turned toward him so reluctantly and said, "I'm ready." He could have wept for his pity, and yet he had been angry.

"You're not going to the guillotine, darling," he said.

"Why don't you go by yourself?" she asked wearily. "I could be helping Sandy with his lessons."

"Nonsense!" he said. He had never left her behind. He had never even wanted to, in spite of everything. "Sandy better get to standing on his own feet pretty soon—you can't hold him up forever. Did you speak to Mrs. Duckett about Mary?"

He shouldn't have asked that. He knew at once he shouldn't have asked that right then when Missy was already upset about the dress. He had seemed driven to ask it. But he had had this shocked feeling that Missy was going to lie to him. It had been a real shock, for Missy had never lied to him. But all she said was: "No. I—I haven't had a good chance." He had been relieved be-

cause she hadn't lied, almost as if the day had given him a reprieve.

But why hadn't she spoken? He hadn't demanded she fire the girl, though she had been taking money out of the change cup in the kitchen. He had just suggested she have a little talk with Mrs. Duckett, who was the cook and Mary's aunt. Missy couldn't possibly fire anyone, but this—couldn't she have done this? Or could she? By the time she mentioned the matter, if she ever did, the force would all have been drained from her, the right moment vanished, the girl used to getting away with petty thefts.

He hadn't nagged at Missy about Mary. When he went downstairs, Sandy sat at the table, eating breakfast alone. He was fifteen, weedy and anemic, and—yes, *furtive*. The last boy on earth John Tree would have expected to be his son. He'd grown too tall without any strength to match his length. He spent all his time at his microscope, but didn't seem to have any ideas, even about science. He avoided his father and ducked up to his room whenever he could. He was a day pupil in a country school near by. He had a book beside his plate and was reading it instead of eating. He hadn't seemed to see his father but had slid the book with a quick sly movement to his knees and begun on his egg.

I ought to have ignored him. I was edgy—I ought to have ignored him, John Tree thought now. But he had gone over and jerked the book off Sandy's lap. He had been bewildered then and he was bewildered now by the fact that the book had been only a textbook of Cicero's Orations. Why had the boy *hidden* the book? "If you get any time left over from your arduous studies you might help Mr. Duckett rake some leaves," he'd said, and Sandy had just slid a glance toward him.

NOW John Tree's back began to feel cold. He turned, put some more wood on, then, without looking at the dead woman, he went to the door, opened it, listened for some sound of a car. But there was no sound. The damp cold hung silent over the night world. He shut the door quickly, went back to the fire. Perhaps he ought even now go call the state police. They'd get here. How had she died? She looked almost as if she'd fallen asleep, but he didn't think she had. Her lips, thin and straight, had a blue, bloodless look. Sleeping pills, probably. The

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coil of braid was suddenly the coil of a snake and he hated it for its likeness to the coils over Missy's ears. A silly, romantic way, for a woman to wear her hair.

As if a ghost walked on the grave of his past, and with his eyes still on the pinched, tired skin of Mrs. Jones's face, he saw Missy's face as it had been when he first knew her. Fragile, lovely, her hair lighter and softer, very appealing in the coils on either side of her small face. "I'm going to cut my hair. The first thing I do after I'm married," she said.

"Don't cut it—don't ever cut it, Missy darling. I love it just this way," he'd said.

He felt a moment of confusion, of something like fear. Something was interfering with his logical building up of the day's sequences, with his case. Yes, it was like a case, as if he stood at a bar. Perhaps that was because of the dead woman, this Mrs. Jones, who had met death strangely. The mind made legal parallels. He pulled his mind back to this morning . . .

MISSY and John had started out in the car for Job Winter's place. "I wonder," he had said, "if it wouldn't be better to send Sandy off to a different sort of school? He bothers me. He's secretive and I don't think he gets on at Tavistock. I must say I don't understand him. Here he was reading this book instead of eating his breakfast, and the minute I came in, he slid it under the table as if it were something forbidden. And it was only his Cicero book. You'd think I was an ogre—What makes him act like that? He's had everything he wanted all his life."

Missy clasped her hands in her lap. He could see how thin her hands were, how the knuckles stood out white with the tightness. But wouldn't that anger any man?

"It's Mr. Mickle," she said at last, but as if it were pulled out of her on the rack.

"Mr. Mickle? What are you getting at?"

"He's one of the masters—he's always reading at the table. Sandy likes him."

"Good Lord! Sandy's fifteen years old!" She shrank away toward the car door. But was it too much to expect of a boy fifteen, five feet, eleven inches tall, that he be past the age of silly crushes on masters, that he behave halfway like an adult? You'd have thought John was persecuting his own son.

They reached Job's place, went in. Job's wife was making waffles, for Job was at a low spot and they didn't have any help right now. That didn't matter—they were still darn' nice people. But right away Missy found a place in the corner as if she wanted to hide herself. Sarah Winter said, "Go look at the study wallpaper. I put it on myself!" So he went to look at the paper and he thought what a smart girl Sarah was, how competent. Several others came to join him, and Missy stood uncertainly among them, looking at the paper anxiously, not having any opinion, unable to express an opinion if she had one.

Then, without a word, she slipped away, back to her place in the corner. But Sarah, who was always kind, even if it was plain she thought Missy a nonentity, said, "Like it, Missy?"

And Missy said in her small scared voice, "No." Just that one word. Everyone looked at her in astonishment, and she got very white, with that pinched look at the nostrils. "You don't?" Sarah said, almost letting the waffles burn in her surprise. "I thought it was beautiful! Why don't you like it?"

He had laughed and said, "It takes Missy five years to get used to anything new. Don't disturb the *status quo*, that's my Missy!"

And everyone had laughed and let it slide, though Sarah frowned as she passed waffles and he saw her look at Missy a couple of times in an odd way. Missy wasn't dressed right. Oh, her dress was good enough. He'd helped pick it out. But the other women wore slacks and flannel blouses and she looked as if she were at an afternoon party. But he knew everyone well and he tried to cover up Missy's silences. He had always tried to cover up for Missy,

hadn't he? It was like breathing. He loved her, he wanted to be proud of her. She made it hard for him, darnably hard, because she just didn't seem to have any mind of her own.

Against his will a switch turned in his mind. He couldn't keep to the day, to this day, to this justification for anger and despair he was building up. He saw Aunt Lena, that small, ironlike woman who had brought up Missy, heard her say in that quiet voice that was yet so firm, "I wouldn't wear your brown coat, Missy. The gray one is more suitable for tonight."

He'd said, "Why do you do everything she says?"

"I don't know—I hate quarrels," she'd said. "I hate quarrels, John. They make me sick." It was true, it was true enough. He'd seen her face often enough over the years at times of tension. It became pinched, a little green-looking whenever there was a quarrel. But he'd never quarreled with her. You'd think he had, by the look she had sometimes, but he hadn't. Quite the contrary, he had smoothed things over whenever he could. Like this morning.

"Look," he said to the people at Job Winter's, "what's the age to get past those schoolboy obsessions? Sandy's got a crush on one of the masters, one with the incredible name of Mr. Mickle—makes me uncomfortable."

The rest laughed and began to tell about their children—but John noticed that none of them told about a son fifteen who posed as a scholar at the breakfast table because he adored a master who did the same. And Missy seemed to get smaller and whiter in her corner and said never a word. Impatiently, John got up and said he was sorry, but they had to run.

IN THE car Missy began to cry. She didn't cry much any more, but her eyes often had a washed-out look as if she cried in secret. "What in Heaven's name is the matter?" he demanded.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, but she went on crying. "Why did you come home?"

"I was fed up, that's all. You didn't want to stay, did you? You certainly didn't look as if you were having a good time."

"It wasn't because it was new," she said in such a small voice he could hardly hear her. "And they all know Mr. Mickle—you ought not to have done that to Sandy."

"Nonsense! They were all eager to tell about their own kids' neuroses! Why, you can say anything to that crowd."

"But you can't make fun of Sandy."

"I can't? A good laugh at him is just what he needs. He's a baby."

She was silent and he didn't turn to see whether she was still crying or not. But after a long time she said, "It hurts. It hurts so." She said it in a whisper, a whisper of pain. He was angry—angry all through him. He stopped the car.

"Look here," he said, "stop it. Stop sniveling right now. I can't stand it. Because you can't hold your own with Job's crowd, you needn't take it out on me. You haven't got a damned thing to cry about, and if you'd be honest you'd admit it. Why do you have to worry about everything so? I'm not going to coddle Sandy any longer—he's had too much coddling already. He's afraid of his own shadow. You'd think I was some kind of a sadist or something. I don't beat you, do I? What are you scared about? Come on now—stop it, try smiling once in a while."

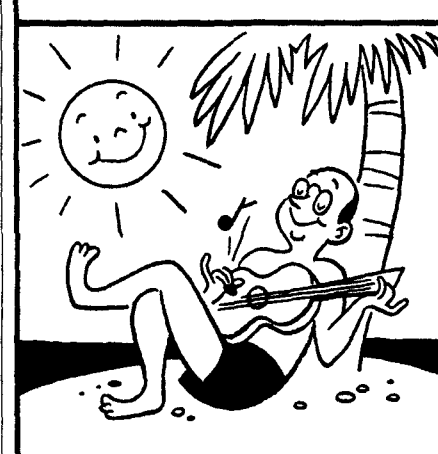
She gave a small, thin smile that was no smile at all, and he drove on, not satisfied, but feeling he had made his position at least a little more plain.

The word "sniveling" was a nasty word. He shouldn't have used that. But otherwise—hadn't he been patient, intelligent, logical? Hadn't he?

No one seemed to answer him and he sat there, very still, waiting for the answer, waiting for assurance that he had acted decently, not just irritably and childishly. There was more to the day, much more, but he couldn't go on till the answer came.

"I see," he said suddenly aloud. "I ought

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to have let her cut it." One side of his mind said that that was a foolish answer, the other that it was the whole, the honest answer. He did see, and the sight was a shock to him. She had known her own fears, that was it, and the cutting of her hair was going to be the symbol of her new courage. Aunt Lena had been a tyrant and every act of Missy's, almost every thought, had been submitted to Aunt Lena's will, because Missy didn't like to quarrel. She thought that marriage was the place she was going to have courage.

"But I've loved her—I haven't been a tyrant," he protested. "I *did* like her hair that way—then—it wasn't that I was trying to boss her." Then why don't you like it now? he asked himself with grim soberness. Because time changed you, changed your taste, because styles changed and you had to change with them, because—because—Why? Surely, that wasn't back of all this present frustration and anger and ugliness!

No, in the beginning it had been all right. She had been gay at first. It seemed as if they were always laughing back there in the beginning. Why did she stop laughing? It couldn't be because of her hair; it had never been mentioned. Somewhere she had stopped and turned into this scared little mouse. Why? . . . They had stood on a hill somewhere and surveyed the world and she said suddenly, "Oh, John, help me to be myself! You must help me!"

He put her hand up to his face and said, "But you are yourself, darling."

"Oh, no, John. I never have been. Never. Never. I could be—I will be—only help me."

He shivered, as if the cry: "Help me!" came from the woman on the couch. Or came from somewhere. Why did he remember that now, when he hadn't remembered it all these years? He hadn't even known what she'd meant. It had just been one of those overly emotional moments of the young, in love. But what had he ever done but help her? He'd still been helping her today, hadn't he? It was just that you got so tired of helping, of doing it all. It wasn't that he didn't love her and hadn't tried to help her always.

It had been all right in the beginning. Back there when they had laughed so much.

THEY'D had tough sledding those first few years, but it had been all right. She'd never complained, never once. Then he'd got going and never stopped. . . . That place over Helski's Bakery, with the cockroaches and the furnace that didn't work—she hadn't even minded that, though she'd come from Aunt Lena's elegant old house on Olcott Street and never had to work much. And when he hadn't even had a job for six months, she hadn't minded that. And that time when he'd started at Field's and Sandy'd been so sick. Night and day she'd been with Sandy, because John had to make good at the job, because there wasn't anyone else to help, because they couldn't afford anything else.

But she hadn't complained. And she'd never asked for anything, not clothes or jewelry or a fine house, not for anything. It was just—well, she couldn't seem to grow up with him. Hadn't he been glad to make good for her? Weren't the good clothes and the house—everything—for her? You'd think she wasn't glad he'd succeeded. That somehow success had bewildered her, stopped her growing up.

He'd had to do it all alone from the start. Maybe he'd made money too fast. He'd had it all to do, the making good, the buying of the house, the decorating of it, the buying of Missy's clothes, even the making of friends. But you'd think it was all something he'd done to hurt her. If you loved somebody—and, in spite of everything, he did love her—what you did was for her. He'd never thought of leaving her. He'd loved her and been bound to her, even when she made him the most angry. Abruptly, with a feeling of fright that seemed to cross the room to him from the still body of the dead woman, he remembered coming in and finding Missy having tea with that little

pedantic frump of a librarian, remembered laughing about the librarian after she'd gone.

With a jerk that was almost physical, he pulled his mind from those first days, came back to this day, this day that had gone from one ugliness to another, driving him here, to this cabin, to this woman who was through with all ugliness and pain, forever. But the coming back to today was hard, because he seemed to have been such a long way from today; and the quarrel, if you could call it a quarrel, had somehow changed its form, had edges that were not the sharp edges of the quarrel itself.

When they'd come in the door, Sandy was vanishing up the stairs.

"Sandy!" he shouted, more loudly than he had intended to. Sandy paused, but stood there, waiting to go on. "Come down here!"

For an instant he thought Sandy wasn't coming, then the boy turned and came slowly downstairs. He just stood there, not looking at his father.

"Look at me! Can't you look anyone in the eye?" John shouted.

Sandy looked at him then and there was no evasion. He looked at him as if he hated him, wholly and horribly. The look had been a shock, had thrown him off balance. But he had tried to be calm, sane.

"Sandy," he said. "I'm going to take you out of Tavistock. There are a lot of good schools and we'll find one, at least by mid-term. There are a lot of—of unhealthy influences at Tavistock, I find." Then his anger boiled up again. "And may I ask why you sneak off every time I come in the door? Do you find me some sort of leper, or what?"

"Well, I don't find you anything," Sandy said, with more maturity than he'd expected. "I don't find you." His voice cracked a little at the end, spoiling his serious effect.

Then Sandy went off upstairs without another word.

The fire was dying down again in the cabin. He replenished it, went again to the

door. The night was completely silent. Then he came back and stood and looked angrily down at the dead woman. Mrs. Jones. Did she have a boy like Sandy somewhere, he wondered. No, she didn't look as if she'd ever had a boy. But neither did Missy, he thought. Neither did Missy. He lighted a cigarette and stood right there beside the woman, smoking it to the end. He kept seeing the ring, a little too big on the thin hand. When the cigarette was done, he went back to the bench.

IF HE had just let it slide, he thought tiredly. But everything had piled up, the pin, the dress, the breakfast, Sandy. Little things, but so familiar, the extra straws just like a thousand other straws, but the ones too much. He knew Missy was upset—so why had he bothered about Mary? He did know better but it seemed to him he had to have one positive, accomplished thing in the day. Just one. Mary had been out in the garden, putting out food for the birds, John said. "There's Mary now. This is a good chance. Why don't you go out and just speak to her directly? That'll be the best way. Don't scold her, but just let her know we know."

"You mean—just go out and call her a thief?" Missy said.

"Oh, be as gentle as you like. She's young. But let her know we know."

To his surprise she'd gone, without a coat, just walked out the side door into the garden and straight up to Mary. He watched her curiously. Mary stood there, looking straight at Missy. She was the nervous one. She picked off a dead leaf and stood there, pulling it to pieces. But she was talking. She was saying something to the girl. Then he saw Mary look down at the earth, look up again with the strangest expression. She reached out her free hand and put it on Missy's, in an odd, pitying sort of way. As if Missy were the thief and she the mistress and accuser. He ought to have gone himself, of course. Missy would be sure to go soft, mess it up.

Missy turned and came back to the house. It was getting near their early

Sunday dinner hour. She came in and then he did not hear her. It was as if she stood still, just inside the door, not breathing.

He turned from the window and she was there in the doorway.

"She won't bother you any more," she said in a lifeless way.

"Won't bother *me*? Doesn't it bother you to have a light-fingered girl in the house?"

"Not much," she said. "I sent her away."

"Sent her away? Don't you know that'll make Mrs. Duckett furious? No need to fire her."

"Shall I go too?" she said.

"What are you talking about?"

"You want me to go, too. I'm just no good to you. And I'm never going to be any good to you. I don't know how. You wish I were dead," she said.

He had tried to be calm, but it had been a bad day, all day it had been bad.

"Do you have to be so tragic?" he said.

"Do you *have* to, Missy? Don't you ever look on my side of things? I didn't ask much of you, did I—do I ever?"

"I always look on your side," she said, but without spirit. "Always. Maybe it would be better if I didn't. Maybe it would. I couldn't be more wrong about everything, anyway. I—I don't blame you. I am always wrong. I always keep thinking I'll get started right, somehow, sometime—but I won't. I know now I won't."

"Oh, Missy, don't talk such nonsense. Have I complained?"

"Even the wallpaper. I suppose I hated it because Sarah put it on herself. I'd like her if—if I could, if I were allowed to. I don't know how to talk her language. I never will know. I'll never know how to run the house—not how to discipline Sandy. I—I love him. I suppose he's like me—and that's too bad. Because he'll always be frightened and he won't get on and he'll get hurt. You—you don't know what it's like to be always in the wrong. You just don't know . . . So I told Mary I'd get her a job with the Paynes—I didn't even mention the money. She was asked to a dance and she had to have a new dress. She—she told me she'd pay it back."

"I thought you didn't mention it."

"She did. A dance and a dress—they're awfully important when you're young. It wasn't stealing, not really. She was going to put it back on payday."

"And you condone that?"

He hadn't meant to be hard on the girl. But he couldn't keep his anger down.

"Oh, I don't know," she said.

SHE stood there in the doorway so still and lost. She looked a long way off to him. And her face was all pinched and small, like—like Mrs. Jones's.

"I suppose you think I don't love Sandy, just because I want him to stand on his own two feet and stop his childish ways? I shouldn't think you'd want him going through life with hurt feelings, scared out of his wits."

But the memory of Sandy's look at him had made his voice bitter. He knew it but couldn't help it.

"I don't," she said in that dead voice. "I don't. Only he has got feelings. That ought to count for something. Something." Only her voice said she wasn't sure whether it counted for anything or not any more. She wasn't sure of anything.

"I think I'll go away for a little while," she said then. Her voice didn't indicate that she was saying anything unusual at all. "For a while. To think what to do. Maybe, away, I can think better what would be the best thing to do—for all of us. It's always been easy for you, to know what to say and do and wear. It's hard for me . . . But maybe, if I could be by myself, just a little while, I could think."

"Oh, you can have the whole house to think in," he'd said with too heavy sarcasm. "If you can think. I'm clearing out for a bit. I'll do a little thinking myself. What in God's name you want, only *He* knows! I'm sure I don't."

He strode past her. She hardly moved



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in the doorway and he had to brush against her. It was like touching a ghost. He went out, ignoring dinner, got into the car and drove straight here to the cabin. To Mrs. Jones. . .

He walked toward the door, stood still, listening for the sound of the sheriff's car. *You wish I were dead. You wish I were dead.* How could he hear a car with words like those whispering in his ears? And they weren't true. He never had. He had never had such a thought in his life. He loved Missy. Yes, he had been angry, but she shouldn't have said a thing like that. Only God knew what she wanted, he had said. But he knew. He knew. She had asked him for what she wanted sixteen years ago—there on the hill. She had asked him to help her be herself.

He hadn't listened. He had never helped her, not ever, or not since the first. He had told her to stay as she was; then he'd been angered because she took him at his word. He hadn't let her even cut her hair. He had even been angry when she had told Sarah she didn't like the wallpaper. He'd decided everything and then been irritated because she couldn't decide anything. He stood very still there in the middle of the floor and thought: No, I don't wish it. But maybe I have killed her. Maybe I have. It seemed like years since he had gone down to the farmhouse to phone.

Then through the stillness, past the words that kept going on in that dead whisper in his head, he heard the sound of a car's engine, coming close, closer, pausing at the foot of the hill. The noise ceased, a car door shut not too noisily. At last. He seemed to wilt as if he had been bearing a burden too long.

The door was pushed open and the sheriff and another man came in.

"Mr. Tree?" the sheriff said, then just glanced at the woman. The man with him was tall, haggard with sleeplessness and didn't look as if he had shaved lately. But he was a city man, looked like a writer or artist. He wore a corduroy coat.

"Never thought of this place," the sheriff said gruffly, as if covering distress.

MR. JONES stood there a moment, just staring at the woman. He looks as if he'd killed her, John Tree thought. Then Mr. Jones went over to the cot, went down on his knees and took the woman's hand in his and seemed to see only the ring. John Tree remembered sharply when he'd given the amethyst pin to Missy, how she'd looked up at him with such childish, sudden joy and said, "Oh, John!" She'd never known when to wear it, but she'd loved it.

He seemed to see this man giving this ring to this woman, Mrs. Jones, long, long ago, perhaps, when he'd been too poor for emeralds and diamonds, giving it to her because he loved her. She hadn't worn it in years—now she had put it on to die. He didn't know that, he thought confusedly, looking at the slope of the man's shoulder under the corduroy coat. The line was one of utter desolation.

"We'll have to have the doctor up, Mr. Jones," the sheriff said quietly. "Mr. Tree, I don't suppose you'll want to stay here right now. I could put you up."

"No, no thanks. I'll get along—unless I'm needed. I just thought I'd better wait till you came."

The sheriff moved toward the door and through it, and John Tree followed him out onto the porch.

"You might have to come back for the inquest," the sheriff said. "Have to be one, I suppose. Formality, though. She left a letter saying she was going to do it. Tough on Jones. He'd been playing around, and they got to quarreling. They even know where she got the stuff and when she took it. They stay in that cottage of Loomis's. Mrs. Loomis has your extra key, I guess. We ought to have thought of this place. . . Wouldn't want to be in Jones's shoes. Nice fellow—just got off his beam with a little success or something. Too bad to bother you on this, but with you finding the body

and everything. . . If you'd give me your phone number I'll let you know. Probably tomorrow or next day."

John Tree said, "That's quite all right." He gave him his phone number and the sheriff held a paper toward the light and wrote the number down.

"There won't be much to it," he said.

"Do you want me to stay any longer now?"

"No, no need. Doc'll be along any minute. Just want Jones to have a chance to get hold of himself."

IT WAS midnight when he stepped into his town house again. He had been away a long time, a terribly long time. Everything was very still. He stood in the hall a moment, looking around at the perfection of his house. His. Yes, his. He had chosen everything in it, everything. He remembered a little French print that Missy had picked up somewhere, so pleased that she had found something *right*. He hadn't wanted it up. It had never been put up. He remembered the librarian. He went up the stairs slowly. There was a light under Sandy's door, but it went out before he reached the top of the stairs and he seemed



to see Sandy sitting there in bed, holding his breath against intrusion.

He did not speak to Sandy. He went into his own room. Missy was asleep. She lay very still, one arm out limp on the covers. For an instant she seemed not to be breathing and he felt cold steal over him, a cold more devastating than that he had felt in the cabin. Then she stirred a little, opened her eyes. "Oh," she said.

But she was on the edge, on the very edge of death, he thought strangely. She wasn't, even now, quite aware of him.

"You looked so beautiful—like a little girl. I didn't mean to wake you," he said.

He couldn't bear the look that came to her eyes, the question, the love, the question again. As if it were only in dreams one heard words like that, words without criticism, without any desire in them for changing her.

"What is it, John? What's the matter?" she said.

He sat down on the edge of the bed, lifted her thin body up into his arms, pressed his face against the coil of fair hair over one ear.

"I don't know. I don't know what it is, Missy," he said, as if he were the confused one, the one who never knew the answers. "Just don't go away from me, Missy—just don't go away, for anything. I couldn't stand that."

He held her very close and they were both quiet. But she was alive. He could feel the quick beat of her timid heart against him. She was alive. He wished he could go get the amethyst pin, fasten it to her nightgown, say, "Wear it on overalls, if you want to!" But he only sat there quietly and held her.

THE END

Collier's for February 18, 1950

Secret Boss of the National Press Club

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

that so many things have come to her attention in her 29 years in the club that she really couldn't say. The politics and the policies of Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Cabinet officers, Senators and Representatives are matters with which Mae Smith refuses firmly to be concerned; a cub journalist who has paid his dues and otherwise owes the club nothing is much more important in her book than a Senator in arrears.

It was on June 25, 1945, that the club elected Harry S. Truman to membership. On July 1st, a bill arrived at the White House demanding \$12.70 of the President. The \$12 was clear enough—dues for the ensuing quarter. But one of the more daring officers of the club asked Mrs. Smith about the 70 cents.

"That," she said, "is for the last five days of June."

Although she makes no claim to the office of secretary to the board of governors, Mae sits in at their meetings anyway. It is not easy to see just how they'd get along without her because, without opening a file, she knows at any given minute the club's current financial status down to the last penny. Tucked away in her fabulous memory, too, is the standing of almost every member, particularly prominent ones.

There is a member, who, about 1940, was sent abroad by President Roosevelt on a mission so secret that even today he refuses to be quite clear what it was. He returned to Washington in 1947 full of the honors that come with great success. He was dined at the White House. He was the hero of senatorial oratory. A hot-shot. The club's board proposed that he be instantly reinstated to membership. And that would have been that and no questions asked had not Mrs. Smith spoken unemotionally:

"He left here owing the club \$12.50."

That's all she said. To Mae Smith, words, like money, are not to be frittered away. The conquering hero dug up the \$12.50 and is once more a member of the National Press Club.

The National Press Club is a populous institution. There are about 4,000 members, evenly divided between residents (Washington) and nonresidents. It employs 110 persons, all of whom hold Mrs. Smith in abject awe. All of them tell you confidentially that she's a fine woman but insist that you do not mention their names. It is accepted as fact in the club that the dining-room and bar personnel provide her with an efficient but unsolicited secret service and instances are offered in proof.

Waiter Suspected of Telling

Some time ago one of the old-timers was asked how long Mae Smith had been with the club. He assures us that there was only one other man, a nonresident member in Washington for a day only, at the table with him and that the tables on either side were unoccupied. But a waiter was standing near by. The ancient considered the question for a moment, did some deliberate mental arithmetic and replied that Mrs. Smith had come to the club one year before he had joined in 1919.

In a few days, he says, he received a brief, icy note from Mrs. Smith telling him that his facts were, as usual, not facts at all and that she had entered the club's employ one year after he had become a member. Also would he be good enough thereafter to omit her from his nondebatable conversation—in other words, not to mention her name. For a long time after that if anyone spoke of her in his presence his comment was always, "Who?" And if the name were repeated: "Never heard of her."

The club spends \$1,000 a day for supplies, including bar and kitchen. Its gross income is about half a million yearly. Every dollar of this passes through Mrs. Smith's

hands, going and coming. No one but she may write a check on the club's funds which, as may readily be expected, can bring about an occasional delicate situation.

For example, in 1941, the officers were reliably informed that the price of Scotch whisky was soon to go up sharply and continue to do so. To forestall this impending calamity, dealers were interviewed and suggestions solicited from such powerful influences as the British Embassy. Presently came an opportunity to buy \$75,000 worth of the stuff at \$40 a case or thereabouts.

In their haste to take advantage of this obvious bargain, the officers neglected to consult Mrs. Smith. On the following day the club became the owner of almost 1,900 cases of Scotch, which would not be regarded as an inconsiderable amount even at a Republican National Committee dinner. The officers were so busy hunting storage space for their treasure that three weeks passed before the dealer could make them understand that he had not been paid.

Why Payment Was Delayed

When they asked Mrs. Smith about this she merely told them (sniff) that the fellow would get his money (sniff) the moment the club's cash on hand, in her opinion, was up to it (sniff). Of course he got paid, but ever since then Mrs. Smith has been consulted prior to the snapping up of bargains.

A member may cash a check for as much as \$20 at the club without difficulty. All he has to do is to write it and present it to the front-desk cashier. [He'd better have that much on deposit at his bank unless he's a sucker for unpleasant consequences; Mrs. Smith never forgives a bounce.] But should the check be for \$1 more than twenty, the cashier will pass it on to Mae Smith for permission to pay.

Each dollar beyond twenty is known in the club as a Dollar of Doubt. Upon receiving all such requests for cash, Mrs. Smith runs the check writer's name through the astonishing organ that is her memory and just to make sure consults her records. If the cash seeker is a solitary red cent in arrears in his dues or has established in her records a reputation for financial unreliability, he doesn't get the money. Mae Smith is not an ironhearted woman. It is her opinion that such people should be protected against themselves.

Mae's economic creed comes straight from Mr. Micawber: "Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds nought and six, result misery." Perhaps she has not, as so many have claimed for her, saved the club itself from bankruptcy, but it is generally agreed that, without her, going broke would have been very easy indeed.

The club elects its officers annually. But before a member may vote, the tellers scan lists painstakingly prepared by Mrs. Smith. If your name's written there you may as well be trying to vote in Czechoslovakia because that means you're in arrears in dues or perhaps have forgotten to pick up a dinner check. And it makes no difference who you are either. At a recent hot election the retiring president of the club demanded a ballot that he might vote for the member he had picked as his successor. He was told that if he hurried to Mae Smith's office and laid down \$3.15 and came back with a receipt, he could vote. He made it just as the polls were closing.

Interviewing Mrs. Smith is no job for the impatient. You may as well be resigned at the outset to the fact that you're not going to get anywhere in particular anyway. Personally I've interviewed all sorts of Presidents and potentates, reigning and

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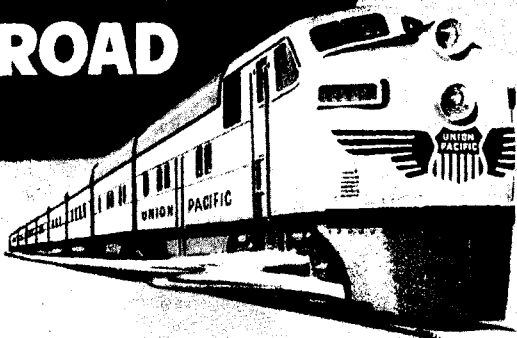
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fleeing kings, ambassadors, Senators, governors and other importances much too numerous to mention. Almost without exception they deluged me with oratory and double-talk out of which I frequently dredged quite a bit of sparkling information. And virtually all of them insisted that I use their names, too. Mrs. Smith was a new experience.

She led me to an unoccupied office, marching ahead of me in strides that told me she wasn't going to forgive herself for agreeing to this balderdashing nonsense. Seated, she plumped her elbows on the desk, cupped her chin in her hands and stared hard at the desk pad.

"I was asked not to be cross," she said without lifting her eyes. "Go ahead. I'm not cross."

She told me, always staring at the desk pad and dealing out words as if each were the club's last dollar, that she'd been with the club 29 years, that she was born in Mayfield near Gloversville in Fulton County, New York, in 1890 and that she guessed that journalists were about the same as everybody else. From then on, the going got rugged.

She's a widow, has one daughter and two grandchildren. She admitted that much, but when I asked her who Mr. Smith was she raised her eyes for the first time, gave me a brief but icy stare, said, "He's out of this," and returned to contemplating the desk pad. I said I was sorry, adding that her private life was none of my business.

I told her I'd heard she didn't like the club's seal. She wanted me to tell her why she should. She showed me a copy of it.

"There's the Capitol dome," she said. "In front of the dome there's a lamp. See it? Well, the rays are rising back of the dome. The rays should come from the lamp in front of the dome."

That was, by 30 words, the longest speech she made during the interview. For example, I told her that I heard that years ago she used to play the horses at Laurel and Bowie tracks near Washington.

"Mmmmmmm," she said.

"Lose much?"

"No."

"Win much?"

"Some."

Then there was the time that a newly elected club president invited Mrs. Smith to his inaugural dinner. It took him the better part of an hour to badger her into accepting. She spent half the afternoon having her hair done and her face massaged. Then she decided not to go. I asked her why. She concentrated a bit harder on the desk pad and then gave me the reason.

"Decided not to," she said.

The interview continued along such electrifying lines for 15 or 20 minutes more, Mae Smith contributing several dozen shrugs and mmmmmmm's. But when I left she became garrulous.

"Glad that's over," she said.

Back in the club bar I was immediately surrounded by members who wanted to know how I felt and whether I'd mentioned their names. Being reassured, several of them resumed their plans to collect a fund for a member who had struck a vein of hard luck. How much they collected for their penniless pal I don't know. The important thing is that it was going to be turned over to Mrs. Smith, who would not only administer it without a trace of emotion but see to it that every penny of it did its duty.

There are members of the club who do not love Mae Smith. But there is not one of them who wouldn't take a swing at you if you even hinted doubt of her integrity, impartiality and sound judgment. In a club whose membership includes as many

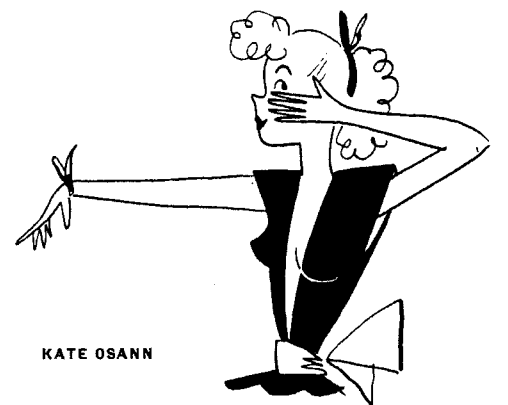
characters as the state of Arkansas, Mae Smith is invaluable. Her control over them is noiseless, accurate, painless, complete.

She wouldn't dream of remonstrating personally with a member who cut an unbecoming caper in the club bar. The mere mention to him later that Mrs. Smith was of the opinion that he was old enough to know better is enough to fill him with lasting remorse. But the only inkling he will have that Mrs. Smith knows all, may be one of her curt and precise notes which invariably follow the pattern of this economical sample:

"Dear Sir: I find that you owe the National Press Club \$13.47. I would appreciate it if you will attend to this at once. Yours truly."

For doing and being all these things, Mae Smith gets \$80 a week. That's about \$60 more than she got when, in 1920, she was

Observation on Certain Styles in Ladies' Dresses



**They still call it "neckline,"
Though often it's placed
Not so near to the neck
As it is to the waist.**

—RICHARD ARMOUR

engaged as the then struggling organization's one-woman office staff. But she has never accepted a raise until she has satisfied herself that the club could stand the strain. She won't take a vacation. "Suppose something should happen?"

Four years ago, as she completed her twenty-fifth year with the club, a committee was appointed to arrange a celebrating program. In fact there were two committees—the second to see to it that anything short of physical violence should be invoked to get Mae Smith to attend the ceremonies. The work of the first committee was simple—to have a commemorative medal cast and to buy a \$500 War Bond. But the second committee had what is described as a hell of a time. Nevertheless they succeeded at last in producing Mrs. Smith.

Upon receiving the medal and the bond Mae Smith was asked to say a few words—as if she'd say many. Whether she said them or what they were is something nobody seems to remember. According to one of the less case-hardened members, Mae Smith cried. Whether she wept or did not weep is good for terrific argument in the club any time the subject is brought up.

"Cried, hell!" whispered one of the group who were huddled in the everlasting controversy. "Maybe she was just sweating."

As I left, a veteran member beckoned to me. Then, touching a forefinger to his lips, he took me outside.

"You a member?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Paid up?"

"Think so."

"Well, anyway," he said, drawing closer, "if you write this piece, maybe you'd better not mention your name." THE END

Collier's for February 18, 1950

Easy Doesn't Do It

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

impeccably and conservatively. He is distinguished-, almost ascetic-looking, and can be identified as a former athlete only by his quick, lithe movements. He can charm the polish off a brass monkey when he puts his mind to it. An impressive public speaker, Holman is fond of taking off on sonorous flights studded with literary references and classical allusions picked up in "serious" reading. When he lets down his hair in private conversation and slips into his extensive vocabulary in the vernacular to put the blast on a "no-good expurgated bum," he invariably adds hastily "—if you'll pardon the English."

Based on a quarter century of close-up observation, we offer this appraisal of Holman: What appears to be a presumptuous, even pompous attitude on his part where basketball is concerned simply is an expression of Holman's pride. He firmly believes his name and the words "Mr. Basketball" are interchangeable. Any unfavorable reflection on the game, therefore, is an affront to his personal prestige.

Holman thinks he had more to do with the spectacular development of the game than anyone else, and maybe he did. When he began his career 35 years ago, basketball was a minor sport at most colleges, and the pros operated in converted stables and third-rate dance halls. Today, basketball attracts more participants and spectators than any other sport in the United States.

Publicizing the Game Abroad

Holman feels his pronouncements should be given the respect due the game's greatest player and elder statesman. Only Phog Allen, who started at the University of Kansas (also in 1919) has been coaching on the big wheel as long as he. Nothing pleases Nat more than to play the role of basketball's ambassador-at-large. In 1946 he organized a national basketball program for the Mexican government and he performed the same service for Israel last spring. Four years ago the American Embassy at Montevideo needed basketball movie films for its educational and cultural program in Uruguay. Holman applauded the State Department's good judgment when it asked for action pictures of his CCNY teams.

Pride is Holman's strength and his one weakness as a coach. A harsh perfectionist, he invariably turns out beautifully drilled teams, but they often have lacked poise in the clutch. Critics claim Holman makes his

kids jittery by harping sarcastically on their deficiencies until they crack under the pressure. It is conceded in the next breath that the general run of material Holman gets at City College would fall apart if his high standards were relaxed.

"I have no patience with mediocrity," he admits. "I'll string along with a sophomore, but after a boy has had a full year of my teaching, I want a passing grade, just like the teacher of mathematics or history. As the French say, by dint of great hammering one becomes a blacksmith. You correct mistakes by pounding at them. Easygoing guys who don't demand the best from their players don't win many games."

Entering the current season, Holman's 30-year record at CCNY showed 359 victories and 127 defeats against the nation's best opposition. Other coaches have better over-all records—notably Adolph Rupp at Kentucky, Hank Iba at Oklahoma A&M and Clair Bee at Long Island University—but nobody has had to cope with the problems that confront Holman.

City College is a free institution open only to residents of New York. Although it is the world's third largest school, with more than 34,250 students enrolled in all branches, competition for the day session is so severe that successful applicants must have a four-year high-school average of 81 per cent or better. Such lofty requirements eliminate most athletes, and the few school-boy phenoms who do qualify can find easier ways of getting a free education at other colleges. CCNY's football team, for example, has won only eight games in the last five years against Class D opposition. Holman's basketball teams have ranged from good to sensational against all comers and in the face of difficulties that would impel other coaches to take dry dives off tall buildings.

Basketball, like other sports at CCNY, surely would have been lost in the shuffle long ago if not for the magic of Holman's coaching and prestige. Probably half his first-stringers, past and present, could have got scholarships and other trophies of the chase elsewhere. They chose CCNY because Holman was there. Kids ignored by talent scouts knew they could be big-time with Holman teaching them.

One tip-off on the small miracles Holman has been working with catch-as-catch-can material: Ed Roman, a six-six sophomore on his current squad, is the tallest regular he ever has had. As every basketball fan

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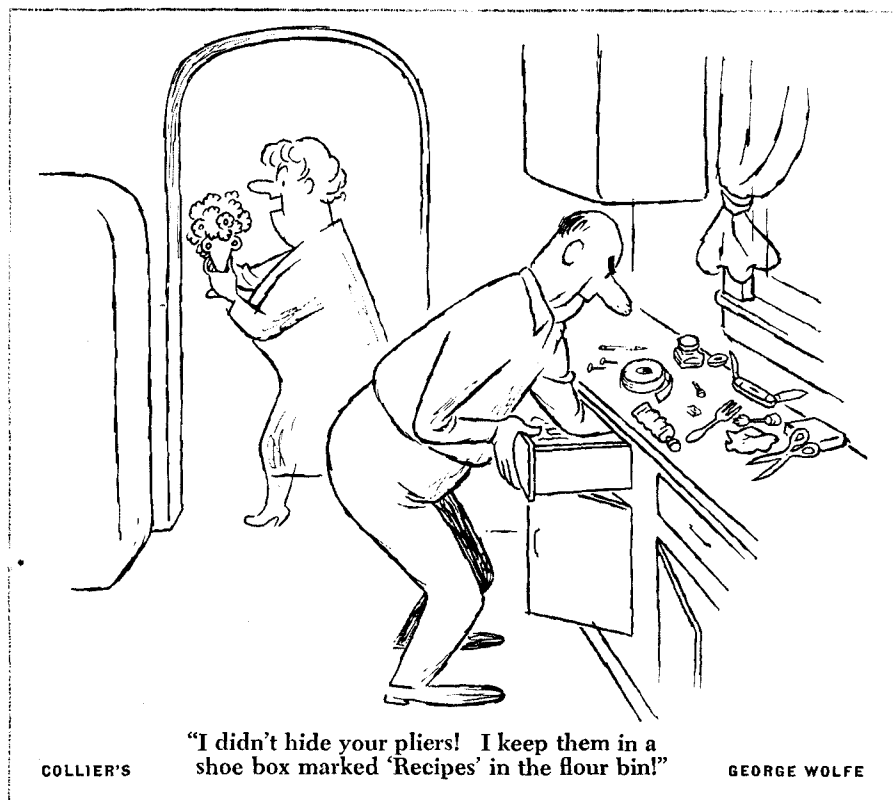


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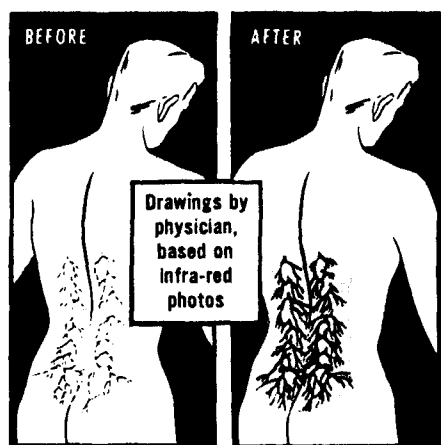
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knows, a youth who rises only 78 inches above his fallen arches usually winds up with a permanent crick in the neck from looking up at the seven-foot giants who dominate the game today. Height has become the pay-off on the court.

For the first time in his career, Holman this year can put five men on the floor who average six-four and he has a second platoon of six-footers. But for 15 years, his teams had to concede crushing handicaps in height to herds of large courtmen who outraged his concept of the game. Like most old-timers, Holman is a purist. He teaches the basketball he himself played—short, incisive passes in a game that features ball handling and maneuvering for position, and which culminate in a deft lay-up shot.

Even more rankling to Holman was the fact that the emphasis on height came in simultaneously with the introduction of basketball in Madison Square Garden in 1935—the year after his best coaching stretch ran out. His three previous CCNY squads had lost one game a season, but indifferent material forced Holman to take a back seat just when the Garden focused national attention on New York teams. NYU, then LIU and St. Johns were top dogs in New York until Holman came up with teams that made the National Invitation Tournament in 1941 and '42. CCNY did not earn another postseason bid until 1947 and again last year, but the present situation is calculated to make Holman forget past frustrations.

"Nat has the best collection of players ever gathered at a New York school," Ned Irish, impresario of the Garden, declares. "Potentially, they are one of the great college teams of all time."

People with long memories are reserving judgment until they determine whether Holman can avoid the clashes with temperamental kids that have popped in the past. The better a team is, the more Holman demands of it, until some boys who have pretty high opinions of themselves rebel against criticism they consider unwarranted.

"There's no satisfying Holman," a former player told me. "He undermines the confidence of his men by riding them for mistakes without giving credit for good work. You've got to have an awfully tough hide to take it."

The most serious outburst occurred in 1934 when both CCNY and New York University were undefeated going into their traditional windup, a situation as rare as complete accord in the United Nations.

Team's Morale Hurt by Feud

CCNY was the strong favorite to win until Captain Moe Goldman, who went on to star with the pro champion Philadelphia Sphas, got into a violent argument with Holman and quit the team. Goldman returned the night of the game, but City College's morale was so low that NYU won, 24-18.

Bill Holzman, an All-American a decade ago and twice voted the National Basketball League's most valuable player, was not on chummy terms with Holman when he played for him. And strained relationships had something to do with the loss of the final three games on the schedule last year.

Few players look back on Holman as the good, gray coach, but all retain enormous respect for his ability. He gains that respect the hard way—by getting out and demonstrating his points.

"Strip or retire," he declares. "The only way to teach physical skills is by example. The coach who can't show the boys what he wants has outlived his usefulness."

Watching Holman handling a basketball is like looking at the playback of a time machine. His speed is gone, of course, but he still has the controlled grace of a ballet dancer and reflexes that are marvelous enough to feint a guard right out of the building. He can shoot with any of his players and pass better than most. Forget 20 years and 15 pounds and it is no strain on the imagination to envision the firebrand of the Celtics.

It all began in 1896 on New York's lower

East Side, where Holman was the fourth of 10 children born to desperately poor Russian immigrants who owned a small grocery store on Norfolk Street. Holman must have inherited his singleness of purpose from his parents, who slaved to send seven sons to college in an era when a high-school education was a luxury for families living in the slums.

The neighborhood's second-generation celebrities were the boxers who made as much in one night as a man could earn in a month at the sweat shops. But talk of a new game was heard on the street corners soon after the turn of the century. The game was basketball and kids like Barney Sedran, Jim McGinnity and Ira Streusand seemed to have a special affinity for it. As far back as Holman remembers, he and his brothers were shooting an old sack stuffed with paper around their tenement flat or playing pickup games in streets crowded with pushcarts.

The Holman boys were better than all right. Aaron presently played on the NYU team that won the National A.A.U. championship in 1920, and was followed by Sandy a decade later. Morris captained CCNY in 1918. But the family ace from the start was Nat. At ten, he was the big noise at PS 75; and at twelve, he was competing for the University Settlement against grown men.

The bandbox court at the University Settlement, only 70 by 40 feet, left an indelible mark on Holman and, for that matter, Eastern basketball. Anyone who took off on a burst of straightaway speed was in imminent danger of making a new exit in the walls. Five men standing with arms outstretched threw up a defensive barrier from one side line to the other. Goals in such cramped quarters could be earned only by jockeying and weaving, by acquiring a repertory of subtle tricks and deceptive movements; and Holman was the most artful dodger of them all.

When Holman entered the High School of Commerce in 1912, he already was an outstanding all-around athlete. He was the goalie on the all-scholastic soccer team for three years, then, as a senior, was persuaded

to go out for the football team. Commerce didn't have a more dangerous scoring threat until a big, lumbering fullback, a kid named Lou Gehrig, came along a few years later. Holman alternated between the mound and second base on a baseball team that lost the city championship by one game. The Cincinnati Reds offered him a contract as a pitcher in 1917, but by that time basketball was his meaty dish.

The previous winter, while attending the Savage School for Physical Education, Holman had commenced playing professionally for \$6 a game with Dave MacMillan, later head coach at Minnesota. He immediately had more dates than there were nights in the week and, after a hitch in the Navy during the first World War, he jumped into the business with both feet.

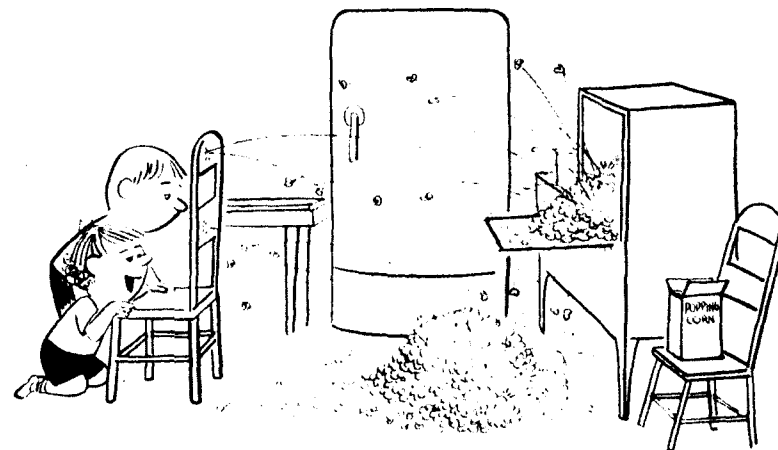
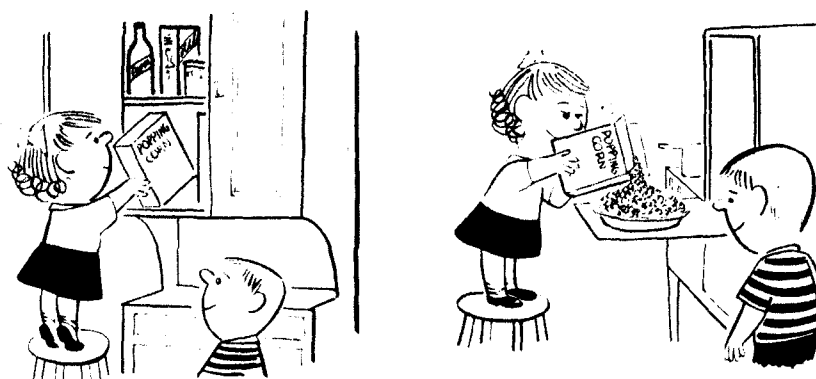
Doubled as Coach and Player

Basketball news 30 years ago centered around Holman. As a coach, his first CCNY team licked Yale, Columbia, Syracuse and Navy in the same month. As a player, he was piling up the points that made him the Eastern League's leading scorer and gave Germantown the championship; he also helped Scranton win the title in the Penn State League, and on Sunday nights he performed with the New York Whirlwinds, which some die-hards insist was a better team than the Celtics at their peak.

Professional basketball then was not an exercise for pacifists or pantywaists. Games were often played in net or steel cages with open baskets—without backboards. Since there were no out-of-bounds balls, the action was continuous save for interruptions by the police to break up free-for-alls. The referee's chief function was to wipe the blood off the ball. After an evening of bouncing off the steel cages, the athletes' faces were studies in latticework and it was worth a man's life, or at least a limb, to go in for a lay-up at the open baskets.

Those occupational hazards were minor ordeals compared to the going-over-the-customers inflicted on the players. Dropping lighted cigarettes from overhanging balco-

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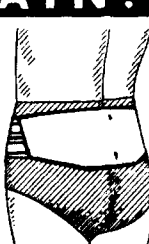
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nies onto the visitors was a gesture of loyalty to the home team. Fans downstairs had to be content with tripping the opposition. In tough Pennsylvania mining towns, where the betting was heavy, it was common practice to shake the supports of the basket when the ball was shot. A sucker pinned against the net was a cinch to get his nose punched or the large of his back massaged with a chair.

"And talk about audience-participation shows!" Holman says. "You had to be more of a boxer than a basketball player to get away alive."

It's a wonder Holman did, and not only because he was a marked man everywhere. He carried a murderous schedule that combined his playing and coaching careers for a dozen years. CCNY made an unprecedented concession requiring him to be with the team only on game days. College basketball then was confined to Saturday evenings, which was also a big pay night for the Celtics on barnstorming tours. But the Celtics rarely booked games when Holman was away, and they paid him the unheard-of salary of \$12,500 a season.

Holman joined the Celtics in 1921 after battling against them the previous winter with the Whirlwinds in a grudge series that aroused terrific partisanship in New York. The Whirlwinds won the first game, with Holman sinking 28 fouls in 30 tries—one man shot all the fouls in those days; but the Celtics won the next contest. Rumors of a betting coup forced the cancellation of the rubber game.

The Celtics, originally a bunch of kids from the same neighborhood—Twenty-third Street between Ninth and Tenth Avenues—who had been playing together for years, were enshrined as basketball's most glamorous team only after Holman and Chris Leonard shifted to them from the Whirlwinds. The great Johnny Beckman, Dutch Dehnert, Dave Barry, Horse Hagerty and later Joe Lapchick and Davey Banks, all were standouts in their own right; but the spark and class of the team was Holman, the scorer, playmaker and drawing card. The Celtics averaged 120 games a year and won 110. They were so invincible in the eyes of the fans that, when they lost a game, they were suspected of having thrown it to whip up interest for a return match.

"That sort of talk was nonsense because it would've ruined us had there been a shred of truth in it," Holman says. "One-night stands all over the country made it inevitable that we'd go stale occasionally. What we did do when we had a game safely won was to put on a fancy exhibition of passing to keep down the score. We didn't want to embarrass anyone, because we wanted to be invited back for other games. But when the opposition was tough and we had to bear down, we never lost a series to any team."

Small-Town Hot-Shot Fizzles

If the history of basketball ever is written, stories telling of Holman's prowess will comprise the most dramatic chapter. One typical night the Celtics heard that Hudson, New York, had a hot-shot named Benny Borgman who would run them out of the joint. Holman was assigned to Borgman, tied him in bowknots and sank 14 of the 15 shots he threw at the open baskets.

Spectacular scoring and passing were only part of Holman's appeal at the gate. He gave the fans an emotional workout; whether they came to cheer him or abuse him, he never left them cold. He drove hostile crowds wild by belting local favorites into the mezzanine, then drawing a foul by faking grievous agony that suggested he had been assaulted with blunt instruments. When Holman stepped up to the line to shoot, the infuriated mob booed fit to bust a lung, and waved handkerchiefs to distract him. He would turn and glare contemptuously at the people—then shoot blindly. He usually made it.

The big crowds that are commonplace today were drawn only by the Celtics a generation ago. On February 22, 1922, they

attracted turnouts of 12,000 in both afternoon and evening games at the Cleveland Auditorium. They pulled 9,000 at Chattanooga and filled a ball park in Miami. A capacity crowd turned out in a blizzard at Battle Creek and waited until midnight for the Celtics. Holman went on the radio the next day, explained the team had been snowbound, and the place again was sold out that night.

The famous club was disbanded in 1928 to stimulate competition in the American League after it had won the first three championships. Dehnert, Barry and Lapchick went to Cleveland, and Beckman to Rochester. Holman and Banks stayed in New York to form the Hakoahs, but without the Celtics, *rigor mortis* hit basketball box offices. The old gang was reunited in April, 1929, to play the Renaissance Big Five, a Negro team that claimed the world championship. Holman outscored Cappy Ricks, 15-6, in the opener and from there the Celtics went on to give the Rens a plain and fancy lesson in the remaining games of the series. Holman played briefly for Syracuse and Chicago, then retired in 1933 to devote all his time to coaching.

Many High-Salary Offers

Holman has had more coaching offers than he can count from colleges and pro leagues, all paying more than the \$8,500 he receives as an associate professor in physical education at City College. (The bulk of his comfortable income is derived from the boys' summer camp he owns at Elizaville, New York.) Something more than loyalty holds him at CCNY. Spotty as his material may be, he gets boys adaptable to his short-passing, cute-and-clever style. When he has height to go with savvy, as he has this year, the product is an extra-special slick article.

The old perfectionist is insistent on doing things his way—but it is subject to radical changes. When Stanford's Hank Luisetti knocked the East for a loop a dozen years ago with his one-hand shots, Holman threw a fit. "If one of my players tries that crazy stuff," he thundered, "I'll cut his arm off!" Today he beams when Irwin Dambrot, his cocaptain, connects on a jump one-hander.

Holman once made his players imitate his style of shooting fouls underhand; now the kids can pitch them off the car, so long as they put that thing through the hoop. Nobody was more critical of the fast break as a detriment to precision basketball. In recent years CCNY teams have been tearing down the court so fast they threaten to run right out of the Garden.

The one trend Holman refuses to accept is the mounting emphasis on overgrown oafs who have no recommendation other than sheer size. "Something must be done before they make a complete farce of the game," he declares. "You can't limit the height of players. That would be discrimination. Raising the baskets won't help, because the goons will continue to murder you on rebounds and tip-ins on missed shots."

"Ridiculous goals are being scored by unskilled players just because they tower over everybody on the floor. I'd like to see a rule that prohibits a try for a basket on a missed shot until the ball is passed to another player. That would curb the big boys."

Friends never thought they'd see the day Holman would mellow, but he even invited last year's team to his home for a dinner party. The leavening influence is attributed to his wife, the former Ruth Jackson, a polio technician whom he married four years ago. Mrs. Holman never ran a high temperature for basketball, until she met Nat.

A few weeks ago, Holman broke down and confessed to newspapermen that he had the makings of a fine team. Mrs. Holman was worried when she saw the report in the papers. "Did you say you were loaded?" she asked her husband.

Nat allowed as how he had made guarded statements to that effect.

"You'd better be, now," his ever-loving said sadly.

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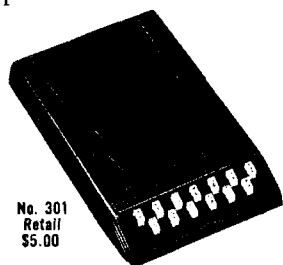
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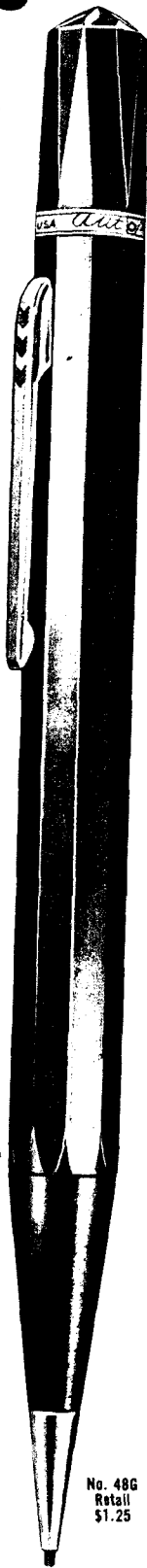
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OL' MAN STUDENT

By BARRY O'FLAHERTY



GEORGE LIGHTY

The note is finally retrieved from the trash

WE HAVE about our house a small and usually grimy boy whom my wife calls Son and who, I am given to understand, spends a portion of each day, five days a week, in school.

I'll admit there is some evidence to substantiate this rumor. It comes in the form of wrinkled, mimeographed notices—usually rescued from the pocket of a pair of jeans on washday—announcing P.T.A. get-togethers, inoculations for everything from bots to quattrain ague and glanders, music lessons available at a slight extra charge, and inquiries as to the theological leanings of the pupil. These notes are inevitably blurred and are signed by a Miss Brnglfn, or Pyrtnsln, or maybe it's Thryssgr. The lady obviously cut Penmanship I-(A) during her own school days.

Sometimes we parents are asked to sign these communiqués and return them via the pupil. When such is the case, the note is liable to lie around our house for days, even weeks. I can't explain why. I'll sign my name, proudly, to almost anything (and frequently have, to my undying regret), but for some reason, I can't seem to take pen in hand in this instance. Neither, apparently, can my wife. By the time the note has been pushed from table to dresser to settee, and then retrieved from the trash, somebody signs the darned thing—probably the girl who comes on Fridays to help clean—and we breathe easy until the next time.

Such things, as I started to say, are the tangible evidence that our lad attends some sort of a school somewhere.

But if all we had to go on was the verbal testimony of the little blister himself I, for one, would be hard put to swear whether or not he was in school, in a concentration camp, in the armed forces, or spending his time in a 24-hour movie house.

I don't know, maybe things are this way in every American, school-child-infested home. Perhaps it's an occupational affliction peculiar to scholars in the elementary grades—a psychotic condition that produces speech block, profuse sweating and wriggling in chairs.

Whatever it is, your correspondent came a hard cropper over the prob-

lem once again, not long after the winter term began.

Our little family had just mopped the last kipper from the dinner plates, my wife was beginning to make those snuffly noises that invariably precede a request to help with the dishes, and the time seemed opportune for a little of the man-to-man stuff.

I pushed back my chair, pasted a hearty smile on my face.

"Well, m'boy," I began. Perhaps I shouted a bit, owing to nervousness. I must have. The boy jumped a full foot off his chair and swallowed two sticks of bubble gum. I launched into it again, sotto voce:

"Well, m'boy, what did we do in school today?" I sensed that I'd muffed it somewhere. "That is, what did you do in school today?"

He cringed and stared at me as if I'd asked where he had buried the body.

"Well?" I was beginning to feel—as usual—foolish.

"Oh, you know..." his voice slithered off into a Mortimer Snerdish guffaw and he started to side off the edge of his chair. This time, however, I was not to be denied.

"Come, come, boy!" I said with horrible false joviality. "I'm sure your mother and I are interested in what you do in class each day; aren't we, dear?"

My wife, gazing into space, gave me no support.

"Well, gosh, you know," the boy said. "Just stuff. Hey! Little Hank Osborne got bitten eye witta rock in playground today. Boy! Did he bleed ever, though!"

My fatherly zeal collapsed and I fled whimpering to what was, fortunately, a well-stocked cellar.

Now what I can't fathom is: This same tongue-tied newt of ours, this lad who is struck mute by the most innocent question in re his education, is perfectly capable (and all too willing) to lecture for well over an hour on virtually any completely useless subject you care to name. He will interrupt a nice, down-to-earth family brawl to reveal that Enos (Snake) Peavey pinch-hit for Jerome Pine in the last of the 10th in the final game of the 1908 Gem of the South Little World Series, scoring on a fielder's error against Whitey Boone and bringing in the winning run for the Fort Smith Lards.

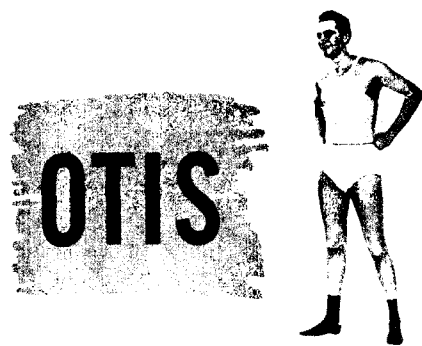
Brooking no interruption, he will hold forth until bedtime on the respective merits of the right-hand draw as developed by Hopalong Cassidy and the left-hand draw attributed variously to Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson and Red Ryder. He can, and does, recite the entire scenario of the latest Abbott and Costello release, accompanied by loud and rude sound effects and featuring a replay of the film with himself taking all parts, including animal.

Like I say, it beats me. Perhaps as a schoolboy I wasn't any John Kieran when it came to sports statistics or movie lore, but at least I was capable of remembering what I did each day in school.

For instance... well, you know. Stuff.

THE END

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Collier's for February 18, 1950

The Happy Irishman of the French Quarter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

cocktail, grilled grapefruit with kirschwasser, eggs Saint-Denis, sirloin Mirabeau, with Château Canet '43, Waldorf salad, crepes Suzette and Mumm's Cordon Rouge '37. Of course, there's hot garlic toast with the meal, and to top it all off, there's orange brûlot, a multicolored production in itself.

Such a breakfast, without the wines, runs the bill to \$9.45.

Other breakfasts that cost a mere \$8 or so contain such items as an absinthe frappé, a fruit compote with kirsch, eggs Hussarde (minced ham and mushroom sauce on toast, topped with broiled tomato, and poached eggs covered lightly with hollandaise sauce), crepes Suzette, coffee, cognac, or perhaps a Sazerac cocktail, grilled grapefruit, lamb chops Mirabeau (broiled lamb chops, tomato sauce with bacon, topped with béarnaise sauce), omelet Celestin (whipped cream, sweetened with currant jelly and macaroons, incorporated into an omelet), and perhaps onion soup au gratin, or chicken livers Saint-Pierre, bananas flambé, and, again, orange brûlot.

How Much Will the Check Be?

In fairness to Brennan, it should be pointed out that the "tourist" can get a good meal at the Vieux Carré for as little as \$2. But it also should be mentioned that, if he is so disposed, it is very easy to procure a meal that costs well over twenty.

The prices are about equivalent to those in New Orleans' other fine French restaurants—Antoine's, Galatoire's, Arnaud's and so on. They are probably between a half

Ken Gormin, who wrote this article about "Gaelic not Gallic" Owen E. Brennan, is a member of the staff of the New Orleans Times-Picayune

and two thirds of what one would pay for a similar meal in New York, for example.

As mentioned, a Vieux Carré specialty is Creole dishes. This specialization originally resulted from adversity. Brennan made the unsettling discovery that some of the old waiters were not only cheating customers, but were also cheating him. French Quarter tradition held that it took at least 15 years to create an adequate waiter after he had served his appropriate apprenticeship as a bus boy. But Brennan cut the Gordian knot, instantly firing wholesale all the help who had been helping themselves. In their places he recruited youths from Louisiana's Cajun country; and Brennan's instructions to them were quite explicit and somewhat unorthodox.

"Never rush a guest. Never!" he ordered. "Our dining room should be the same as that in the tourist's own home. Each of you will be limited to three tables only. You will do everything you can to see that the tourist is made happy and comes back again. Or," he added significantly, "you may not come back again yourself."

Brennan may have had a little difficulty understanding the Bayou Lafourche and Bayou Teche patois, but evidently his Cajun waiters had no difficulty in understanding his strongly emphasized Irish Channel English. They have found that his instructions pay off. Despite the restrictions, they earn from \$100 to \$150 a week.

The waiters eat the same food as the tourists. They are actually encouraged to find any fault they can with it. The restaurant's Creole specialties were built up as a result of their understandably minor fault-finding.

Brennan was watching one of his Bayou Teche boys sipping some of the crayfish bisque one night. The waiter didn't seem too happy about it. "Anything wrong,

Pierre?" asked Brennan, perhaps a trifle beligerently.

"Oh, non, non, Monsieur Brennan," Pierre replied hastily. "It is fine. Verree fine indeed. It is merely that *ma grand'mère* adds a soupçon of sometheeng to give it more bouquet. Also, she does not use so much of some other theengs. And her crayfish bisque, Monsieur Brennan, you should taste. It is *superbe*."

"Well," said Brennan, "if your *grand'mère* can make better crayfish bisque than the chef can, you get the recipe from her. And get it quickly."

"Oui, Monsieur," murmured Pierre. He was promptly dispatched back to Bayou Teche to get *grand'mère's* occult recipe for crayfish bisque.

Such additions and amendments to the Vieux Carré cuisine went on until they reached formidable proportions. They now probably include every Creole dish ever inherited or invented by the *grand'mères* of the bayou country.

Brennan himself never goes into the kitchen to tell Paul Blange, his head chef, how to cook. "I take the tourist's view instead," he says. "I sit in the dining room and eat the food. If it's not right, the kitchen hears from me then."

He has now even got to the point where his appreciation of French *haute cuisine* includes the eating of snails—a delicacy he was at first reluctant to taste. "But if I was going to run a French restaurant," he explains, "I wanted to go the whole way; and how can you run a French restaurant without snails? I had trouble when I tried the first one, but now I love them." He still doesn't call them *escargots*, however.

Despite his remote control of kitchen affairs, Brennan boasts that there are three generations of Brennans in the establishment. In addition to himself, there's his father, Owen Patrick Brennan, sixty-three, the night manager. Then there's his son, Owen Edward Brennan, Jr., commonly called "Pip." Pip is all of fifteen and the extent of his operations at the Vieux Carré was to help with a couple of dishes on a solitary occasion quite a while ago. But Brennan isn't one to be outdone by the claims of other French restaurateurs who boast that their establishments have umpteen generations of family behind them.

Strictly a Family Business

Around the Vieux Carré, also, are Owen's sister, Ella, twenty-three, who is the family's food expert. She buys the wines and delicacies. Ella has studiously eaten her way through every dish that is served in the house, has read every cookbook she can find and has turned "tourist" to visit every one of the nation's high-flown eating places to look for better dishes. Brother John, twenty-nine, is the daytime overseer and buyer of the staples. Sister Adelaide, thirty-two, is the office manager and handles all the paper work.

Owen is undeniably the boss, but even he takes orders from another Brennan. That is his fifty-eight-year-old mother, Ella, affectionately known by the family as "John L." Mother is still called in whenever family squabbles reach a point where they seem insoluble.

Once a week the family meets with the rest of the staff. The give and take is about even. Waiters and cooks ask questions and answer them. Ditto, the members of the family. It is as pretty a picture of Gallic and Gaelic entente as you are likely to find anywhere.

But there's more to the atmosphere of the Vieux Carré than mere cookery and surroundings. Brennan believes in what he calls "romancing the stomachs of the lovely tourists." The door to the kitchen is open to anyone who wants to go back and con-

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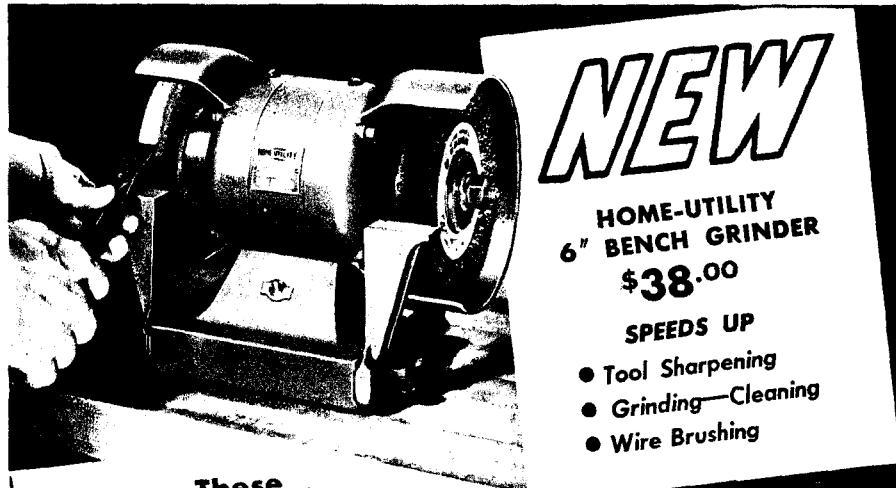
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sult with the chef on the preparation of any dish. That is, it's open to anyone who has such daring.

The waiters put on what Brennan calls "the floor show" on the slightest provocation. This means that all dishes that can be prepared at tableside are put together right there—salads, sauces, desserts, what have you.

"Boy," says Brennan, "does it wake up the tourists' appetites!"

He pooh-poohs the vaunted secrets of the other French restaurants. "A lot of the joints have what they call 'secret' recipes," he says, "but not us. I like good food. I ate good even before I could afford it. People in Milwaukee, or Boise, or Atlanta, or any other place, should enjoy good food, too. If they can't come to New Orleans, we'll even send them our recipes. I don't think good recipes should be kept secret any more than medical discoveries." However, he does add that he can't promise that mere possession of a recipe will guarantee as good a result as is turned out at the Vieux Carré.

Now comes the question: What manner of man is this Owen Brennan who seems to do so well for himself. At thirty-nine, he is not only the proprietor of two of the French Quarter's most popular resorts, but also part owner of a finance company that has underwritten three department stores, a macaroni factory and a soft-drink plant. In addition he casually mentions "a satchel full" of oil leases. Pretty good for a boy who started without a cent in New Orleans' rugged Irish Channel section. He now has an opulent home, complete with swimming pool, in neighboring Lakeview. His occasional residence there, with his wife and three sons, is as frequent as his multifarious business interests will allow.

Memories of Boyhood Fights

Brennan's boyhood in the Irish Channel, a section of New Orleans which remains as steadfastly and belligerently Irish as the French Quarter does French, may have been even tougher than most. Brennan admits that he never won a fight as a boy in a predominantly fighting neighborhood. His former companions cheerfully relate that Owen was known as a kid whose chin hit every fist in the neighborhood. But all of them insist the reason for this was that Owen never ran from a fight. For all this, he shows no physical scars.

Today he looks like one of his own typical

"tourists." He dresses sedately. His mannerisms are restrained. His voice is quiet, his demeanor polite.

His boyhood ambition was to be an accountant. He worked his way through business college doing bookkeeping for a candy factory. Although he was married at twenty to his childhood sweetheart, eighteen-year-old Maude Siener, he attended Loyola University of the South for five years at night, with that accountant's job still in mind.

He never did achieve his ambition to become an accountant. After college, he just couldn't find an accountant's job. For a while, he supported his wife and himself by selling candy bars from door to door. In 1933, when he was twenty-two, he heard about a drugstore in receivership. It could be bought for \$2,000. Brennan had a thousand. He managed to borrow the rest.

Within two years he had 15 delivery boys working for him. He expanded his holdings by buying a gas station across the street.

Year of Rest Brings Deficit

Then came a surprising denouement. Brennan gives no reason for the fact that, in 1938, when the drug and filling-station businesses were booming, he suddenly sold out for \$19,000. With this and the profits he had accumulated, he didn't do a thing for practically a year—that is, anything connected with the marts of trade. Golf and other leisurely occupations took up all his time until, surprised, he found himself at the end of 10 months with an overdraft at the bank.

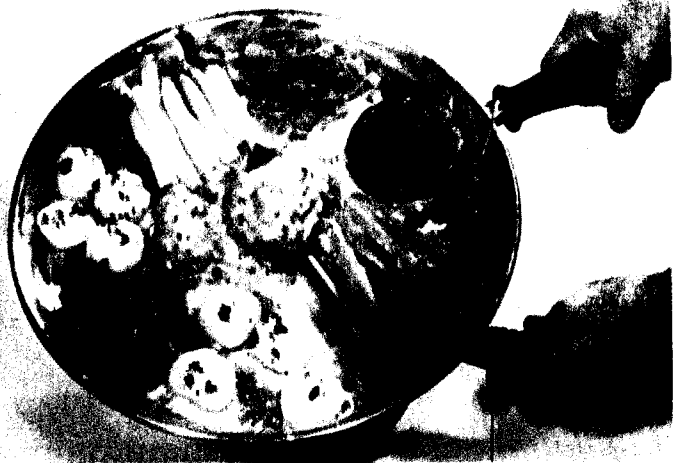
Quickly, he came out of retirement. He got a job as a liquor salesman in 1939 at \$175 a month. This didn't leave many extra funds for golf and kindred diversions. But the job had its virtues. And it was through it that he heard the Old Absinthe House was on the block. Another liquor salesman served as the grapevine. Brennan says, "It was a crummy joint then, but I knew the place was loaded with atmosphere, and I knew that I could sell that." He rushed down to see the owners. This was in 1943.

The Old Absinthe House, built in 1752, was thick with history, but pretty well dirt-encrusted too. Its reputation had become unsavory and, despite an undeniable picturesqueness, it was avoided by tourists like the plague. Located directly across the Rue Bourbon from the Vieux Carré the historic but run-down edifice had been the meeting place for the pirate Jean Lafitte



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Boned Chicken Pompadour, Garni

(For Four)

Use only white meat, breast and wings, of two chickens. Place in saucepan with eight small pork sausages, three chopped shallots, three sliced truffles. Cover with one cup champagne and half cup of chicken broth. Salt and pepper. Simmer until tender. Remove chicken and sausages, thicken sauce with yolks of three eggs and half cup cream. Add pat of butter while thickening. Pour over chicken and add dash of lemon juice. Serve with fresh-cooked vegetables

and Andrew Jackson when they made their memorable pledge together to fight and defeat the British at Chalmette below the city in the War of 1812. This despite the fact that the British had offered Lafitte and his buccaneer band £30,000—no mean sum in those days—to throw in his lot with them. The ancient walls of the Old Absinthe House had looked down upon the visits of the world's greatest names—Presidents, authors, grand dukes. The roster included William Makepeace Thackeray, Walt Whitman, Lafcadio Hearn, Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt and Alexis, the grand duke of all the Russias.

Brennan took it over for the sum of \$15,000—which was \$14,993.20 more than he had available at the moment he acquired it. When he took contractual possession, he had, he says, exactly \$6.80 in his pockets. He closed the deal in a few minutes by a combination of Irish charm and sheer brass, if not gold.

After signing a contract and promising to have the money delivered within a couple of hours, he went out and persuaded a friend to lend him the \$15,000.

This sum he was able to pay off in full within six months after he began operating the Old Absinthe House. His average annual take from it ever since has been twice fifteen thousand dollars. (The earnings from the Vieux Carré in 1949, incidentally, amounted to more than \$40,000.) The back room, when Brennan took over, was a gambling den. In front was the unimpressive bar. Physically the place was a mess, the leprous walls six different shades of greens and browns.

Brennan promptly abolished both the moral and physical crumminess. He hired two men "to separate the men from the boys." He went in for decorative innovations.

In the bar, one wall had been covered by a crude oil of a nude reclining on a beach, an eager fisherman rowing toward her for all he was worth. Brennan tacked a twenty-dollar bill to the nude's billowy figure. "For good luck," he announced laconically. Others thought this was indeed a quaint and delightful custom and started attaching

their own bills. Now the portrait can't be seen for the folding money that covers it.

It being wartime, Brennan couldn't, or didn't, paint the rest of the walls. He revived an old speak-easy custom. He tacked calling cards on them. The "tourists" got the idea. Now, both walls and ceilings are covered with cards, and Brennan has decided to keep the *décor*.

He bought a secondhand concert grand and installed "Fats" Pichon, a roly-poly Negro pianist, to operate it for a \$200-a-week salary. Pichon, who has quite a following, takes time out for sporadic appearances in other cities; but the major portion of his year is spent beating out boogie-woogie, ragtime and New Orleans jazz in the dark, cavernous inside room of the Old Absinthe House.

Shades of Buccaneer Lafitte and Old Hickory! The room in which they made their historic pact is now a tastefully decorated apartment where Brennan, on occasion, allows certain friends to spend the night.

All this the "tourists" have highly approved of; they arrive in droves each night.

This Visitor Surprised Him

Brennan tells this story about one of the "tourists." It was during the war. He was checking the books at the Old Absinthe House, after his loving custom. There was the shriek of sirens, but he paid no attention.

"I figured it was just another fire," he says, "until they pulled right up in front of my place. Next thing I know, a policeman walks in and says 'There's a man outside in a car wants to speak to you.' He leads me out to the car, while I'm wondering who this big shot thinks he is. And then I spotted this 'tourist.' It's Mister Big himself—President Roosevelt. He just grins at me and says, 'I'd like to have one of those famous absinthe cocktails, if I could.'"

"Get that! 'If I could.' I couldn't say a word. I dashed inside to fix one, and then I dashed outside again and gave it to him and then just stood there like a lunkhead. I didn't even have the manners to serve the



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other tourists who were with the President. It was probably the worst frappé I ever put together. But the President said he liked it. And that was good enough for me."

However, there has been no reported instance since then of Brennan's allowing himself to get so disconcerted. "I'd hate to forget my manners again," he says.

Having turned a "crummy" joint into a barroom bonanza, and an embryo hamburger stand into a gourmet's (and accountant's) delight, Brennan then looked around for new worlds to conquer. He picked on no setups. His latest venture is nothing less than a joust with the whole social structure of New Orleans.

The newest Brennan revolution had its birth last year at this time. Some of his "tourists" mentioned plaintively during the Mardi Gras, "We've come all the way from Duluth and haven't even been able to get a look at a carnival ball." Brennan decided something should be done.

The New Orleans carnival balls are most exclusive affairs. They are staged by societies called "krewes." Only persons who get special invitations from krewe members, entrenched figures in New Orleans society, can get to see the restricted celebra-

tions. At least, that was true until this year. Brennan's solution for this contretemps faced by eager and moneyed tourists was to organize his own carnival group. It is called the Krewe of Bacchus. At the Mardi Gras this year, he is staging "for tourists only" a carnival ball that may well outshine all the others. At least one thing at the Bacchus carnival ball isn't duplicated at the Rex, Comus or Proteus festivities.

Costly Gems for One Queen

The queens at the various balls wear costumes that cost as much as \$5,000. Their jewels, however, except for a few rings and bracelets, are traditionally costume stuff. This isn't the case with the Brennan, or Bacchus, queen. She was chosen in the same way as the others, and she wears the orthodox \$5,000 gown. But Brennan arranged to bring down from New York, under armed guard, \$750,000 worth of the world's costliest gems for her exclusive decoration.

In one fell swoop, thereby, Brennan has accomplished three things he dearly loves to accomplish: he gets his name in the papers, he gently exposes a minor weakness in the entrenched society of New Orleans

—a society of which he is not a member—and he makes some money.

Co-operating with Brennan in this new deal, which stands to bring New Orleans—and Brennan—several thousand additional dollars each year during carnival season, are an enthusiastic Mayor deLesseps Morrison and the city's tourist agents. Morrison has made available for the Bacchus ball the new, 3,000-person-capacity Lyons Memorial Center, which is located, appropriately enough, in the Irish Channel section.

The idea was a sellout as far back as last October. Three thousand tourists had bought a Brennan package, which includes a ticket to the Bacchus ball, reserved seats for the Rex, Comus and Proteus parades, and—not surprisingly—a drink at the Old Absinthe House. The cost to each tourist for the festivities was a mere \$14.45, of which \$2.98 was for taxes.

Brennan's net this year from the proceedings is an estimated five or six hundred dollars. It's that little because of the initial promotional expenses. But everyone in New Orleans, including Brennan, fondly expects that things will be different in future years. Can "Monsieur" Brennan and fifty million "tourists" be wrong? THE END

It's a Sweetheart of a Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

and our staff lacked the warmth of personality that our sorority needed, because the city had hardened us. I began looking for the idealized 'home town.' One of our girls mailed me a valentine from Colorado and the envelope bore a special cachet—a big red heart with a Cupid's arrow. Sorority girls, I knew, are sentimental; and here was a place called The Sweetheart Town. On a hunch, I drove out there."

Big Jump in ESA Membership

The hunch paid off. Bob Palmer moved international headquarters of ESA to Loveland. He had a membership of barely 3,000 girls then. When I met him in 1949 there were 22,000, and he had become one of the truly big men of his town and state. His is a bigness of heart such as few of us ever achieve.

The townfolk say that Bob and his girls caught the spirit of Loveland better than any other group ever to set up business there; he is a national crusader, not for the town but for the town's way of life. He travels much, bringing chapters and members something of his deeply spiritual nature. Last fall he made two trips to Tulsa, Oklahoma, to sit for days at the bedside of pretty Jerry Ketchum, a twenty-two-year-old ESA "sweetheart" dying of cancer.

One day I rode horselack with him out 12 miles to a little group of farm homes. Every person in sight dropped his work and came a-running. Men pumped his hand, women hugged him and pressed food on us, little children demanded rides on his shoulders. Once when a rural family's car was wrecked and people were hurt, Bob Palmer lent them his car for a month and guaranteed their hospital bill.

"He lends money to poor people," a barber told me of Bob. "Five dollars here, ten there, twenty to the next. He never duns them, and they never fail to pay him back. That man lives what the preachers preach."

His sorority girls visit their international headquarters, which occupies most of Loveland's main office building—all of two stories high. Quickly they sense the kindness which pervades the atmosphere there, even as we did, and they want to stay. Bob has made it possible for many to stay a while. His is not a rich sorority, as money goes; the girls pay only \$3.50 a year dues. But Bob made a deal with his good friend, Maurice Jessup, manager of Sylvan Dale Guest Ranch eight miles out. For only \$3 a day American plan, any ESA girl can spend her

vacation there. She can ride and swim and hike and eat prodigiously and, yes, fall in love. Six young cowboys succumbed to sorority beauties last summer and had weddings in Loveland, The Sweetheart Town.

Newcomers like the Garretts and the Palmers have "made" Loveland, as they are stimulating similar small towns throughout our land. Natives are likely to get in a rut and become blind to opportunities. Strangers bring something new to commercial, cultural and social life. A typical one-horse town for years, Loveland now is highly progressive. It has fought off inflation with sanity.

My family in August, 1949, the peak of the tourist season, enjoyed excellent 55-cent luncheons—including cherry pie—that would have cost us a dollar or more in Denver, 60 miles away. We had big thick prewar malted milks for 20 cents.

"Dude" guests at Sylvan Dale Ranch paid only \$7.50 a day, whereas comparable luxury in other Rocky Mountain resort areas averaged nearer \$16. Groceries in Loveland, said my wife, were 20 to 30 per cent cheaper than at home.

A small furniture factory was whizzing. Farmers had money in the bank from their hay, grain and cherries. Canneries were prospering and so were ranchers. I met one high-school boy who has had three winters in high-class-breed bull competition. At the Loveland Rodeo I thrilled to some of the fastest action ever seen in this sport.

There's an annual Stone Age Fair, the only one of its kind in the world; the fascinating prehistory of America is shown in exhibits and pageantry. There are 28 church buildings, and the ministers say their flocks have extraordinary spiritual strength; people in Loveland don't just belong to churches, they actually attend. The local American Legion Post, the Disabled American Veterans, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars, rivals in many other towns, here meet in the same hall, which they jointly own, and work together in harmony.

I asked Pat Steele, the young chief of police who came here after war service, about the crime in this land of love. He took me to his record books. There was a fatal accident in 1946 and a burglary in September, 1947, but nothing worth mentioning since. In the burglary some boys broke into Rottman Brothers Sporting Goods Store and snatched a few items. No official arrests were made, but the street scuttlebutt has it that Chief Pat, who looks like a college fullback, caught the kids,

gave them a big-brother lecture and a new football, and closed the case.

Some cars are "stolen" every day, though. I first learned this when Bob Palmer asked me to ride to Denver with him one morning when his wife Dixie had their car.

"We'll just pick up one," he said walking up the curb. "Here, this is Lane Duff's convertible. It runs good."

Lane, a prominent dry-goods merchant, had hidden his keys, but Bob and other friends knew where to look. We drove 120 miles, found Lane unconcerned when we got home after supper. Some 50 businessmen have this understanding about using one another's cars as need arises.

It could happen only in a Loveland.

This town has eliminated those one-hour parking meters which have alienated affections elsewhere. You can put pennies, nickels or dimes in the meters and leave your car up to two hours. Even if you are overparked, Pat Steele or one of his officers is likely to drop a coin in for you.

"We do not need to nag our citizens for petty revenue," Chief Pat says.

New Way to Play Post Office

One day I dropped in at City Hall and met Ollie Vanderpool, the city clerk, who is past sixty and has a face like a saint. I had trouble getting away from him. He wanted to show a newcomer what a fine new community building they have. He wanted me to meet E. M. Ivers, the postmaster, in a pretty new building across the street. There I learned that Americans send nearly 50,000 valentines each year to be mailed under the Loveland date line, with a special Sweetheart cachet.

Up the sidewalk came a fat man, singing low to himself. He was Ed Gooch, city purchasing agent, and the man who had waved at us that first hour in town. I asked him about the singing.

"Why, I don't know," he said, surprised. "I just sing. I guess a body sings because he has to."

We hit a few notes together. Presently "Hous" Markley, the mayor, stopped by and joined us. Then came Bert Masslich and Jack O'Connor from a business office; and banker D. R. Pulliam, the town's only millionaire and best baritone; and Ralph Johnston who edits the daily Reporter-Herald; and "Knoxy" Knox, a roly-poly tenor and furniture dealer; and John Peterson, a druggist who leased the building next door to his soda fountain and made it a clean hangout

Collier's for February 18, 1950

spot exclusively for high-school youths, with himself as a benevolent chaperon for their juke-box dancing and assorted gaiety.

In 10 minutes we had a glee club going there on Main Street, in midmorning. Zeno Staudt, an insurance man, heard us from his office; he grabbed up his guitar and came out, hustling. People stopped to listen on the sidewalk, and clerks and customers came out of stores. A lawyer leaned from his upstairs office window, as did Virginia and Peggy and Gretchen and other workers in the ESA offices down the street. People were not afraid to interrupt work, and apparently the townfolk did not look upon the incident as unusual. It all lasted about half an hour, a bright interval in the day's routine.

Later I learned that this is a singing town, anyway. It has excellent choirs. All those businessmen, plus about 70 more, are members of a barbershop type of harmonizing group which meets every week. The high-school music teacher coaches them, for free.

One night I drove with them up the nearby Big Thompson River canyon, where rapids made a thunderous overtone for our feeble efforts. Through a gap we could see moonlight tinting the snow on Colorado's great Never Summer Range. Trout broke the water's rippling silver. Two bucks came out of the quaking aspen, stared at us a moment, then flowed over a fence and on away in a moment of unforgettable beauty. I couldn't sing any more; I got to thinking and got all choked with emotion.

Here was a life beyond money, or power, or fame. A stranger, I had been given a share in these people's happiness. Nobody called me "Mister." Nobody tried to sell me anything.

Once a charming, rather shy young man did say, "If you are thinking of going into business here, we'd all be glad to help you." I hadn't identified myself as a transient writer then. It developed that he was the Chamber of Commerce secretary, Don Moon. He did no conventional bragging, quoted no statistics. He just gave personal testimony: "After I left the service my

bride and I came here to settle. I guess it's hard to explain, but nothing could lure us away now."

There are sophisticates in Loveland; smartly dressed, smart-talking folk alert to all the trends in modern American life. But a snob would be lonely; he couldn't find a pack to run with. A new club, devoted mainly to playing canasta, was considering a certain lady for membership. Someone said she might not "fit in" because her husband was a carpenter. The wealthy club president spoke up. "My father once was a janitor in Kansas City," she said. "I used to help him mop floors. I still mop my own on occasions." The carpenter's wife came to the next meeting—in her expensive car.

There Are Drawbacks, Too

It would be unwise for you to rush to Loveland expecting a Utopia. No town is perfect, none escapes human nature's weird faults. Jobs here are scarce, taxes are burdensome, winters are cold, schools are crowded, rents are high. But the attitudes are right. Cutthroat dealings in business are virtually unknown now. Tourists are not bilked, for the Lovelanders simply do not permit the "cheap" type of enterprise, nor any outrageous overcharging. It is remarkable what control can be exerted in such matters solely by unified public opinion. In this is proof that any community can cleanse itself without invoking the stern penalties of law.

I doubt if I shall ever go back to live in The Sweetheart Town—there are too many other promising areas which any writer yearns to explore—but I shall always endorse an opinion given by a long-distance operator in Washington, D.C. Bill Warne, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, told me about her. He called her and said, "Please get me Loveland, Colorado." Then he spelled it out—"L-o-v-e-l-a-n-d."

"Loveland, sir?" the girl asked.

"Yes."

She sighed audibly and said, "I hadn't heard of it, but it must be a wonderful place."

THE END

BUTCH



"Sergeant McHugh, our handwriting expert, would like you to write, 'Guess who?' on this little card"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

Collier's for February 18, 1950

"What Do You Mean—Only ONE True Church?"



Non-Catholics often resent the claim that the Catholic Church alone is the true Church of Christ.

"You Catholics," some of them say, "have a lot of nerve. The Church is universal. Anybody can belong to it who accepts Christ as his personal Savior and models his life after Christ's teaching. We can be members of the true Church without being Catholics."

Many who feel this way about it are, of course, sincere and devout people. And it is not our intention to challenge the various shades of Christian thought which they represent. We do ask them, however, to understand that the Catholic claim is not a matter of arrogance or intolerance—but of the deepest religious conviction.

Nearly all Christians agree that there can be only one true Church. Yet there are hundreds of different denominations—some of them miles apart in what they teach—all claiming to be the true Church. Certainly all of them cannot be right... in fact, only ONE can.

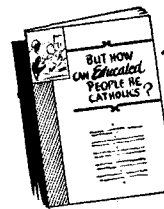
But which one? How can we identify it?

The Son of God made Himself recognizable to men by coming upon the earth with a body and soul like ours. It was in His physical body that He died for our redemption. Having thus so carefully revealed Himself to the people of His own time, would He not make equally sure that future generations should also know Him?

Catholics believe that the Savior did so, through the Church... in which he is "able at all times to save those who came to God through Him." The Church is,

therefore, not merely a body of people believing in Christ... but the body appointed by Christ Himself to continue His mission of redemption.

"He who hears you," the Savior said, "hears Me." For Catholics, this means that when the Church speaks it is Christ speaking. When the Church offers prayer and sacrifice and forgiveness of sins, it is Christ's prayer and sacrifice and forgiveness of sins. The Church, as Catholics see it, is Christ living in the world today!



Free

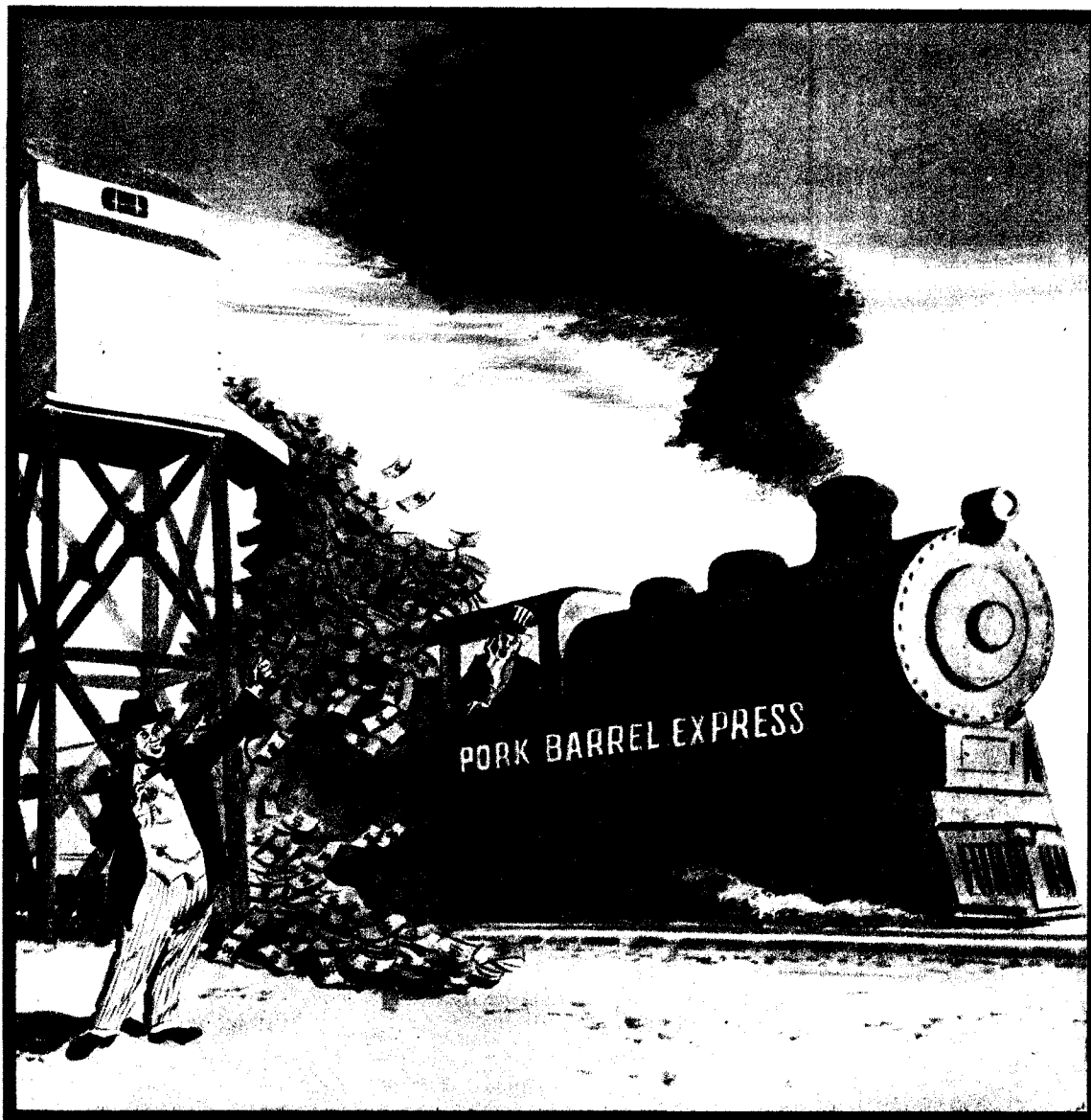
Must the Church be an organized system? Is the Church invisible? Is it composed of saints and sinners? Can we reject the Church without rejecting Christ? Must I belong to the Catholic church to be saved? The answer to these and many other important questions is available in a pamphlet which we will send you without cost or obligation—which you can read in the privacy of your home. Write today... Ask for Pamphlet No. C-16.

SUPREME COUNCIL KNIGHTS of COLUMBUS RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

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FRANK LACANO

STOKING UP And What to Do About It

QUITE A NUMBER of friends have written to us about the editorial in our January 7th issue: Collier's Demands—Congress Repeal Wartime Excise Taxes at Once! They said, in effect: We agree with you. But you were talking about retail excise taxes. What about those wartime excise taxes that manufacturers pay? Don't you think that they should be repealed, too?

Our answer is: We do.

We didn't include any wartime manufacturers' taxes among the horrible examples cited in the previous editorial, because we didn't want to get tangled up in a treatise on taxation. We still don't want to. But, for the record, let us make it clear that this war-born levy which is still being collected from industry is just as discriminatory, illogical and devitalizing to business and employment as the retail tax. It also has the added vice of being hidden.

The tax that the automobile manufacturer pays adds \$75 to \$150 to the cost of your new car. Similar taxes up the price of a gas range or a refrigerator—but not, for some reason, of a washing machine. (Maybe the lawmakers thought that cleanliness, like godliness, should be tax-exempt.) We aren't going to try to list all the items whose hidden "luxury" taxes added up to \$1,771,532,722 in the last fiscal year. We're

just going to say once more that they ought to be repealed, fast, and for very obvious reasons.

Along about here somebody is bound to say: But you've got to raise revenue. Look at the cost of government! Then we say to that somebody: Look at last week's Collier's and read Big Grab in Washington, by Senator Paul Douglas.

Senator Douglas has put his finger on one of the main causes of the high cost of government. It's pressure—pressure from organized groups (there are three times as many registered lobbyists in Washington as there are congressmen), pressure from the constituents at home, and pressure, tons of it, from the government bureaus and agencies.

Senator Douglas also has proposed some curbs for this dangerous, hog-wild spending spree. He would not fill about half the vacancies that are constantly being created by the big turnover in government employment. And he would cultivate in easy-promising congressmen the ability to say no.

A fine way to assist the carrying out of these noble projects would be to repeal the wartime excise taxes, both manufacturing and retail, and let bureaucracy and boondoggling take the brunt of the cut. This would trim down inflated agency pay rolls and also reduce those lavish sacrifices

of public money which are regularly laid upon the political altar known as the pork barrel.

All this would require some courageous, non-political statesmanship by Congress and the President. But is that sort of statesmanship too much to demand? We are living in a world of grave and imminent danger. We are paying for two wars and for the preparations against a third. We are footing the bill for unprecedented peacetime commitments. Yet our government continues to throw money around like a bunch of drunken sailors—if the Navy will excuse the expression—on a joy ride.

Somebody has got to put on the brakes. If the present Congress won't do it, then it's up to the voters to elect a Congress next fall that will.

Let's Have Simple Justice

THE CAR-OWNING CONSUMER enjoys a notable blessing in these high-cost times. He can buy a better-than-prewar tire or tube at just about prewar price. But this pleasant situation may not last. For the Federal Trade Commission proposes to prohibit the tire people from giving price discounts to big distributors on anything larger than one-carload lots. The result would almost certainly be higher retail prices.

As things stand now, the big buyer maybe orders 100 carloads and gets a discount which ends up as a lower figure on the price tag. This doesn't mean that the manufacturers discriminate in the big buyer's favor. The Robinson-Patman Act of 1936 requires them to justify their differences in price, and to prove that the differences are the result of savings in the cost of production, sale or delivery.

But there is another section of the act which has never yet been invoked. It permits the FTC to issue a quantity-limit order on any commodity if it has so few big buyers that their discounts are, in the FTC's opinion, "discriminatory or promotive of monopoly." That's the part of the book that the commission proposes to throw at the tiremakers.

It would mean that the price of a carload of tires (20,000 pounds) would become the manufacturer's minimum price. A reliable cost engineer (and former FTC accountant) has estimated from the FTC's own published data that about a third of all tire dealers buy in more than one-carload lots. So the order would hit thousands of dealers who would have to raise their prices to the public or go out of business.

Of course, the manufacturers could distribute their own products directly. But this might only drive many more independent dealers out of business—a solution which scarcely promises to prevent either discrimination or monopoly.

What beats us is why the FTC chose to pick on the tiremakers to try out this long-ignored provision of the law. Why does it want to force up the cost of just about the only commodity that has resisted the general price rise? Why penalize the public to give an intended, though not guaranteed, protection to some small dealers? And where is the threat of monopoly? The tire industry has its Big Four, but no one company has more than 20 per cent of the market.

We can see no sense or justice in the FTC proposal. It simply looks like another sign of a determination in Washington to cut big business down to a size ordained by some little men in big government.

Collier's for February 18, 1950



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